



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Class 929
1967
v. 2

HOWELL'S LETTERS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II





James Howell

JAMES HOWELL

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY CLAUDE MELAN AND E.
BESAC. USED AS A FRONTISPIECE FOR THE FIRST
EDITION (1664) OF HOWELL'S "A DISCOURSE
CONCERNING THE PRECEDENCY OF KINGS"

EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ OR
THE FAMILIAR LETTERS OF
JAMES HOWELL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY AGNES REPPLIER

VOLUME II



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

1907

928
H859
ep
1907
v.2

COPYRIGHT 1907 BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ

SECTION VI

164104



SECTION VI

I

*To P. W., Esq., at the Signet Office; from the
English House in Hamburg*

WE are safely come to Germany. Sir John Penington took us aboard in one of His Majesty's ships at Margate; and the wind stood so fair that we were at the mouth of the Elbe upon Monday following. It pleased my lord I should land first with two footmen, to make haste to Glückstadt, to learn where the King of Denmark was, and he was at Rendsburg, some two days' journey off, at a Reichstag, an assembly that corresponds to our Parliament. My lord the next day landed at Glückstadt, where I had provided an accommodation for him, though he intended to have gone for Hamburg; but I was bold to tell him, that in regard there were some umbrages, and not only so, but open and actual differences betwixt the King and that town, it might be ill taken if he went thither first before he had attended the King. So I left my lord at Glückstadt, and being come hither to take up 8000 rich dollars upon Mr Burlamach's bills, and fetch Mr Avery our agent here, I return to-morrow to attend my lord again. I find that matters are much off the hinges betwixt the King of Denmark and this town.

The King of Sweden is advancing apace to find out Wallestein and Wallestein him, and in all appearance they will be shortly engaged.

No more now, for I am interpellated by many businesses. When you write, deliver your letters to Mr Railton, who will see them safely conveyed, for a little before my departure I brought him acquainted with my lord, that he might negotiate some things at court. — So with my service, and love to all at Westminster, I rest your faithful servitor,

J. H.

Hamburg, *October 23, 1632.*

II

To my Lord Viscount S.; from Hamburg

SINCE I was last in town, my Lord of Leicesters hath attended the King of Denmark at Rendsburg in Holsteinland. He was brought thither from Glückstadt in indifferent good equipage, both for coaches and waggons; but he stayed some days at Rendsburg for audience. We made a comely gallant show in that kind when we went to court, for we were near upon a hundred, all of one piece in mourning. It pleased my lord to make me the orator, and so I made a long Latin speech, *alta voce*, to the King in Latin, of the occasion of this embassy, and tending to the praise of the deceased queen. And I had better luck than Sec-

retary Nanton had some thirty years since with Roger, Earl of Rutland ; for at the beginning of his speech, when he had pronounced *Serenissime Rex*, he was dashed out of countenance, and so gravelled that he could go no further. I made another to Christian the Fifth, his eldest son, king elect of Denmark. For though that crown be purely elective, yet for these three last kings, they wrought so with the people, that they got their eldest sons chosen and declared before their death and to assume the title of kings elect. At the same audience I made another speech to Prince Frederick, Archbishop of Breme, the King's third son, and he hath but one more (besides his natural issue), which is Prince Ulric, now in the wars with the Duke of Saxe. And they say there is an alliance contracted already betwixt Christian the Fifth and the Duke of Saxe's daughter. This ceremony being performed, my lord desired to find his own diet, and then he fell to divers businesses, which is not fitting for me to forestall or impart unto your lordship now, so we stayed there near upon a month. The King feasted my lord once, and it lasted from eleven of the clock till towards the evening, during which time the King began thirty-five healths : the first to the Emperor, the second to his nephew of England, and so went over all the kings and queens of Christendom, but he never remembered the Prince Palsgrave's health or his niece's all the while. The King was taken away at last in his chair, but my Lord of Leicester bore

up stoutly all the while, so that when there came two of the King's Guard to take him by the arms as he was going down the stairs, my lord shook them off and went alone.

The next morning I went to court for some despatches, but the King was gone a-hunting at break of day; but going to some other of his officers, their servants told me, without any appearance of shame, that their masters were drunk overnight, and so it would be late before they would rise.

A few days after we went to Gothorp Castle in Sleswickland to the Duke of Holstein's court, where, at my lord's first audience, I made another Latin speech to the duke touching his grandmother's death. Our entertainment there was brave (though a little fulsome). My lord was lodged in the duke's castle, and parted with presents, which is more than the King of Denmark did. Thence we went to Husum in Ditzmarsh, to the Duchess of Holstein's court (our Queen Anne's youngest sister), where we had also very full entertainment. I made a speech to her also about her mother's death, and when I named the Lady Sophia, the tears came down her cheeks. Thence we came back to Rheinsburg, and so to this town of Hamburg, where my lord intends to repose some days after an abrupt odd journey we had through Holsteinland, but I believe it will not be long, in regard Sir John Pennington stays for him upon the river. We expect Sir Robert Anstruther to come

from Vienna hither to take the advantage of the King's ship.

We understand that the Imperial and Swedish armies have made near approaches one to the other, and that some skirmishes and blows have been already betwixt them, which are the forerunners of a battle. — So, my good lord, I rest, your most humble and faithful servitor,

J. H.

Hamburg, 9 October 1632.

III

*To the Right Honourable the Earl R.; from
Hamburg*

MY LORD,

THOUGH your lordship must needs think, that in the employment I am in (which requires a whole man) my spirits must be distracted by multiplicity of businesses, yet because I would not recede from my old method and first principles of travel, when I came to any great city, to couch in writing what is most observable, I sequestered myself from other affairs to send your lordship what followeth touching this great Hans town.

The Hans, or Hansiatic League, is very ancient, some would derive the word from hand, because they of the society plight their faith by that action ; others derive it from *Hansa*, which in the Gothic tongue is council ; others would have it come from *Hander see*, which signifies near or upon

the sea, and this passeth for the best etymology, because their towns are all seated so, or upon some navigable river near the sea. The extent of the old Hans was from the Nerve in Livonia to the Rhine, and contained sixty-two great mercantile towns, which were divided into four precincts. The chiefest of the first precinct was Lubeck, where the archives of their ancient records and their prime chancery is still, and this town is within that verge; Cullen is chief of the second precinct, Brunswick of the third, and Dantzic of the fourth. The kings of Poland and Sweden have sued to be their protector, but they refused them, because they were not princes of the Empire. They put off also the King of Denmark with a compliment, nor would they admit the King of Spain when he was most potent in the Netherlands, though afterwards, when it was too late, they desired the help of the ragged staff; nor of the Duke of Anjou, notwithstanding that the world thought he should have married our Queen, who interceded for him, and so it was probable that thereby they might recover their privileges in England. So that I do not find they ever had any protector but the Great Master of Prussia; and their want of a protector did do them some prejudice in that famous difference they had with our Queen.

The old Hans had extraordinary immunities given them by our Henry the Third, because they assisted him in his wars with so many ships, and as they pretend, the King was not only to pay

them for the service of the said ships but for the vessels themselves if they miscarried. Now it happened that at their return to Germany, from serving Henry the Third, there was a great fleet of them cast away, for which, according to covenant, they demanded reparation. Our King in lieu of money, amongst other acts of grace, gave them a privilege to pay but one per cent., which continued until Queen Mary's reign, and she by advice of King Philip, her husband, as it was conceived, enhanced the one to twenty per cent. The Hans not only complained but clamoured loudly for breach of their ancient privileges confirmed unto them, time out of mind, by thirteen successive kings of England, which they pretended to have purchased with their money. King Philip undertook to accommodate the business, but Queen Mary dying a little after, and he retiring, there could be nothing done. Complaint being made to Queen Elizabeth, she answered that as she would not innovate anything, so she would maintain them still in the same condition she found them. Hereupon their navigation and traffic ceased a while, wherefore the English tried what they could do themselves, and they throve so well that they took the whole trade into their own hands, and so divided themselves (though they be now but one) to staplers and merchant-adventurers, the one residing constant in one place, where they kept their magazine of wool, the other stirring and adventuring to divers places abroad with cloth and other manufactures, which made the

Hans endeavour to draw upon them all the malignancy they could from all nations. Moreover, the Hans towns being a body politic incorporated in the Empire, complained hereof to the Emperor, who sent over persons of great quality to mediate an accommodation, but they could effect nothing. Then the Queen caused a proclamation to be published that the easterlings or merchants of the Hans should be entreated and used as all other strangers were within her dominions, without any mark of difference in point of commerce. This nettled them more, thereupon they bent their forces more eagerly, and in a diet at Ratisbon they procured that the English merchants who had associated themselves into fraternities in Emden and other places should be declared monopolists; and so there was a committal edict published against them that they should be exterminated and banished out of all parts of the Empire; and this was done by the activity of one Suderman, a great civilian. There was there for the Queen, Gilpin, as nimble a man as Suderman, and he had the Chancellor of Emden to second and countenance him, but they could not stop the said edict wherein the Society of English Merchant-Adventurers was pronounced to be a monopoly; yet Gilpin played his game so well, that he wrought underhand, that the said imperial ban should not be published till after the dissolution of the diet, and that in the interim the Emperor should send ambassadors to England to advertise the Queen of such a ban

against her merchants. But this wrought so little impression upon the Queen that the said ban grew rather ridiculous than formidable, for the town of Emden harboured our merchants notwithstanding and afterwards Stode, but they not being able to protect them so well from the imperial ban, they settled in this town of Hamburg. After this the Queen commanded another proclamation to be divulged that the easterlings or Hansiatic merchants should be allowed to trade in England upon the same conditions and payment of duties as her own subjects, provided that the English merchants might have interchangeable privilege to reside and trade peaceably in Stode or Hamburg or anywhere else within the precincts of the Hans. This incensed them more, thereupon they resolved to cut off Stode and Hamburg from being members of the Hans or of the Empire ; but they suspended this design till they saw what success the great Spanish fleet should have, which was then preparing in the year eighty-eight, for they had not long before had recourse to the King of Spain and made him their own, and he had done them some material good offices ; wherefore to this day the Spanish Consul is taxed of improvidence and imprudence, that there was no use made of the Hans towns in that expedition.

The Queen finding that they of the Hans would not be contented with that equality she had offered betwixt them and her own subjects, put out a proclamation that they should carry neither corn,

mittal ban, pronounced in the Diet at Ratisbon against our merchants and manufactures of wool, incited them more to industry ; so our proclamation upon Alderman Cockein's project of transporting no white cloths but dyed, and in their full manufacture, did cause both Dutch and German to turn necessity to a virtue, and made them far more ingenious to find ways, not only to dye but to make cloth, which hath much impaired our markets ever since. For there hath not been the third part of our cloth sold since, either here or in Holland.

My Lord, I pray be pleased to dispense with the prolixity of this discourse, for I could not wind it up closer, nor on a lesser bottom. I shall be careful to bring with me those furs I had instructions for. — So I rest, your lordship's most humble servitor,

J. H.

Hamburg, 20 October 1632.

IV

To Cap. J. Smith, at the Hague

CAPTAIN,

HAVING so wishful an opportunity as this noble gentleman, Mr James Crofts, who comes with a packet for the Lady Elizabeth from my Lord of Leicester, I could not but send you this friendly salute. We are like to make a speedier return than we expected from this embassy ; for we found the King of Denmark in Holstein, which



shortened our voyage from going to the Sound. The King was in an advantageous posture to give audience, for there was a parliament then at Rheinsburg, where all the youngers met. Amongst other things I put myself to mark the carriage of the Holstein gentlemen as they were going in and out at the parliament house ; and observing well their physiognomies, their complexions and gait, I thought verily I was in England, for they resemble the English more than either Welsh or Scot (though cohabiting upon the same island), or any other people that ever I saw yet ; which makes me verily believe that the English nation came first from this lower circuit of Saxony ; and there is one thing that strengtheneth me in this belief, that there is an ancient town hard by called London, and an island called Angles ; whence it may well be that our country came from Britannia to be Anglia.

This town of Hamburg, from a society of brewers, is come to be a huge wealthy place, and her new town is almost as big as the old. There is a shrewd jar betwixt her and her protector, the King of Denmark.

My Lord of Leicester hath done some good offices to accommodate matters. She chomps extremely that there should be such a bit put lately in her mouth as the fort at Luckstadt, which commands her river of Elbe, and makes her pay what toll he please.

The King begins to fill his chests apace, which

were so emptied in his late marches to Germany. He hath set a new toll upon all ships that pass to this town; and in the Sound also there be some extraordinary duties imposed, whereat all nations begin to murmur, specially the Hollanders, who say that the old primitive toll of the Sound was but a rose-noble for every ship, but by a new sophistry, it is now interpreted for every sail that should pass through, insomuch that the Hollander, though he be a Low Country man, begins to speak High Dutch in this point, a rough language you know, which made the Italian tell a German gentleman once, that "when God Almighty thrust Adam out of Paradise he spake Dutch," but the German retorted wittily, "Then, sir, if God spake Dutch when Adam was ejected, Eve spake Italian when Adam was seduced."

I could be larger, but for a sudden avocation to business. So I most affectionately send my kind respects unto you, desiring, when I am returned to London, I may hear from you. So I am, your faithful friend to serve you,

J. H.

Hamburg, 22 October 1632.

V

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Br.

MY LORD,

I AM newly returned from Germany, whence there came lately two ambassadors-extraordin-

ary in one of the ships royal, the Earl of Leicester and Sir Robert Anstruther. The latter came from Vienna, and I know little of his negotiations ; but for my Lord of Leicester I believe there was never so much business despatched in so short a compass of time by any ambassador, as your lordship, who is best able to judge, will find by this short relation. When my lord was come to the King of Denmark's court, which was then at Rheinsburg a good way within Holstein, the first thing he did was to condole the late queen-dowager's death (our king's grandmother), which was done in such an equipage that the Danes confessed there was never Queen of Denmark so mourned for. This ceremony being passed, my lord fell to business, and the first thing which he propounded was, that for preventing the further effusion of Christian blood in Germany, and for the facilitating a way to restore peace to all Christendom, His Majesty of Denmark would join with his nephew of Great Britain to send a solemn embassy to the Emperor and the King of Sweden (the ends of whose proceedings were doubtful) to mediate an accommodation, and to appear for him who will be found most conformable to reason. To this that King answered in writing (for that was the way of proceeding) that the Emperor and the Swede were come to that height and heat of war, and to such a violence, that it is no time yet to speak to them of peace, but when the fury is a little passed and the times more proper, he would take

it for an honour to join with his nephew and contribute the best means he could to bring about so good a work.

Then there was computation made, what was due to the King of Great Britain and the Lady Elizabeth out of their grandmother's estate, which was valued at near upon two millions of dollars, and your lordship must think it was a hard task to liquidate such an account. This being done my lord desired that part which was due to His Majesty (our King) and the lady, his sister, which appeared to amount unto eightscore thousand pounds sterling. That King answered that he confessed there was so much money due, but his mother's estate was yet in the hands of commissioners; and neither he nor any of his sisters had received their portions yet, and that his nephew of England and his niece of Holland should receive theirs with the first; but he did intimate besides that there were some considerable accounts betwixt him and the crown of England for ready moneys he had lent his brother King James, and for the thirty thousand pounds a month that was by covenant promised him for the support of his late army in Germany. Then my lord propounded that His Majesty of Great Britain's subjects were not well used by his officers in the Sound; for though that was but a transitory passage into the Baltic Sea, and that they neither bought nor sold anything upon the place, yet they were forced to stay there many days, to take up money at high

interest, to pay divers tolls for their merchandise before they have exposed them to vent. Therefore it was desired for the future what English merchant soever should pass through the Sound it should be sufficient for him to register an invoice of his cargazon in the Custom-house book, and give his bond to pay all duties at his return when he had made his market. To this my lord had a fair answer, and so procured a public instrument under that King's hand and seal, and signed by his councillors, which he had brought over, wherein the proposition was granted, which no ambassador could obtain before. Then it was alleged that the English merchant adventurers who trade into Hamburg have a new toll lately imposed upon them at Luckstadt which was desired to be taken off. To this also there was the like instrument given that the said toll should be levied no more. Lastly, my lord (in regard he was to pass by the Hague) desired that hereditary part which belonged to the Lady Elizabeth out of her grandmother's estate, because His Majesty knew well what crosses and afflictions she had passed, and what a numerous issue she had to maintain. And my Lord of Leicester would engage his honour, and all the estate he hath in the world, that this should in no way prejudice the accounts he is to make with His Majesty of Great Britain. The King of Denmark highly extolled the nobleness of this motion, but he protested that he had been so drained in the late wars that his chests are yet

very empty. Hereupon my lord was feasted and so departed.

He went then to the Duke of Holstein to Sleswick, where he found him at his castle of Gothorp, and truly I did not think to have found such a magnificent building in these bleak parts. There also my lord did condole the death of the late queen, that Duke's grandmother, and he received very princely entertainment.

Then he went to Husem, where the like ceremony of condolment was performed at the Duchess of Holstein's Court, His Majesty's (our King's) aunt.

Then he came to Hamburg, where that instrument which my lord had procured for remitting of the new toll at Glückstadt was delivered, the Company of our Merchants Adventurers, and some other good offices done for that town, as matters stood betwixt them and the King of Denmark.

Then we came Stode, where Lesly was governor, who carried his foot in a scarf for a wound he had received at Buckstoho, and he kept that place for the King of Sweden, and some business of consequence was done there also.

So we came to Broomsbottle, where we stayed for a while some days, and in the midway of our voyage we met with a Holland ship, who told us the King of Sweden was slain; and so we returned to London in less than three months. And if this was not business enough for such a compass of time, I leave your lordship to judge.

So craving your lordship's pardon for this lame account, I rest, your lordship's most humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

London, 1 *October* 1632.

VI

*To my Brother Dr Howell, at his House in
Horsley*

MY GOOD BROTHER,

I AM safely returned from Germany, thanks be to God ; and the news which we heard at sea by a Dutch skipper, about the midst of our voyage from Hamburg, it seems proves too true, which was of the fall of the King of Sweden. One Jerbire, who says that he was in the very action, brought the first news to this town, and every corner rings of it ; yet such is the extravagance of some that they will lay wagers he is not yet dead, and the Exchange is full of such people. He was slain at Lutzen field battle, having made the Imperial army give ground the day before ; and being in pursuance of it the next morning in a sudden fog that fell, the cavalry on both sides being engaged, he was killed in the midst of the troops, and none knows who killed him, whether one of his own men or the enemy. But finding himself mortally hurt, he told Saxen Waymar, "Cousin, I pray look to the troops, for I think I have enough." His body was not only rescued, but

his forces had the better of the day, Papenheim being killed before him, whom he esteemed the greatest captain of all his enemies, for he was used to say that he had three men to deal withal, a poltroon, a Jesuit, and a soldier. By the two first he meant Walstein and the Duke of Bavaria; by the last Papenheim.

Questionless this Gustavus (whose anagram is Augustus) was a great captain and a gallant man, and had he survived that last victory, he would have put the Emperor to such a plunge that some think he would hardly have been able to have made head against him to any purpose again. Yet his own allies confess that none knew the bottom of his designs.

He was not much affected to the English. Witness the ill-usage Marquis Hamilton hath with his 6000 men, whereof there returned not 600. The rest died of hunger and sickness, having never seen the face of an enemy. Witness also his harshness to our ambassadors, and the rigid terms he would have tied the Prince Palsgrave unto.— So with my affectionate respects to Mr Mouschamp and kind commends to Mr Bridger, I rest, your loving brother,

J. H.

Westminster, 5 *December* 1632.

VII

*To the R. R. Dr Field, Lord Bishop of
St Davids*

MY LORD,

YOUR late letter affected me with two contrary passions, with gladness and sorrow. The beginning of it dilated my spirits with apprehensions of joy that you are so well recovered of your late sickness, which I heartily congratulate; but the conclusion of your lordship's letter contracted my spirits, and plunged them in a deep sense of just sorrow, while you please to write me news of my dear father's death. *Permulsit initium, percussit finis*. Truly, my lord, it is the heaviest news that ever was sent me; but when I recollect myself, and consider the fairness and maturity of his age, and that it was rather a gentle dissolution than a death; when I contemplate that infinite advantage he hath got by this change and transmigration, it much lightens the weight of my grief, for if ever human soul entered heaven, surely his is there. Such was his constant piety to God, his rare indulgence to his children, his charity to his neighbours, and his candour in reconciling differences; such was the gentleness of his disposition, his unwearied course in actions of virtue, that I wish my soul no other felicity, when

she hath shaken off these rags of flesh, than to ascend to his, and co-enjoy the same bliss.

Excuse me, my lord, that I take my leave at this time so abruptly of you. When this sorrow is a little digested you shall hear further from me, for I am your lordship's most true and humble servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 1 of May 1632.

VIII

To the Earl of Leicester, at Penhurst

MY LORD,

I HAVE delivered Mr Secretary Cook an account of the whole legation as your lordship ordered me, which contained near upon twenty sheets. I attended him also with the note of your extraordinaries, wherein I find him something difficult and dilatory yet. The Governor of the Eastland Company, Mr Alderman Clethero, will attend your lordship at your return to court to acknowledge your favour unto them. I have delivered him a copy of the transactions of things that concerned their Company at Rheinsburg.

The news we heard at sea of the King of Sweden's death is confirmed more and more, and by the computation I have been a little curious to make, I find that he was killed the same day your lordship set out of Hamburg. But there is other news come since of the death of the Prince Palatin,

who, as they write, being returned from visiting the Duke de deux Ponts to Mentz, was struck there with the contagion; yet by special ways of cure the malignity was expelled and great hopes of recovery, when the news came of the death of the King of Sweden, which made such impressions on him, that he died few days after, having overcome all difficulties concluding with the Swede and the Governor of Frankindall, and being ready to enter into a repossession of his country: a sad destiny.

The Swedes bear up still, being fomented and supported by the French, who will not suffer them to leave Germany yet. A gentleman that came lately from Italy told me that there is no great joy in Rome for the death of the King of Sweden. The Spaniards up and down will not stick to call this Pope Lutherano, and that he had intelligence with the Swede. It is true that he hath not been so forward to assist the Emperor in this quarrel, and that in open consistory, when there was such a contrast betwixt the cardinals for a supply from St Peter, he declared that he was well satisfied that this war in Germany was no war of religion; which made him dismiss the Imperial Ambassadors with this short answer: that the Emperor had drawn these mischiefs upon himself; for at that time when he saw the Swedes upon the frontiers of Germany, if he had employed those men and moneys which he consumed to trouble the peace of Italy in making war against the Duke of Mantua against them,

he had not had now so potent an enemy. — So
I take my leave for this time, being your lordship's
most humble and obedient servitor, J. H.

Westminster, 3 *June* 1632.

IX

To Mr E. D.

I THANK you a thousand times for the noble
entertainment you gave me at Berry, and the
pains you took in showing me the antiquities of
that place. In requittal, I can tell you of a strange
thing I saw lately here, and I believe it is true. As
I passed by St Dustans in Fleet Street the other
Saturday, I stepped into a lapidary or stone-cut-
ter's shop to treat with the master for a stone to
be put upon my father's tomb; and casting my
eyes up and down, I might spy a huge marble
with a large inscription upon it, which was thus to
my best remembrance:

Here lies John Oxenham, a goodly young man, in whose
chamber, as he was struggling with the pangs of death, a
bird with a white breast was seen fluttering about his bed
and so vanished.

Here lies also Mary Oxenham, the sister of the said John, who
died the next day, and the same apparition was seen in the
room.

Then another sister is spoke of. Then,

Here lies hard by James Oxenham, the son of the said John,
who died a child in his cradle a little after, and such a bird

was seen fluttering about his head a little before he expired, which vanished afterwards.

At the bottom of the stone there is,

Here lies Elizabeth Oxenham, the mother of the said John, who died sixteen years since, when such a bird with a white breast was seen about her bed before her death.

To all these there be divers witnesses, both squires and ladies, whose names are engraven upon the stone. This stone is to be sent to a town hard by Exeter where this happened.

Were you here, I could raise a choice discourse with you hereupon. So, hoping to see you the next term to requite some of your favours, I rest your true friend to serve you, J. H.

Westminster, 3 *July* 1632.

X

To W. B., Esq.

THE upbraiding of a courtesy is as bad in the giver, as ingratitude in the receiver though I (which you think I am loth to believe) be faulty in the first, I shall never offend in the second, while J. HOWEL.

Westminster, 24 *October* 1632.

XI

To Sir Arthur Ingram, at York

OUR greatest news here now is, that we have a new Attorney-General, which is news indeed, considering the humour of the man, how he hath been always ready to entertain any cause whereby he might clash with the prerogative ; but now as Judge Richardson told him, his head is full of proclamations, and devices how to bring money into the exchequer. He hath lately found out amongst the old records of the Tower some precedents for raising a tax called ship money in all the port towns, when the kingdom is in danger. Whether we are in danger or no, at present it were presumption in me to judge ; that belongs to His Majesty and his Privy Council, who have their choice instruments abroad for intelligence ; yet one with half an eye may see we cannot be secure while such huge fleets of men-of-war, both Spanish, French, Dutch and Dunkirkers, some of them laden with ammunition, men, arms, and armies, do daily sail on our seas, and confront the King's chambers ; while we have only three or four ships abroad to guard our coasts and kingdom, and to preserve the fairest flower of the crown, the dominion of the narrow seas, which I hear the French cardinal begins to question, and the Hollander lately would not veil to one of His Majesty's ships

that brought over the Duke of Lennox and my Lord Weston from Bellen; and indeed we are jeered aboard, that we send no more ships to guard our seas.

Touching my Lord Ambassador Weston, he had a brave journey of it, though it cost dear: for it is thought it will stand His Majesty in £25,000, which makes some critics of the times to censure the Lord Treasurer. That now the King wanting money so much he should send his son abroad to spend him such a sum only for delivering of presents and compliments; but I believe they are deceived, for there were matters of State also in the embassy.

The Lord Weston, passing by Paris, intercepted and opened a packet of my Lord of Holland, wherein there were some letters of Her Majesty's; this my Lord of Holland takes in that scorn, that he defied him since his coming, and demanded the combat of him, for which he is confined to his house at Kensington. — So with my humble service to my noble lady, I rest your much obliged servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 30 *January* 1633.

XII

To the Lord Viscount Wentworth, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and Lord President of York, etc.

MY LORD,

I WAS glad to apprehend the opportunity of this packet to convey my humble service to your lordship.

There are old doings in France, and it is no new thing for the French to be always a-doing, they have such a stirring genius. The queen-mother hath made an escape to Brussels and Monsieur to Lorraine, where they say he courts very earnestly the duke's sister, a young lady under twenty. They say a contract is passed already, but the French cardinal opposeth it; for they say that Lorraine milk seldom breeds good blood in France. Not only the King, but the whole Gallican Church hath protested against it in a solemn Synod, for the heir apparent of the crown of France cannot marry without the royal consent. This aggravates a grudge the French King hath to the duke for siding with the Imperialists, and for things reflecting upon the Duchy of Bar, for which he is homageable to the crown of France, as he is to the Emperor for Lorraine. A hard task it is to serve two masters, and an unhappy situation it is to lie betwixt two puissant monarchs, as the Dukes of Savoy and Lorraine do.—So I kiss your lordship's

FAMILIAR LETTERS

WALSLEY, AND HER, MY LOVE, YOUR MOST DEVOTED AND
AFFECTIONATE SON,
J. H.

WALSLEY, 1st April 1633.

XIII

To my Most Noble Lady, the Lady CORNELIA

IN conformity to your commands, which sway
with me as much as an act of parliament, I
have sent your ladyship this small hymn for Christ-
mas day, now near approaching. If your ladyship
please to put an air to it, I have my reward.

1. Hal, my tie,
Wherein a bride,
A virgin (which is more),
Brought forth a Son,
The like was done
Ne'er in the world before.
2. Hal, spouseless maid,
Who thee espoused,
To have been born in sin,
Do little weigh
What in thee lay
Before thou didst lie-in.
3. Nine months thy womb
Was made the dome
Of Him whom earth nor air,
Nor the vast mould
Of heaven can hold,
'Cause He's ubiquitair.

4. O would He deign
 To rest and reign
 I' th' centre of my heart ;
 And make it still
 His domicile
 And residence in part.
5. But in so foul a cell
 Can He abide to dwell ?
 Yes, when He please to move
 His harbinger to sweep the room,
 And with rich odours it perfume,
 Of faith, of hope, of love.

So I humbly kiss your hands, and thank your
 ladyship that you would command, in anything
 that may conduce to your contentment, your
 ladyship's most humble servitor, J. H.

Westminster, 3 *February* 1633.

XIV

To the Lord Clifford, at Knaresborough

MY LORD,

I RECEIVED your lordship's of the last of
 June, and I return my most humble thanks
 for the choice nag you pleased to send me, which
 came in very good plight. Your lordship desires
 me to lay down what in my travels abroad I ob-
 served of the present condition of the Jews, once
 an elect people, but now grown contemptible, and
 strangely squandered up and down the world.

Though such a discourse, exactly framed, might make up a volume, yet I will twist up what I know in this point upon as narrow a bottom as may be shut up within the compass of this letter.

The first Christian country that expelled the Jews was England. France followed our example next, then Spain, and afterwards Portugal; nor were they exterminated these countries for their religion, but for villainies and cheatings, for clipping coins, poisoning of waters and counterfeiting of seals.

Those countries they are permitted to live now most in, amongst Christians, are Germany, Holland, Bohemia and Italy; but not in those parts where the King of Spain hath to do. In the Levant and Turkey they swarm most, for the Grand Vizier, and all other great bashawes, have commonly some Jew for their counsellor or spy, who informs them of the state of Christian princes, possess them of a hatred of the religion, and so incense them to war against them.

They are accounted the subtlest and most subdolous people upon earth; the reason why they are thus degenerated from their primitive simplicity and innocence is their often captivities, their desperate fortunes, the necessity and hatred to which they have been habituated, for nothing depraves ingenious spirits and corrupts clear wits more than want and indigence. By their profession they are for the most part brokers and lombarders, yet by that base and servile way of frippery trade they

grow rich wheresoever they nest themselves : and this with their multiplication of children they hold to be an argument that an extraordinary providence attends them still. Methinks that so clear accomplishments of the prophecies of our Saviour touching that people should work upon them for their conversion, as the destruction of their city and temple, that they should become despicable, and the tail of all nations : that they should be vagabonds, and have no firm habitation.

Touching the first, they know it came punctually to pass, and so have the other two ; for they are the most hateful race of men upon earth ; insomuch that in Turkey, where they are most valued, if a Mussulman come to any of their houses and leave his shoes at the door, the Jew dare not come in all the while, till the Turk hath done what he would with his wife. For the last, it is wonderful to see in what considerable numbers they are dispersed up and down the world, yet they can never reduce themselves to such a coalition and unity as may make a republic, principality, or kingdom.

They hold that the Jews of Italy, Germany, and the Levant are of Benjamin's tribe ; ten of the tribes at the destruction of Jeroboam's kingdom were led captives beyond Euphrates, whence they never returned, nor do they know what became of them ever after ; yet they believe they never became apostates and Gentiles. But the tribe of Judah, whence they expect their Messiah,

of whom one shall hear them discourse with so much confidence and self-pleasing conceits, they are settled in Portugal: where they give out to have thousands of their race, whom they despise whilst to make a semblance of Christianity even to Church degrees.

This makes them breed up their children in the Lusitanian language; which makes the Spaniard have an odd saying, that "El Portuguez se cria del pelo de un Judío" — a Portuguese was engendered of a Jew's fart; as the Moham-medans have a passage in their Alchoran, "That a cat was made of a Lion's breath."

As they are the most contemptible people, and have a kind of fulsome scent, no better than a stink, that distinguisheth them from others, so are they the most timorous people on earth, and so, utterly incapable of arms, for they are made neither soldiers nor slaves. And this their pusillanimity and cowardice, as well as their cunning and craft, may be imputed to their various thraldoms, contempt and poverty, which hath cowed and dastardised their courage. Besides these properties, they are light and giddy-headed, much symbolising in spirit with our apocalyptical zealots, and fiery interpreters of Daniel and other prophets, whereby they often soothe, or rather fool themselves into some illumination, which really proves but some egregious dotage.

They much glory of their mysterious Cabal, wherein they make the reality of things to depend

upon letters and words : but they say that Hebrew only hath this privilege. This Cabal, which is nought else but a tradition, they say, being transmitted from one age to another, was in some measure a reparation of our knowledge lost in Adam, and they say it was revealed four times. First to Adam, who being thrust out of Paradise, and sitting one day very sad and sorrowing for the loss of the knowledge he had of that dependence the creatures have with their Creator, the angel Raguel was sent to comfort him, and to instruct him, and repair his knowledge herein. And this they call the Cabal, which was lost the second time by the Flood and Babel ; then God discovered it to Moses in the bush, the third time to Solomon in a dream, whereby he came to know the beginning, mediety, and consummation of times, and so wrote divers books, which were lost in the grand captivity. The last time they hold that God restored the Cabal to Esdras (a book they value extraordinarily), who by God's command withdrew to the wilderness forty days with five scribes, who in that space wrote two hundred and four books. The first one hundred thirty and four were to be read by all ; but the other seventy were to pass privately among the Levites, and these they pretend to be cabalistic, and not yet all lost.

There are at this day three sects of Jews, the Africans first, who, besides the Holy Scriptures, embrace the Talmud also for authentic ; the second receive only the Scriptures ; the third, which

are called the Samaritans whereof there are but few, admit only of the Pentateuch, the five books of Moses.

The Jews in general drink no wine without a dispensation. When they kill any creature, they turn his face to the east, saying, "Be it sanctified in the great name of God;" they cut the throat with a knife without a gap, which they hold very profane.

In their synagogues they make one of the best sort to read a chapter of Moses, then some mean boy reads a piece of the Prophets; in the midst, there is a round place arched over, wherein one of their rabbis walks up and down, and in Portuguese magnifies the Messiah to come, comforts their captivity, and rails at Christ.

They have a kind of cupboard to represent the tabernacle, wherein they lay the tables of the law, which now and then they take out and kiss, they sing many tunes, and Adonai they make the ordinary name of God. Jehovah is pronounced at high festivals; at circumcision boys are put to sing some of David's Psalms so loud as drowns the infant's cry. The synagogue is hung about with glass lamps burning; every one at his entrance puts on a linen cope, first kissing it, else they use no manner of reverence all the while; their elders sometimes fall together by the ears in the very synagogue, and with the holy utensils, as candlesticks, incense-pans, and such-like, break one another's pates.

Women are not allowed to enter the synagogue, but they sit in a gallery without, for they hold they have not so divine a soul as men and are of a lower creation, made only for sensual pleasure and propagation.

Amongst the Mohammedans there is no Jew capable of a Turkish habit unless he acknowledge Christ as much as Turks do, which is to have been a great prophet, whereof they hold there are three only — Moses, Christ, and Mohammed.

Thus, my lord, to perform your commands, which are very prevalent with me, have I couched in this letter what I could of the condition of the Jews, and if it may give your lordship any satisfaction, I have my reward abundantly. — So I rest your lordship's most humble and ready servitor,
J. H.

Westminster, 3 of June 1633.

XV

To Mr Philip Warrick, at Paris

YOUR last unto me was in French of the first current, and I am glad you are come so safe from Switzerland to Paris; as also, that you are grown so great a proficient in the language. I thank you for the variety of news you sent me, so handsomely couched and knit together.

To correspond with you, the greatest news we have here is that we have a gallant fleet royal ready

to set to sea for the security of our coasts and commerce and for the sovereignty of our seas. Hans said the King of England was asleep all this while, but now he is awake; nor do I hear, doth your French cardinal tamper any longer with our King's title and right to the dominion of the narrow seas. These are brave fruits of the ship moneys.

I hear that the Infante Cardinal having been long upon his way to Brussels hath got a notable victory of the Swedes at Nördlingen, where 8000 were slain, Gustavus Horn and other of the prime commanders taken prisoners. They write also that Monsieur's marriage with Madame of Lorraine was solemnly celebrated at Brussels. She had followed him from Nancy in page's apparel, because there were forces in the way. It must needs be a mighty charge to the King of Spain to maintain mother and son in this manner.

The Court affords little news at present, but that there is a love called platonic love, which much sways there of late. It is a love abstracted from all corporal gross impressions and sensual appetite, but consists in contemplations and ideas of the mind, not in any carnal fruition. This love sets the wits of the town on work, and they say there will be a mask shortly of it, whereof Her Majesty and her maids of honour will be part.

All your friends here in Westminster are well and very mindful of you, but none more often than your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 3 *June* 1634.

XVI

To my brother Mr H. P.

BROTHER,

MY brain was overcast with a thick cloud of melancholy. I was become a lump I know not of what. I could scarce find any palpitation within me on the left side. When yours of the first of September was brought me it had such a virtue that it begot new motions in me, like the loadstone, which by its attractive occult quality moves the dull body of iron and makes it active. So dull was I then and such a magnetic property your letter had to quicken me.

There is some murmuring against the ship money, because the tax is indefinite, as also by reason that it is levied upon the country towns as well as maritime, and for that, they say Noy himself cannot show any record. There are also divers patents granted, which are muttered at as being no better than monopolies. Amongst others a Scotsman got one lately upon the statute of levying twelve pence for every oath, which the justices of peace and constables had power to raise, and have still; but this new patentee is to quicken and put more life in the law and see it executed. He hath power to nominate one, or two, or three in some parishes, which are to have commission from him for this public service, and so they are to be exempt

from bearing office, which must needs deserve a gratuity. And I believe this was the main drift of the Scot patentee, so that he intends to keep his office in the temple, and certainly he is like to be a mighty gainer by it, for who would not give a good piece of money to be freed from bearing all cumbersome offices? — No more now, but that with my dear love to my sister, I rest your most affectionate brother,

J. H.

Westminster, 1 *August* 1633.

XVII

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount
Savage, at Long Malford*

MY LORD,

THE old steward of your courts, Master Attorney-General Noy, is lately dead, nor could Tunbridge waters do him any good. Though he had good matter in his brain, he had, it seems, ill materials in his body, for his heart was shrivelled like a leather penny purse when he was dissected, nor were his lungs sound.

Being such a clerk in the law, all the world wonders he left such an odd will, which is short and in Latin. The substance of it is, that he having bequeathed a few legacies, and left his second son 100 marks a year and 500 pounds in money, enough to bring him up in his father's profession,

he concludes, "Reliqua meorum omnia primogenito meo Eduardo, dissipanda nec melius unquam speravi ego. I leave the rest of all my goods to my first-born, Edward, to be consumed or scattered (for I never hoped better)." A strange, and scarce a Christian will, in my opinion, for it argues uncharitableness. Nor doth the world wonder less that he should leave no legacy to some of your lordship's children, considering what deep obligations he had to your lordship; for I am confident he had never been Attorney-General else.

The vintners drink carouses of joy that he is gone, for now they are in hopes to dress meat again and sell tobacco, beer, sugar and faggots, which by a sullen *capricio* of his he would have restrained them from. He had his humour as other men, but certainly he was a solid rational man; and though no great orator, yet a profound lawyer, and no man better versed in the records of the Tower. I heard your lordship often say with what infinite pains and indefatigable study he came to this knowledge. And I never heard a more pertinent anagram than was made of his name, "William Noye, I moyle in law." If an *s* be added, it may be applied to my countryman, Judge Jones, an excellent lawyer too, and a far more genteel man, "William Jones, I moyle in laws." — No more now, but that I rest your lordship's most humble and obliged servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 1 October 1635.

XVIII

*To the Right Honourable the Countess of
Sunderland*

HERE enclosed I send your ladyship a letter from the Lord Deputy of Ireland, wherein he declares that the disposing of the attorneyship in York, which he passed over to me, had no relation to my lord at all, but it was merely done out of a particular respect to me. Your ladyship may please to think of it accordingly, touching the accounts.

It is now a good while the two nephew princes have been here, I mean the Prince Elector and Prince Robert. The King of Sweden's death and the late blow at Nördlingen hath half-blasted their hopes to do any good for recovery of the Palatinate by land, therefore I hear of some new designs by sea. That the one shall go to Madagascar, a great island 800 miles long in the East Indies, never yet colonised by any Christian, and Captain Bond is to be his lieutenant; the other is to go with a considerable fleet to the West Indies, to seize upon some place there that may countervail the Palatinate, and Sir Henry Mervin to go with him. But I hear my Lady Elizabeth opposeth it, saying, that "she'll have none of her sons to be knights-errant." There is now professed actual enmity betwixt France and Spain, for there was a

herald-at-arms sent lately from Paris to Flanders, who by sound of trumpet denounced and proclaimed open war against the King of Spain and all his dominions. This herald left and fixed up the defiance in all the towns as he passed ; so that whereas before the war was but collateral and auxiliary, there is now proclaimed hostility between them, notwithstanding that they have one another's sisters in their beds every night. What the reason of this war is, truly, madam, I cannot tell, unless it be reason of State, to prevent the further growth of the Spanish monarchy ; and there be multitude of examples how preventive wars have been practised from all times. Howsoever, it is too sure that abundance of Christian blood will be spilt.—So I humbly take my leave, and rest, madam, your ladyship's most obedient and faithful servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 4 *June* 1635.

XIX

To the Earl of Leicester, at Penshurst

MY LORD,

I AM newly returned out of France, from a flying journey as far as Orleans, which I made at the request of Mr Secretary Windebank, and I hope I shall receive some fruits of it hereafter. There is yet a great resentment in many places in France, for the beheading of Montmorency, whom

Henry the Fourth was used to say to be the better gentleman than himself, for in his colours he carried this motto, "Dieu ayde le premier chevalier de France" (God help the first knight of France). He died upon a scaffold in Toulouse, in the flower of his years, at thirty-four, and hath left no issue behind, so that noble old family extinguished in a snuff. His treason was very foul, having received particular commissions from the King to make an extraordinary levy of men and money in Languedoc, which he turned afterwards directly against the King, against whose person he appeared armed in open field, and in a hostile posture for fomenting of Monsieur's rebellion.

The Infante Cardinal is come to Brussels at last through many difficulties. And some few days before Monsieur made semblance to go a-hawking, and so fled to France, but left his mother behind, who, since the archduchess's death, is not so well looked on as formerly in that country.

Touching your business in the Exchequer Sir Robert Pye went with me this morning of purpose to my Lord Treasurer about it, and told me with much earnestness and assurance that there shall be a speedy course taken for your lordship's satisfaction.

I delivered my Lord of Lindsey the manuscript he lent your lordship of his father's embassy to Denmark. And herewith I present your lordship with a complete diary of your own late legation, which hath cost me some toil and labour.—So

I rest always, your lordship's most humble and
ready servitor, J. H.

Westminster, 19 *June* 1635.

XX

*To my Honoured Friend and Father,
Mr Ben Johnson*

FA. BEN,

BEING lately in France and returning in coach from Paris to Rouen I lighted upon the society of a knowing gentleman who related unto me a choice story, whereof peradventure you may make some use in your way.

Some hundred and odd years since there was in France one Captain Coucy, a gallant gentleman of an ancient extraction and keeper of Coucy Castle, which is yet standing, and in good repair. He fell in love with a young gentlewoman, and courted her for his wife. There was reciprocal love between them, but her parents understanding of it, by way of prevention they shuffled up a forced match betwixt her and one Monsieur Faiel, who was a great heir. Captain Coucy hereupon quitted France in discontent, and went to the wars in Hungary against the Turk, where he received a mortal wound, not far from Buda. Being carried to his lodging he languished some days, but a little before his death he spoke to an ancient servant of his that he had many proofs of his fidelity

and truth, but now he had a great business to entrust him with, which he conjured him by all means to do, which was : That after his death he should get his body to be opened, and then to take his heart out of his breast and put it in an earthen pot to be baked to powder, then to put the powder into a handsome box with that bracelet of hair he had worn long about his left wrist, which was a lock of Mademoiselle Faiel's hair, and put it amongst the powder, together with a little note he had written with his own blood to her ; and after he had given him the rites of burial to make all the speed he could to France and deliver the said box to Mademoiselle Faiel. The old servant did as his master had commanded him, and so went to France, and coming one day to Monsieur Faiel's house he suddenly met him with one of his servants, and examined him, because he knew he was Captain Coucy's servant, and finding him timorous and faltering in his speech he searched him and found the said box in his pocket with the note, which expressed what was therein. He dismissed the bearer with menaces that he should come no more near his house. Monsieur Faiel going in sent for his cook and delivered him the powder, charging him to make a little well-relished dish of it, without losing a jot of it, for it was a very costly thing, and commanded him to bring it in himself after the last course at supper. The cook bringing in the dish accordingly Monsieur Faiel commanded all to avoid the room, and began a

serious discourse with his wife, how, ever since he had married her, he observed she was always melancholy, and he feared she was inclining to a consumption, therefore he had provided for her a very precious cordial, which he was well assured would cure her. Thereupon he made her eat up the whole dish; and afterwards much importuning him to know what it was, he told her at last she had eaten Coucy's heart, and so drew the box out of his pocket, and showed her the note and the bracelet. In a sudden exaltation of joy she, with a far-fetched sigh, said, "This is precious indeed," and so licked the dish, saying, "It is so precious that 't is pity to put ever any meat upon 't." So she went to bed, and in the morning she was found stone-dead.

This gentleman told me that this sad story is painted in Coucy Castle, and remains fresh to this day.

In my opinion, which vails to yours, this is choice and rich stuff for you to put upon your loom and make a curious web of.

I thank you for the last *regalo* you gave me at your museum, and for the good company. I heard you censured lately at court that you have lighted too foul upon Sir Inigo, and that you write with a porcupine quill dipped in too much gall. Excuse me that I am so free with you; it is because I am in no common way of friendship yours,

J. H.

Westminster, 3 of May 1635.

XXI

To Captain Tho. Porter

NOBLE CAPTAIN,

YOU are well returned from Brussels, from attending your brother in that noble employment of congratulating the Infante Cardinal's coming thither. It was well Monsieur went a-hawking away before to France, for I think those two young spirits would not have agreed. A Frenchman told me lately, that was at your audience, that he never saw so many complete gentlemen in his life for the number, and in a neater equipage. Before you go to sea I intend to wait on you, and give you a frolic. So I am, "*De todas mis entrañas,*" yours to dispose of, J. H.

To this I'll add the Duke of Ossuna's compliment —

*Quisiere, aunque soy chico
Ser, enserville gigante.*

Though of the tallest I am none, you see,
Yet to serve you I would a giant be.

Westminster, 1 *November* 1634.

XXII

To my Cousin, Captain Saintgeon

NOBLE COUSIN,

THE greatest news about the town is of a mighty prize that was taken lately by Peter van Heyn of Holland, who had met some straggling ships of the Plate Fleet, and brought them to the Texel. They speak of a million of crowns. I could wish you had been there to have shared of the booty, which was the greatest in money that ever was taken.

One sent me lately from Holland this distich of Peter van Heyn, which savours of a little profaneness :

Roma sui sileat posthac miracula Petri,
Petrus apud Batavos plura stupenda facit.

Let Rome no more her Peter's wonders tell,
For wonders Holland's Peter bears the bell.

To this distich was added this anagram, which is a good one :

Petrus hainus,
Hispanus ruet.

— So I rest, "Totus tuus," yours whole,

Westminster, 10 July.

J. HOWELL.

XXIII

To my Lord Viscount S.

MY LORD,

HIS MAJESTY is lately returned from Scotland, having given that nation satisfaction to their long desires to have him come hither to be crowned. I hear some mutter at Bishop Laud's carriage there, that it was too haughty and pontifical.

Since the death of the King of Sweden a great many Scotch commanders are come over, and make a shining show at court. What trade they will take hereafter I know not, having been so inured to the wars. I pray God keep us from commotions at home betwixt the two kingdoms, to find them work. I hear one Colonel Leslie is gone away discontented because the King would not lord him.

The old rotten Duke of Bavaria, for he hath divers issues about his body, hath married one of the Emperor's sisters, a young lady little above twenty, and he near upon four score. There's another remaining who, they say, is intended for the King of Poland, notwithstanding his pretences to the young Lady Elizabeth, about which Prince Razevill and other ambassadors have been here lately; but that King being elective, must marry as the Estates will have him. His mother was the

Emperor's sister, therefore sure he will not offer to marry his cousin-german ; but 't is no news for the House of Austria to do so, to strengthen their race. And if the Bavarian hath male issue of this young lady, the son is to succeed him in the Electorship, which may conduce much to strengthen the continuance of the Empire in the Austrian family. — So with a constant perseverance of my hearty desires to serve your lordship, I rest, my lord, your most humble servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 7 *September*.

XXIV

*To my Cousin Mr Will. Saint-Geon, at St
Omer*

COUSIN,

I WAS lately in your father's company, and I found him much discontented at the course you take, which he not only protests against, but he vows never to give you his blessing, if you persevere in it. I would wish you to descend into yourself, and seriously ponder, what a weight a father's blessing or curse carries with it ; for there is nothing conduceth more to the happiness or infelicity of the child. Amongst the Ten Commandments in the Decalogue, that which enjoins obedience from children to parents hath only a benediction (of longevity) added to it. There be

clouds of examples for this, but one I will instance in. When I was in Valentia in Spain, a gentleman told me of a miracle which happened in that town, which was, that a proper young man under twenty was executed there for a crime, and before he was taken down from off the tree, there were many grey and white hairs had budded forth of his chin, as if he had been a man of sixty. It struck amazement in all men, but this interpretation was made of it: that the said young man might have lived to such an age if he had been dutiful to his parents, unto whom he had been barbarously disobedient all his lifetime.

There comes herewith a large letter to you from your father. Let me advise you to conform your courses to his counsel, otherwise it is an easy matter to be a prophet what misfortunes will inevitably befall you, which by a timely obedience you may prevent, and I wish you may have grace to do it accordingly.— So I rest, your loving, well-wishing cousin,

J. H.

London, 1 of *May* 1634.

XXV

To the Lord Deputy of Ireland

MY LORD,

THE Earl of Arundel is lately returned from Germany, and his gallant comportment in that embassy deserved to have had better success.

He found the Emperor conformable, but the old Bavarian froward, who will not part with anything till he have moneys reimbursed which he spent in these wars, and for which he hath the Upper Palatinate *in deposito*, insomuch, that in all probability all hopes are cut off of ever recovering that country, but by the same means that it was taken away, which was by the sword. Therefore they write from Holland of a new army, which the Prince Palatine is like to have shortly, to go up to Germany and push on his fortunes with the Swedes.

The French King hath taken Nancy, and almost all Lorraine lately, but he was forced to put a fox tail to the lion's skin, which his cardinal helped him to before he could do the work. The quarrel is that the duke should marry his sister to Monsieur, contrary to promise, that he sided with the Imperialists against his confederates in Germany, that he neglected to do homage for the Duchy of Bar.

My Lord Viscount Savage is lately dead, who is very much lamented by all that knew him. I could have wished had it pleased God, that his father-in-law, who is riper for the other world, had gone before him.—So I rest, your lordship's most humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 6 *April*.

XXVI

*To his honoured friend Mistress C., at her
house in Essex*

THERE was no sorrow sunk deeper into me a great while, than that which I conceived upon the death of my dear friend your husband. The last office I could do him, was to put him in his grave, and I am sorry to have met others there (who had better means to come in a coach with six horses than I) in so mean equipage to perform the last act of respect to so worthy a friend. I have sent you herewith an elegy which my melancholy muse hath breathed out upon his hearse. I shall be very careful about the tomb you intend him, and will think upon an epitaph. I pray present my respects to Mrs Anne Mayne. So wishing you all comfort and contentment, I rest, yours most ready to be commanded, J. H.

London, 5 March.

XXVII

*To Mr James Howard upon his Banished Virgin,
translated out of Italian*

I RECEIVED the manuscript you sent me, and being a little curious to compare it with the original I find the version to be very exact and

faithful. So according to your friendly request I have sent you this decastich.

Some hold translations not unlike to be
The wrong side of a Turkey tapestry;
Or wines drawn off the lees, which filled in flask,
Lose somewhat of their strength they had in cask.

'T is true each language hath an idiom,
Which in another couched comes not so home;
Yet I ne'er saw a piece from Venice come
Had fewer thrums set on our country loom.
This wine is still un-eared, and brisk, though put
Out of Italian cask in English butt.

UPON YOUR EROMENA.

Fair Eromena in her Tuscan tyre
I viewed, and liked the fashion wondrous well,
But in this English habit I admire,
That still in her the same good grace should dwell;
So I have seen trans-Alpine scions grow
And bear rare fruit, removed to Thames from Po.

Your true servitor and compatriot, J. H.
London, 6 *October* 1632.

XXVIII

To Edward Noy, Esq., at Paris

I RECEIVED one of yours lately, and I am glad to find the delight that travel begins to instil into you.

My Lord Ambassador Aston reckons upon you that you will be one of his train at his first audi-

ence in Madrid, and to my knowledge he hath put by some gentlemen of quality. Therefore I pray let not that dirty town of Paris detain you too long from your intended journey to Spain, for I make account my Lord Aston will be there a matter of two months hence. So I rest your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

London, 5 May 1633.

XXIX

*To the Right Honourable Sir Peter Wicks, Lo.
Ambassador at Constantinople*

MY LORD,

IT seems there is some angry star that hath hung over this business of the Palatinate from the beginning of these German wars to this very day, which will too evidently appear, if one should mark and deduce matters from their first rise.

You may remember how poorly Prague was lost. The Bishop of Halverstat and Count Mansfeld shuffled up and down a good while and did great matters, but all came to nothing at last. You may remember how one of the ships-royal was cast away in carrying over the last, and the 12,000 men he had hence perished, many of them very miserably, and he himself, as they write, died in a poor hostelry with one lacquey, as he was going to Venice to a bank of money he had stored up there for a dead lift. Your lordship knows what success the

King of Denmark had (and our 6000 men under Sir Charles Morgan), for while he thought to make new acquests, he was in hazard to lose all that he had, had not he had favourable propositions tendered him. There were never poor Christians perished more lamentably than those 6000 we sent under M. Hamilton for the assistance of the King of Sweden, who did much, but you know what became of him at last, how disastrously the Prince Palatine himself fell, and in what an ill conjuncture of time, being upon the very point of being restored to his country.

But now we have as bad news as any we had yet, for the young Prince Palatine and his brother Prince Rupert having got a jolly considerable army in Holland to try their fortunes in Germany with the Swedes, they had advanced as far as Münsterland and Westphalia, and having lain before Lengua, they were forced to raise the siege; and one General Hatzfeld pursuing them, there was a sore battle fought, wherein Prince Rupert, my Lord Craven, and others were taken prisoners. The Prince Palatine himself with Major King, thinking to get over the Weser in a coach, the water being deep and not fordable, he saved himself by the help of a willow, and so went a-foot all the way to Munden, the coach and coachman being drowned in the river. There were near upon 2000 slain on the Palgrave's side, and scarce the twentieth part so many on Hatzfeld's. Major Gaeuts, one of the chief commanders, was killed.

I am sorry I must write unto you this sad story ; yet to countervail it something, Saxe-Weimar thrives well, and is like to get Brisac by help of the French forces. All your friends here are well and remember your lordship often, but none more oft than your most humble and ready servitor, J. H.
London, 5 *June* 1635.

XXX

To Sir Sackvil C., Knight

I WAS as glad that you have lighted upon so excellent a lady as if an astronomer by his optics had found out a new star ; and if a wife be the best or the worst fortune of a man, certainly you are one of the fortunatest men in this island.

The greatest news I can write unto you is of a bloody banquet that was lately at Liége, where a great faction was fomenting betwixt the Imperialists and those that were devoted to France, amongst whom one Ruelle, a popular burgomaster, was chief. The Count of Warfuzee, a vassal of the King of Spain's, having fled thither from Flanders for some offence, to ingratiate himself again into the King of Spain's favour, invited the said Ruelle to a feast and after brought him into a private chamber, where he had provided a ghostly father to confess him, and so some of the soldiers whom he had provided before to guard the house, despatched the burgomaster. The town, hearing this,

broke into the house, cut to pieces the said count with some of his soldiers, and dragged his body up and down the streets. You know such a fate befell Walstein in Germany of late years, who having got all the Emperor's forces into his hands, was found to have intelligence with the Swede, therefore the imperial ban was not only pronounced against him, but a reward promised to any that should despatch him. Some of the Emperor's soldiers at a great wedding in Egra, of which band of soldiers Colonel Buttler, an Irishman, was chief, broke into his lodging when he was at dinner, killed him, with three commanders more that were at the table with him, and threw his body out at a window into the streets.

I hear Buttler is made since Count of the Empire. — So humbly kissing your noble lady's hand,
I rest your faithful servitor, J. H.

London, 5 June 1634.

XXXI

To Dr Duppa, L.B. of Chichester, His Highness' tutor at St James

MY LORD,

IT is a well-becoming and very worthy work you are about not to suffer Mr Ben Johnson to go so silently to his grave or rot so suddenly. Being newly come to town and understanding that your "Johnsonus Virbius" was in the press,

upon the solicitation to Sir Thomas Hawkins, I suddenly fell upon the ensuing decastitch, which, if your lordship please, may have room amongst the rest.

UPON MY HONOURED FRIEND AND F., MR BEN JOHNSON

And is thy glass run out, is that oil spent
Which light to such strong sinewy labours lent?
Well, Ben; I now perceive that all the nine,
Though they their utmost forces should combine,
Cannot prevail 'gainst night's three daughters, but
One still must spin, one wind, the other cut,
Yet in despite of distaff, clue and knife,
Thou in thy strenuous lines hast got a life,
Which like thy bays shall flourish ev'ry age,
While soc or buskin shall attend the stage,
Sic vaticinatur Hoellus.

So I rest, with many devoted respects to your
lordship, as being your very humble servitor,
J. H.

London, 1 *May* 1636.

XXXII

To Sir Ed. B., Knight

I RECEIVED yours this Maunday-Thursday,
and whereas amongst other passages and high
endearments of love, you desire to know what
method I observe in the exercise of my devotions,
I thank you for your request, which I have reason
to believe doth proceed from an extraordinary

respect unto me ; and I will deal with you herein, as one should do with his confessor.

It is true, though there be rules and rubrics in our liturgy sufficient to guide every one in the performance of all holy duties, yet I believe every one hath some mode and model or formulary of his own, especially for his private cubicular devotions.

I will begin with the last day of the week, and with the latter end of that day, I mean Saturday evening, on which I have fasted ever since I was a youth in Venice, for being delivered from a very great danger. This year I use some extraordinary acts of devotion to usher in the ensuing Sunday in hymns and various prayers of my own penning, before I go to bed. On Sunday morning I rise earlier than upon other days, to prepare myself for the sanctifying of it ; nor do I use barber, tailor, shoemaker, or any other mechanic that morning ; and whatsoever diversions or lets may hinder me the week before, I never miss, but in case of sickness to repair to God's holy house that day, where I come before prayers begin, to make myself fitter for the work by some previous meditations, and to take the whole service along with me ; nor do I love to mingle speech with any in the interim about news or worldly negotiations in God's holy house ; I prostrate myself in the humblest and decentest way of genuflection I can imagine ; nor do I believe there can be any excess of exterior humility in that place ; therefore I do

not like those squatting, unseemly bold postures upon one's tail, or muffling the face in the hat, or thrusting it in some hole, or covering it with one's hand; but with bended knee and an open confident face, I fix my eyes on the east part of the church and heaven. I endeavour to apply every tittle of the service to my own conscience and occasions, and I believe the want of this, with the huddling up, and careless reading of some ministers, with the commonness of it, is the greatest cause that many do undervalue, and take a surfeit of our public service.

For the reading and singing psalms, whereas most of them are either petitions or eucharistical ejaculations, I listen to them more attentively and make them my own. When I stand at the creed, I think upon the custom they have in Poland and elsewhere, for gentlemen to draw their swords all the while, intimating thereby, that they will defend it with their lives and blood. And for the Decalogue, whereas others use to rise and sit, I ever kneel at it in the humblest and tremblingest posture of all, to crave remission for the breaches past of any of God's holy commandments (especially the week before), and future grace to observe them.

I love a holy, devout sermon, that first checks and then cheers the conscience, that begins with the law and ends with the gospel; but I never prejudicate or censure any preacher, taking him as I find him.

And now that we are not only adulated, but ancient Christians, I believe the most acceptable sacrifice we can send up to heaven is prayer and praise, and that sermons are not so essential as either of them to the true practice of devotion. The rest of the holy Sabbath I sequester my body and mind as much as I can from worldly affairs.

Upon Monday morn, as soon as the Cinque Ports are open, I have a particular prayer of thanks, that I am reprieved to the beginning of that week; and every day following I knock thrice at heaven's gate, in the morning, in the evening, and at night; besides prayers at meals, and some other occasional ejaculations, as upon the putting on of a clean shirt, washing my hands, and at lighting of candles, which because they are sudden, I do in the third person.

Tuesday morning, I rise winter and summer as soon as I awake, and send up a more particular sacrifice for some reasons; and as I am disposed or have business, I go to bed again.

Upon Wednesday night I always fast, and perform also some extraordinary acts of devotion, as also upon Friday night; and Saturday morning, as soon as my senses are unlocked, I get up. And in the summer time I am oftentimes abroad in some private field to attend the sun-rising. And as I pray thrice every day so I fast thrice every week, at least I eat but one meal upon Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, in regard I

am jealous with myself, to have more infirmities to answer for than others.

Before I go to bed I make a scrutiny what peccant humours have reigned in me that day, and so I reconcile myself to my Creator and strike a tally in the exchequer of heaven for my *quietus est* ere I close my eyes, and leave no burden upon my conscience.

Before I presume to take the Holy Sacrament I use some extraordinary acts of humiliation to prepare myself some days before, and by doing some deeds of charity; and commonly I compose some new prayers, and divers of them written in my own blood.

I use not to rush rashly into prayer without a trembling precedent meditation, and if any odd thoughts intervene and grow upon me, I check myself and recommence; and this is incident to long prayers, which are more subject to man's weakness and the devil's malice.

I thank God I have this fruit of my foreign travels that I can pray unto Him every day of the week in a several language, and upon Sunday in seven, which in orisons of my own I punctually perform in my private Pomeridian devotions.

Et sic aeternam contendo attingere vitam.

By these steps I strive to climb up to heaven, and my soul prompts me I shall go thither; for there is no object in the world delights me more than to cast up my eyes that way, especially in a star-

light night; and if my mind be overcast with any odd clouds of melancholy when I look up and behold that glorious fabric, which I hope shall be my country hereafter, there are new spirits begot in me presently, which make me scorn the world and the pleasures thereof, considering the vanity of the one and the inanity of the other.

Thus my soul still moves eastward, as all the heavenly bodies do; but I must tell you, that as those bodies are over-mastered, and snatched away to the West, *raptu primi mobilis*, by the general motion of the tenth sphere, so by those epidemical infirmities which are incident to man, I am often snatched away a clean contrary course, yet my soul persists still in her own proper motion. I am often at variance and angry with myself (nor do I hold this anger to be any breach of charity) when I consider that whereas my Creator intended this body of mine, though a lump of clay, to be a temple of His Holy Spirit, my affections should turn it often to a brothel-house, my passions to a Bedlam, and my excesses to an hospital.

Being of a lay profession, I humbly conform to the constitutions of the Church and my spiritual superiors, and I hold this obedience to be an acceptable sacrifice to God.

Difference in opinion may work a disaffection in me, but not a detestation. I rather pity than hate Turk or Infidel, for they are of the same metal and bear the same stamp as I do, though the inscriptions differ. If I hate any, it is those

schismatics that puzzle the sweet peace of our Church, so that I could be content to see an Anabaptist go to hell on a Brownist's back.

Noble knight, now that I have thus eviscerated myself, and dealt so clearly with you, I desire by way of correspondence that you would tell me what way you take in your journey to heaven, for if my breast lie so open to you, 't is not fitting yours should be shut up to me; therefore I pray let me hear from you when it may stand with your convenience.

So I wish you your heart's desire here, and heaven hereafter, because I am yours in no vulgar way of friendship,

J. H.

London, 25 July 1635.

XXXIII

*To Simon Digby, Esquire, at Mosco, the
Emperor of Russia's Court*

I RECEIVED one of yours by Mr Pickhurst, and I am glad to find that the rough clime of Russia agrees so well with you — so well, as you write, as the Catholic air of Madrid, or the Imperial air of Vienna, where you had such honourable employments.

The greatest news we have here is that we have a Bishop Lord Treasurer; and 't is news indeed in these times, though 't was no news you know in the times of old to have a Bishop Lord Treasurer of

England. I believe he was merely passive in this business. The active instrument that put the white staff in his hands was the Metropolitan at Lambeth.

I have other news also to tell you. We have a brave new ship, a royal galleon ; the like, they say, did never spread sail upon salt water, take her true and well compacted symmetry, with all dimensions, together. For her burden, she hath as many tons as there were years since the Incarnation, when she was built, which are sixteen hundred thirty and six ; she is in length one hundred twenty and seven feet ; her greatest breadth within the planks is forty-six feet and six inches ; her depth from the breadth is nineteen feet and four inches ; she carrieth a hundred pieces of ordnance wanting four, whereof she hath three tier ; half a score men may stand in her lantern ; the charges His Majesty hath been at in the building of her are computed to be fourscore thousand pounds, one whole year's ship money. Sir Robert Mansel launched her, and by His Majesty's command called her the *Sovereign of the Sea*. Many would have had her to be named the *Edgar*, who was one of the most famous Saxon kings this island had, and the most potent at sea. Ranulphus Cestrensis writes that he had four hundred ships, which every year after Easter went out in four fleets to scour the coasts. Another author writes that he had four kings to row him once upon the Dee. But the title he gave himself was a notable lofty one, which was this : "Altitonantis Dei largiflua clementia qui est Rex Regum, Ego Edgar-

dus Anglorum Basilius, omnium Regum, Insularum, Oceanique Britanniam circumjacentis, cunctarumque Nationum quae infra eam includuntur, Imperator et Dominus, etc.” I do not think your grand Emperor of Russia hath a loftier title. I confess the Sophy of Persia hath a higher one, though profane and ridiculous in comparison of this, for he calls himself “The Star high and mighty, whose head is covered with the Sun, whose motion is comparable to the ethereal firmament, Lord of the Mountains Caucasus and Taurus, of the four rivers, Euphrates, Tigris, Araxis and Indus; Bud of honour, Mirror of virtue, Rose of delight and Nutmeg of comfort.” It is a huge descent, methinks, to begin with a star and end in a nutmeg.

All your friends here in court and city are well, and often mindful of you, with a world of good wishes, and you cannot be said to be out of England as long as you live in so many noble memories. Touching mine, you have a large room in’t, for you are one of my chief inmates; so with my humble service to your lady, I rest, your most faithful servitor while

J. H.

London, 1 *July* 1635.

XXXIV

To Dr Tho. Prichard

DEAR DR.,

I HAVE now had too long a supersedeas from employment, having engaged myself to a fatal man at court (by his own seeking), who I hoped, and had reasons to expect (for I waived all other ways) that he would have been a scale towards my rising, but he hath rather proved an instrument to my ruin. It may be he will prosper accordingly.

I am shortly bound for Ireland, and it may be the stars will cast a more benign aspect upon me in the west; you know who got the Persian Empire by looking that way for the first beams of the sun-rising, rather than towards the east.

My Lord Deputy hath made often professions to do me a pleasure, and I intend now to put him upon it.

I purpose to pass by the Bath for a pain I have in my arm proceeding from a defluxion of rheum, and then I will take Brecknock in my way, to comfort my sister Penry, who I think hath lost one of the best husbands in all the thirteen shires of Wales.

So with appreciation of all happiness to you,
I rest, yours while J. H.

London, 10 *February* 1637.

XXXV

To Sir Kenelme Digby, Knight, from Bath

YOUR being then in the country when I began my journey for Ireland was the cause I could not kiss your hands, therefore I shall do now from Bath what I should have done at London.

Being here for a distillation of rheum that pains me in one of my arms, and having had about three thousand strokes of a pump upon me in the Queen's Bath, and having been here now divers days, and viewed the several qualities of these waters, I fell to contemplate a little what should be the reason of such extraordinary actual heat and medicinal virtue in them. I have seen and read of divers baths abroad, as those of Cadanel and Avinian in Lagro Senensi, the Grotta in Vicerbio, those between Naples and Puteolum in Campania; and I have been a little curious to know the reason of those rare lymphatical properties in them above other waters. I find that some impute it to wind or air, or some exhalations shut up in the bowels of the earth, which either by their own nature, or by their violent motion and agitation, or attrition upon rocks, and narrow passages do gather heat, and so impart it to the waters.

Others attribute this balneal heat unto the sun, whose all-searching beams penetrating the pores of the earth, do heat the waters.

Others think this heat to proceed from quicklime, which by common experience we find to heat any waters cast upon it, and also to kindle any combustible substance put upon it.

Lastly, there are some that ascribe this heat to a subterranean fire kindled in the bowels of the earth upon sulphury and bituminous matter.

It is true all these may be general concurring causes, but not the adequate, proper and peculiar reason of balneal heats; and herein truly our learned countryman Dr Jordan hath got the start of any that ever wrote of this subject, and goes to work like a solid philosopher; for having treated of the generation of minerals, he finds that they have their seminaries in the womb of the earth replenished with active spirits, which, meeting with apt matter and adjuvant causes, do proceed to the generation of several species, according to the nature of the efficient and fitness of the matter. In this work of generation, as there is *generatio unius*, so there is *corruptio alterius*; and this cannot be done without a superlor power, which by moisture dilating itself, works upon the matter like a leavening and ferment to bring it to its own purpose.

This motion betwixt the agent spirit and patient matter produceth an actual heat; for motion is the fountain of heat, which serves as an instrument to advance the work, for as cold dulls, so heat quickeneth all things. Now for the nature of this heat; it is not a destructive violent heat, as that of fire,

but a generative gentle heat joined with moisture, nor needs it air for ventilation. This natural heat is daily observed by digging in the mines; so, then, while minerals are thus engendering, and *in solutis principiis* in their liquid forms and not consolidated into hard bodies (for then they have not that virtue), they impart heat to the neighbouring waters. So then it may be concluded, that this soil about the bath is a mineral vein of earth, and the fermenting gentle temper of generative heat that goes to the production of the said minerals doth impart and actually communicate this balneal virtue and medicinal heat to these waters.

This subject of mineral waters would afford an ocean of matter were one to compile a solid discourse of it. And I pray excuse me that I have presumed in so narrow a compass as a letter to comprehend so much, which is nothing, I think, in comparison of what you know already of this matter.

So I take my leave and humbly kiss your hands, being always your lordship's most faithful and ready servant,

J. H.

From the Bath, 3 July 1638.

XXXVI

*From Dublin to Sir Ed. Savage, Knight, at
Tower Hill*

I AM come safely to Dublin over an angry boisterous sea. Whether 't was my voyage on salt-water, or change of air, being now under another clime, which was the cause of it, I know not, but I am suddenly freed of the pain in my arm, when neither bath, nor plaisters, and other remedies could do me good.

I delivered your letter to Mr James Dillon, but nothing can be done in that business till your brother Pain comes to town. I meet here with divers of my northern friends whom I knew at York. Here is a most splendid court kept at the castle, and except that of the Viceroy of Naples I have not seen the like in Christendom, and in one point of grandeur the Lord Deputy here goes beyond him, for he can confer honours and dub knights, which that viceroy cannot, or any other I know of. Traffic increaseth here wonderfully, with all kind of bravery and buildings.

I made a humble motion to my lord that in regard businesses of all sorts did multiply here daily, and that there was but one clerk of the council (Sir Paul Davis) who was able to despatch business (Sir William Usher, his colleague, being very aged and bedrid), his lordship would please

to think of me. My lord gave me an answer full of good respects to succeed Sir William after his death.

No more now, but with my most affectionate respects unto you I rest, your faithful servitor,
J. H.

Dublin, 3 *May* 1639.

XXXVII

To Dr Usber, Lo. Primate of Ireland

MAY it please your grace to accept of my most humble acknowledgments for those noble favours I received at Drogheda, and that you pleased to communicate unto me those rare manuscripts in so many languages, and divers choice authors in your library.

Your learned work, “*De primordiis Ecclesiarum Britannicarum*,” which you pleased to send me, I have sent to England, and so it shall be conveyed to Jesus College in Oxford as a gift from your grace.

I hear that Cardinal Barberino, one of the Pope’s nephews, is setting forth the works of Fastidius, a British bishop, called “*De Vita Christiana*.” It was written 300 years after our Saviour, and Holstenius hath the care of the impression.

I was lately looking for a word in Suidas, and I lighted upon a strange passage in the name *Ἰήσους*, that in the reign of Justinian the Emperor,

one Theodosius, a Jew, a man of great authority, lived in Jerusalem, with whom a rich goldsmith, who was a Christian, was much in favour, and very familiar. The goldsmith, in private discourse, told him one day, that he wondered he, being a man of such a great understanding, did not turn Christian, considering how he found all the prophecies of the law so evidently accomplished in our Saviour, and our Saviour's prophecies accomplished since. Theodosius answered, that it did not stand with his security and continuance in authority to turn Christian, but he had a long time a good opinion of that religion, and he would discover a secret unto him which was not yet come to the knowledge of any Christian. It was, that when the temple was founded in Jerusalem there were twenty-two priests, according to the number of the Hebrew letters, to officiate in the temple, and when any was chosen, his name, with his father's and mother's, were used to be registered in a fair book. In the time of Christ a priest died, and he was chosen in his place; but when his name was to be entered, his father Joseph being dead, his mother was sent for, who being asked who was his father, she answered, that she never knew man, but that she conceived by an angel. So his name was registered in these words: **JESUS CHRIST THE SON OF GOD AND OF THE VIRGIN MARY.** This record at the destruction of the temple was preserved, and is to be seen in Tiberias to this day. I hum-

bly desire your grace's opinion hereof in your next.

They write to me from England of rare news in France, which is, that the Queen is delivered of a dauphin, the wonderfulest thing of this kind that any story can parallel, for this is the three-and-twentieth year since she was married, and hath continued childless all this while, so that now Monsieur's cake is dough, and I believe he will be more quiet hereafter. — So I rest, your grace's most devoted servant,

J. H.

Dublin, 1 *March* 1639.

XXXVIII

To my Lord Clifford; from Edinburgh

MY LORD,

I HAVE seen now all the King of Great Britain's dominions; and he is a good traveller that hath seen all his dominions. I was born in Wales. I have been in all the four corners of England, I have traversed the diameter of France more than once, and now I am come through Ireland into this kingdom of Scotland. This town of Edinburgh is one of the fairest streets that ever I saw (excepting that of Palermo in Sicily); it is about a mile long, coming sloping down from the Castle (called of old the Castle of Virgins, and by Pliny *Castrum alatum*) to the Holyrood House, now the Royal Palace; and these two begin and

terminate the town. I am come hither in a very convenient time, for here is a National Assembly and a Parliament, my Lord Traquair being His Majesty's Commissioner. The bishops are all gone to wreck, and they have had but a sorry funeral, the very name is grown so contemptible, that a black dog if he have any white marks about him is called Bishop. Our Lord of Canterbury is grown here so odious that they call him commonly in the pulpit the Priest of Baal and the Son of Belial.

I'll tell your lordship of a passage which happened lately in my lodging, which is a tavern. I had sent for a shoemaker to make me a pair of boots, and my landlord, who is a pert smart man, brought up a chopin of white wine (and for this particular, there are better French wines here than in England, and cheaper ; for they are but at a groat a quart, and it is a crime of a high nature to mingle or sophisticate any wine here). Over this chopin of white wine my vintner and shoemaker fell into a hot dispute about bishops. The shoemaker grew very furious and called them the firebrands of hell, the panders of the whore of Babylon, and the instruments of the Devil, and that they were of his institution, not of God's. My vintner took him up smartly and said : " Hold, neighbour, there ; do not you know as well as I that Titus and Timothy were bishops ? That our Saviour is entitled the bishop of our souls ? That the word bishop is as frequently mentioned

in Scripture as the name pastor, elder, or deacon? Then why do you inveigh so bitterly against them?" The shoemaker answered: "I know the name and office to be good, but they have abused it." My vintner replies: "Well, then, you are a shoemaker by your profession: imagine that you, or a hundred, or a thousand, or a hundred thousand of your trade should play the knaves, and sell calfskin-leather boots for neat's-leather, or do other cheats, must we therefore go barefoot? Must the gentle craft of shoemakers fall therefore to the ground? It is the fault of the men, not of the calling." The shoemaker was so gravelled at this, that he was put to his last; for he had not a word more to say, so my vintner got the day.

There is a fair Parliament House built here lately, and it was hoped His Majesty would have taken the maidenhead of it, and come hither to sit in person; and they did ill who advised him otherwise.

I am to go hence shortly back to Dublin, and so to London, where I hope to find your lordship, that, according to my accustomed boldness, I may attend you. In the interim I rest your lordship's most humble servitor,

J. H.

Edinburgh, 1639.

XXXIX

To Sir K. Digby, Knight

I THANK you for the good opinion you please to have of my fancy of trees. It is a maiden one, and not blown upon by any yet. But for the merits you please to ascribe unto the author, I utterly disclaim any, especially in that proportion you please to give them me. It is you that have parts enough to complete a whole jury of men. Those small perquisites that I have, are thrust up into a little narrow lobby, but those perfections that beautify your noble soul have a spacious palace to walk in, more sumptuous than either the Louvre, Seraglio, or Escorial. So I most affectionately kiss your hands, being always your most faithful servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 3 December 1639.

XL

To Sir Sackvill Crow, His Majesty's Ambassador at the Post of Constantinople

RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR,

THE greatest news we have here now is a notable naval fight that was lately betwixt the Spaniard and Hollander, in the Downs; but

to make it more intelligible, I will deduce the business from the beginning.

The King of Spain had provided a great fleet of galleons, whereof the vice-admirals of Naples and Portugal were two (whereof he had sent advice to England long before). The design was to meet with the French fleet, under the command of the Archbishop of Bordeaux, and in default of that, to land some treasure at Dunkirk, with a recruit of Spaniards which were grown very thin in Flanders. These recruits were got by an odd trick, for some of the fleet being at St Andreas, a report was blown up of purpose, that the French were upon the coasts; hereupon all the young men of the country came to the seaside, and so a great number of them were tumbled a shipboard, and so they set sail towards the coasts of France; but the Archbishop it seems had drawn in his fleet. Then striking into the narrow seas, they met with a fleet of about sixteen Hollanders, whereof they sunk and took two, and the rest got away to Holland to give an alarm to the States, who in less than a month got together a fleet of about one hundred sail, and the wind being a long time easterly, they came into the Downs, where Don Antonio d'Oquendo, the Spanish Admiral, had stayed for them all the while. Sir John Pennington was then abroad with seven of His Majesty's ships, and Don Antonio being daily warned what forces were preparing in Zealand and Holland, and so

advised to get over to the Flemish coasts in the interim, with a haughty spirit, he answered, *Tengo de quedarme aqui para castigar estos rebeldes*: I will stay here to chastise these rebels. There were ten more of His Majesty's ships appointed to go join with Sir John Pennington to observe the motions of those fleets, but the wind continuing still east, they could not get out of the river.

The Spanish fleet had fresh water, victuals, and other necessities from our coasts for their money, according to the capitulations of peace, all this while. At last, being half surprised by a cloud of Hollanders, consisting of one hundred and fourteen ships, they launched out from our coasts, and a most furious fight began, our ships having retired hard by all the while. The Vice-Admiral of Portugal, a famous sea captain, Don Lope de Hozes, was engaged in close fight with the Vice-Admiral of Holland, and after many tough encounters they were both blown up, and burnt together. At last, night came and parted the rest, but six Spanish ships were taken, and about twenty of the Hollanders perished. Oquendo then crossed over to Nardic, and so back to Spain, where he died before he came to the court; and it is thought had he lived he had been questioned for some miscarriages, for if he had suffered the Dunkirkers, who are nimbler and more fit for fight, to have had the van, and dealt with the Hollander, it is thought matters might have gone better with him; but his ambition was that the

great Spanish galleons should get the glory of the day.

The Spaniards give out that they had the better, in regard they did the main work, for Oquendo had conveyed all his recruits and treasure to Flanders, while he lay hovering on our coasts.

One thing is herein very observable, what a mighty navigable power the Hollander is come to, that in so short a compass of time he could appear with such a numerous fleet of one hundred and fourteen sails of men-of-war in such a perfect equipage.

The times afford no more at present. Therefore with a tender of my most humble service to my noble lady, and my thankful acknowledgment for those great favours which my brother Edward writes to me he hath received from your lordship in so singular a manner at that port, desiring you would still oblige me with a continuance of them, I rest, amongst those multitudes you have left behind you in England, your lordship's most faithful servitor,

J. H.

London, 3 *August* 1639.

XLI

To Sir J. M., Knight

I HEAR that you begin to blow the coal, and offer sacrifice to Demogorgon, the god of minerals. Be well advised before you engage yourself

too deep. Chemistry I know, by a little experience, is wonderful pleasing for the trial of so many rare conclusions it carries with it, but withal it is costly, and an enchanting kind of thing, for it hath melted many a fair manor in crucibles, and turned them to smoke. One presented Sixtus Quintus (Sice-cinq, as Queen Elizabeth called him) with a book of chemistry, and the Pope gave him an empty purse for a reward.

There be few whom Mercury, the father of miracles, doth favour. The Queen of Sheba and the King crowned with fire are not propitious to many. He that hath water turned to ashes hath the magistracy and the true philosopher's stone. There be few of those. There be some that commit fornication in chemistry by heterogeneous and sophistical citrinations, but they never come to the Phoenix' nest.

I know you have your share of wisdom, therefore I confess it a presumption in me to give you counsel.—So I rest your most faithful servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 1 *February* 1638.

XLII

*To Simon Digby, Esquire, at the Gran Mosco,
in Russia*

I RETURN you many thanks for your last of the first of June, and that you acquaint me with the state of things in that country.

I doubt not but you have heard long since of the revolt of Catalonia from the King of Spain. It seems the sparkles of those fires are flown to Portugal and put that country also in combustion. The Duke of Braganza, whom you may well remember about the Court of Spain, is now King of Portugal, by the name of El Rey Don Juan, and he is generally obeyed and quietly settled as if he had been king these twenty years there, for the whole country fell suddenly to him, not one town standing out. When the King of Spain told Olivarez of it first, he slighted it, saying that he was but Rey de Havas, a bean-cake king. But it seems strange to me, and so strange that it transforms me to wonder that the Spaniard, being accounted so politic a nation and so full of precaution, could not foresee this, especially there being divers intelligences given and evident symptoms of the general discontentment of that kingdom (because they could not be protected against the Hollander in Brazil) and of some designs a year before, when this Duke of Braganza was at Madrid. I wonder,

I say, they did not secure his person by engaging him in some employment out of the way. Truly I thought the Spaniard was better sighted and could see farther off than so. You know what a huge limb the crown of Portugal was to the Spanish monarchy, by the islands in the Atlantic Sea, the towns in Africa and all the East Indies, insomuch that the Spaniard hath nothing now left beyond the line.

There is no offensive war yet made by Spain against King John. She only stands upon the defensive part until the Catalan be reduced; and I believe that will be a long-winded business, for this French Cardinal stirs all the devils of hell against Spain, insomuch that most men say that these formidable fires which are now raging in both these countries were kindled at first by a granado hurled from his brain. Nay, some will not stick to say that this breach betwixt us and Scotland is a reach of his.

There was a ruthless disaster happened lately at sea, which makes our merchants upon the Exchange hang down their heads very sadly. The Ship *Swan*, whereof one Limery was master, having been four years abroad about the Straits, was sailing home with a cargazon valued at £800,000, whereof 450,000 was in money, the rest in jewels and merchandise; but being in sight of shore she sprang a leak, and being ballasted with salt it choked the pump, so that the *Swan* could swim no longer. Some sixteen were drowned and some

of them with ropes of pearls about their necks. The rest were saved by a Hamburger not far off. The King of Spain loseth little by it (only his affairs in Flanders may suffer), for his money was insured, and few of the principals, but the insurers only, who were most of them Genoese and Hollanders. A most unfortunate chance, for had she come to safe port she had been the richest ship that ever came into the Thames, so that Neptune never had such a morsel at one bit.

All your friends here are well, as you will understand more particularly by those letters that go herewith. So I wish you all health and comfort in that cold country, and desire that your love may continue still in the same degree of heat towards your faithful servitor,

J. H.

London, 5 of *March* 1639.

XLIII

To Sir K. D., Knight

IT was my fortune to be in a late communication where a gentleman spoke of a hideous thing that happened in High Holborn, how one John Pennant, a young man of twenty-one, being dissected after his death, there was a kind of serpent with divers tails found in the left ventricle of his heart, which you know is the most defended part, being thrice thicker than the right, and in the cell which holds the purest and most illustrious liquor,

the arterial blood, and the vital spirits. This serpent was, it seems, three years engendering, for so long time he found himself indisposed in the breast; and it was observed that his eye in the interim grew more sharp and fiery, like the eye of a cock, which is next to a serpent's eye in redness; so that the symptom of his inward disease might have been told by certain exterior rays and signatures.

God preserve us from public calamities; for serpentine monsters have been often ill-favoured presages. I remember in the Roman story to have read how, when snakes or serpents were found near the statues of their gods — as one time about Jupiter's neck, another time about Minerva's thigh — there followed bloody civil wars after it.

I remember also, a few years since, to have read the relation and deposition of the carrier of Tewkesbury, who, with divers of his servants, passing a little before the dawn of the day with their packs over Cots Hill, saw most sensibly and very perspicuously in the air musketeers, harnessed-men, and horsemen, moving in battle array, and assaulting one another in divers furious postures. I doubt not but that you have heard of those fiery meteors and thunderbolts that have fallen upon sundry of our Churches, and done hurt. Unless God be pleased to make up these ruptures betwixt us and Scotland, we are like to have ill days. The Archbishop of Canterbury was lately outraged in his house by a pack of common people; and Captain

Mohun was pitifully massacred by his own men lately; so that the common people, it seems, have strange principles infused into them, which may prove dangerous, for I am not of that lord's mind who said, "That they who fear any popular insurrection in England are like boys and women that are afraid of a turnip cut like a death's head, with a candle in it."

I am shortly for France, and I will receive your commands before I go.—So I am your most humble servitor,
J. H.

London, 2 *May* 1640.

XLIV

To my Lord Herbert of Cherberry; from Paris

MY LORD,

I SEND herewith "Dodona's Grove" couched in French, and in the newest French; for though the main version be mine, yet I got one of the *Académie des beaux Esprits* here to run it over, to correct and refine the language, and reduce it to the most modern dialect. It took so here, that the new Academy of wits have given a public and far higher eulogium of it than it deserves. I was brought to the Cardinal at Ruelle; where I was a good while with him in his private garden, and it were a vanity in me to insert here what propositions he made me. There be some sycophants here that idolise him, and I blush to read what

profane hyperboles are printed up and down of him. I will instance in a few :

Cedite Richelli mortales, cedite Divi,
Ille homines vincit, vincit et ille Deos.

Then —

Et si nous faisons des guirlandes,
C'est pour en couronner un Dieu,
Qui sous le nom de Richelieu,
Reçoit nos vœus et nos offrandes.

Then —

Richelli adventu Rupellae porta patescit,
Christo Infernales ut patuere fores.

Certainly he is a rare man, and of a transcendent reach, and they are rather miracles than exploits that he hath done, though those miracles be of a sanguine dye (the colour of his habit), steeped in blood ; which makes the Spaniard call him the grand *Caga-fuego* of Christendom. Divers of the scientificallest and most famous wits here have spoken of your Lordship with admiration, and of your great work “*De Veritate* ;” and were those excellent notions and theoretical precepts actually applied to any particular science, it would be an infinite advantage to the commonwealth of learning all the world over. — So I humbly kiss your hands, and rest, your Lordship's most faithful servitor,

J. H.

Paris, 1 *April* 1641.

XLV

*To the Right Honourable Mrs Elizabeth
Altham, now Lady Digby*

THERE be many sad hearts for the loss of my Lord Robert Digby; but the greatest weight of sorrow falls upon your Ladyship. Amongst other excellent virtues which the world admires you for, I know your Ladyship to have that measure of high discretion that will check your passions. I know, also, that your patience hath been often exercised, and put to trial in this kind. For besides the baron, your father, and Sir James, you lost your brother, Master Richard Altham, in the verdantest time of his age, a gentleman of rare hopes, and I believe this sunk deep into your heart; you lost Sir Francis Astley since, a worthy virtuous gentleman, and now you have lost a noble lord. We all owe Nature a debt, which is payable some time or other whensoever she demands it. Nor doth Dame Nature use to seal indentures, or pass over either lease or patent for a set term of years to any. For my part I have seen so much of the world, that if she offered me a lease, I would give her but a small fine for it, especially now that the times have grown so naught that people are become more than half mad. But, madam, as long as there are men, there must be malignant humours, there must be

vices and vicissitudes of things; as long as the world wheels round, there must be tossings and tumblings, distractions and troubles, and bad times must be recompensed with better.—So I humbly kiss your ladyship's hands, and rest, madam, your constant servant,
J. H.

York, 1 *August* 1642.

XLVI

To the Honourable Sir P. M., in Dublin

I AM newly returned from France, and now that Sir Edward Nicholas is made Secretary of State, I am put in fair hopes, or rather assurances, to succeed him in the clerkship of the Council.

The Duke de la Valette is lately fled hither for sanctuary, having had ill luck in Fontarabia; they say his process was made, and that he was executed in effigy in Paris. It is true he could never square well with his Eminence the Cardinal (for this is a peculiar title he got long since from Rome to distinguish him from all others) nor his father neither, the little old Duke of Espernon, the ancientest soldier in the world, for he wants but one year of a hundred.

When I was last in Paris I heard of a facetious passage betwixt him and the Archbishop of Bordeaux, who in effect is Lord High Admiral of France, and it was thus. The archbishop was to go general of a great fleet, and the Duke came to

his house in Bordeaux one morning to visit him. The archbishop sent some of his gentlemen to desire him to have a little patience, for he was despatching away some sea commanders, and that he would wait on him presently. The little duke took a pet at it, and went away to his house at Cadillac some fifteen miles off. The next morning the archbishop came to pay him the visit, and to apologise for himself. Being come in, and the duke told of it, he sent his chaplain to tell him that he was newly fallen upon a chapter of Saint Austin's "De Civitate Dei," and when he had read that chapter he would come to him.

Some years before I was told he was at Paris, and Richelieu came to visit him; he having notice of it, Richelieu found him in a cardinal's cap kneeling at a table altarwise, with his book and beads in his hand and candles burning before him.

I hear the Earl of Leicester is to come shortly over, and so over to Ireland to be your deputy. No more now, but that I am your most faithful servitor,

J. H.

London, *September 7, 1641.*

XLVII

To the Earl of B., from the Fleet

MY LORD,

I WAS lately come to London upon some occasions of mine own, and I had been divers times in Westminster Hall, where I conversed with many Parliament men of my acquaintance, but one morning betimes there rushed into my chamber five armed men with swords, pistols and bills, and told me they had a warrant from the Parliament for me. I desired to see their warrant, they denied it; I desired to see the date of it, they denied it; I desired to see my name in the warrant, they denied all; at last one of them pulled a greasy paper out of his pocket, and showed me only three or four names subscribed, and no more. So they rushed presently into my closet, and seized on all my papers and letters and anything that was manuscript, and many printed books they took also, and hurled all into a great hair trunk, which they carried away with them. I had taken a little physic that morning, and with very much ado they suffered me to stay in my chamber with two guards upon me till evening, at which time they brought me before the committee for examination, where I confess I found good respect, and being brought up to the close committee, I was ordered to be forthcoming till some papers of mine



were perused, and Mr Corbet was appointed to do it. Some days after I came to Mr Corbet, and he told me that he had perused them, and could find nothing that might give offence. Hereupon I desired him to make a report to the House accordingly, which (as I was told) he did very fairly; yet such was my hard hap that I was committed to the Fleet, where I am now under close restraint. And, as far as I see, I must lie at dead anchor in this Fleet a long time, unless some gentle gale blow thence to make me launch out. God's will be done, and amend the times, and make up these ruptures which threaten so much calamity. — So I am your lordship's most faithful (though now afflicted) servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, *November 20, 1643.*

XLVIII

To Sir Bevis Thelwall, Knight (Petri ad vincula), at Peter House in London

THOUGH we are not in the same prison, yet are we in the same predicament of suffrance; therefore I presume you are subject to the like fits of melancholy as I. The fruition of liberty is not so pleasing as a conceit of the want of it is irksome, especially to one of such freeborn thoughts as you. Melancholy is a black noxious humour, and much annoys the whole inward man. If you would

know what cordial I use against it in this my sad condition I'll tell you : I pore sometimes on a book and so I make the dead my companions, and this is one of my chiefest solaces : if the humour work upon me stronger, I rouse my spirits and raise them up towards heaven, my future country ; and one may be on his journey thither, though shut up in prison, and happily go a straighter way than if he were abroad. I consider that my soul, while she is cooped within these walls of flesh, is but in a kind of perpetual prison. And now my body corresponds with her in the same condition ; my body is the prison of the one, and these brick walls the prison of the other. And let the English people flatter themselves as long as they will that they are free, yet are they in effect but prisoners, as all other islanders are ; for being surrounded and closed about with salt water (as I am with these walls), they cannot go where they list, unless they ask the wind's leave first, and Neptune must give them a pass.

God Almighty amend the times, and compose these woeful divisions, which menace nothing but public ruin, the thoughts whereof drown in me the sense of mine own private affliction.

So wishing you courage (whereof you have enough if you put it in practice) and patience in this sad condition, I rest your true servant and compatriot,

J. H.

From the Fleet, *August 2, 1643.*

XLIX

To Mr E. P.

I SAW such prodigious things daily done these few years past that I had resolved with myself to give over wondering at anything, yet a passage happened this week that forced me to wonder once more, because it is without parallel. It was that some odd fellows went skulking up and down London streets, and with figs and raisins allured little children, and so purloined them away from their parents and carried them a shipboard for beyond sea, where by cutting their hair and other devices they so disguised them that their parents could not know them. This made me think upon that miraculous passage in Hamelen, a town in Germany, which I hoped to have passed through when I was in Hamburg, had we returned by Holland; which was thus (nor would I relate it unto you were there not some ground of truth for it): The said town of Hamelen was annoyed with rats and mice; and it chanced that a pied-coated piper came thither who covenanted with the chief burghers for such a reward if he could free them quite from the said vermin, nor would he demand it till a twelvemonth and a day after. The agreement being made, he began to play on his pipes and all the rats and the mice followed him to a great loch hard by, where they all per-

ished ; so the town was infected no more. At the end of the year the pied piper returned for his reward ; the burghers put him off with slightings and neglect, offering him some small matter, which he refusing and staying some days in the town, on Sunday morning at high mass, when most people were at church, he fell to play on his pipes, and all the children up and down followed him out of the town to a great hill not far off, which rent in two and opened, and let him and the children in and so closed up again. This happened a matter of 250 years since, and in that town they date their bills and bonds and other instruments in law to this day from the year of the going out of their children. Besides there is a great pillar of stone at the foot of the said hill whereon this story is engraven.

No more now, for this is enough in conscience for one time. So I am your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 *October* 1643.

L

To my Lord G. D.

MY LORD,

THERE be two weighty sayings in Seneca, “ Nihil est infelicius eo cui nil unquam contigit adversi ” (There is nothing more unhappy than he who never felt any adversity). The other

is, "Nullum est majus malum, quam non posse ferre malum" (There is no greater cross than not to be able to bear a cross). Touching the first, I am not capable of that kind of unhappiness; for I have had my share of adversity, I have been hammered and dilated upon the anvil, as our countryman Breakspeare (Adrian the Fourth) said of himself, "I have been strained through the limbec of affliction." Touching the second, I am also free of that cross; for, I thank God for it, I have that portion of grace, and so much philosophy, as to be able to endure and confront any misery. It is not so tedious to me as to others to be thus immured, because I have been inured and habituated to troubles. That which sinks deepest into me is the sense I have of the common calamities of this nation: there is a strange spirit hath got in amongst us, which makes the idea of holiness the formality of good, and the very faculty of reason, to be quite differing from what it was. I remember to have read a tale of an ape in Paris, which having got a child out of the cradle, and carried him up to the top of the tiles, and there sat with him upon the ridge; the parents beholding this ruthless spectacle, gave the ape fair and smooth language, so he gently brought the child down again and replaced him in the cradle. Our country is in the same case this child was in, and I hope there will be sweet and gentle means used to preserve it from precipitation.

The city of London sticks constantly to the

Parliament, and the common council sways much, insomuch that I believe if the Lord Chancellor Egerton were now living he would not be so pleasant with them, as he was once to a new Recorder of London whom he had invited to dinner to give him joy of his office, and having a great woodcock pie served in about the end of the repast which had been sent him from Cheshire, he said, "Now, Master Recorder, you are welcome to a common council."

There may be many discreet brave patriots in the city, and I hope they will think upon some means to preserve us and themselves from ruin. Such are the prayers, early and late, of your Lordship's most humble servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 2 *January* 1643.

LI

To Sir Alex. R., Knight

SURELY, God Almighty is angry with England, and it is more sure, that God is never angry without cause. Now, to know this cause, the best way is, for every one to lay his hand on his breast, and examine himself thoroughly, to summon his thoughts and winnow them, and so call to remembrance how far he hath offended Heaven, and then it will be found that God is not angry with England, but with Englishmen. When that doleful charge was pronounced against

Israel, "Perditio tua ex te, Israel," it was meant of the concrete (not the abstract), "Oh Israelites, your ruin comes from yourselves." When I make this scrutiny within myself, and enter into the closest cabinet of my soul, I find (God help me!) that I have contributed as much to the drawing down of these judgments on England as any other. When I ransack the three cells of my brain, I find that my imagination hath been vain and extravagant. My memory hath kept the bad, and let go the good, like a wide sieve that retains the bran and parts with the flour. My understanding hath been full of error and obliquities; my will hath been a rebel to reason; my reason a rebel to faith, which, I thank God, I have the grace to quell presently with this caution,

Succumbat Ratio Fidei, et captiva quiescat.

When I descend to my heart, the centre of all my affections, I find it hath swelled often with tympanies of vanity and tumours of wrath; when I take my whole self in a lump, I find that I am nought else but a cargazon of malignant humours, a rabble of unruly passions, amongst which my poor soul is daily crucified, as betwixt so many thieves. Therefore, as I pray in general, that God would please not to punish this island for the sins of the people, so more particularly I pray, that she suffer not for me in particular; who, if one would go by way of induction, would make one of the chiefest instances of the argument. And as

I am thus conscious to myself of my own demerits, so I hold it to be the duty of every one to complete himself this way, and to remember the saying of a noble English captain, who, when the town of Calais was lost (which was the last footing we had in France), being jeered by a Frenchman, and asked, "Now, Englishman, when will you come back to France?" answered, "Oh, sir, mock not; when the sins of France are greater than the sins of England, the Englishmen will come again to France."

Before the sack of Troy, it was said and sung up and down the streets —

Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.

The verse is as true for sense and feet, —

Intra Londini muros peccatur et extra.

(Without and eke within

The walls of London there is sin.)

The way to better the times is for every one to mend one. I will conclude with this serious invocation. I pray God avert those further judgments of famine and pestilence which are hovering over this populous and once flourishing city, and dispose of the brains and hearts of this people to seek and serve Him aright.

I thank you for your last visit, and for the poem you sent me since. So I am your most faithful servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 3 June.

LII

To Mr John Batty, Merchant

I RECEIVED the printed discourse you pleased to send me, called the “ Merchant’s Remonstrance,” for which I return you due and deserved thanks.

Truly, sir, it is one of the most material and solid pieces I have read of this kind, and I discover therein two things : first, the affection you bear to your country, with the resentment you have of these woeful distractions, then the judgment and choice experience you have purchased by your negotiations in Spain and Germany. In you may be verified the tenet they hold in Italy that the merchant bred abroad is the best commonwealth’s man, being properly applied. For my part, I do not know any profession of life (especially in an island) more to be cherished and countenanced with honourable employments than the merchant-adventurer (I do not mean only the staplers of Hamburg and Rotterdam), for if valiant and dangerous actions do ennoble a man, and make him merit, surely the merchant-adventurer deserves more honour than any, for he is to encounter not only with men of all tempers and humours (as a French councillor hath it), but he contests and tugs oftentimes with all the elements. Nor do I see how some of our country squires,

who sell calves and runts, and their wives perhaps cheese and apples, should be held more gentle than the noble merchant-adventurer, who sells silks and satins, tissues and cloth of gold, diamonds and pearl, with silver and gold.

In your discourse you foretell the sudden calamities which are like to befall this poor island if trade decay, and that this decay is inevitable if these commotions last. Herein you are proved half a prophet already, and I fear your prophecy will be fully accomplished if matters hold thus. Good Lord! Was there ever people so active to draw on their own ruin, which is so visible that a purblind man may take a prospect of it? We all see this, apparently, and hear it told us every minute, but we are fallen to the condition of that foolish people the prophet speaks of, who had eyes but would not see, and ears but would not hear. All men know there is nothing imports this island more than trade; it is that wheel of industry which sets all other a-going; it is that which preserves the chiefest castles and walls of this kingdom: I mean the ships. And how these are impaired within these four years, I believe other nations (which owe us an invasion) observe and know better than we; for truly, I believe a million (I mean of crowns), and I speak within compass, will not put the Navy Royal in that strength as it was four years since, besides the decay of merchant ships. A little before Athens was o'ercome, the Oracle told one of the Arcopagitæ that Athens

had seen her best days, for her wooden walls (meaning her ships) were decayed. As I told you before, there is a nation or two that owe us an invasion.

No more now, but that with my most kind and friendly respects unto you, I rest, always yours to dispose of,

J. H.

Fleet, 4 May 1644.

LIII

To my Honoured Friend, Mr E. P.

THE times are so ticklish that I dare not adventure to send you any London intelligence, she being now a garrison town, and you know as well as I what danger I may incur. But for foreign indifferent news you shall understand that Pope Urban the Eighth is dead, having sat in the chair above twenty years, a rare thing, for it is observed that no Pope yet arrived to the years of St Peter, who, they say, was Bishop of Rome twenty-and-five. Cardinal Pamfilio, a Roman born, a knowing man, and a great lawyer, is created Pope by assumption of the name of Innocent the Tenth. There was tough canvassing for voices, and a great *contrasto* in the Conclave betwixt the Spanish and French factions, who, with the Barberino, stood for Sachetti, but he was excluded, as also another Dominican. By these exclusions the Spanish party, whereof the Cardinal of Flor-

ence was chief, brought about Barberino to join with them for Pamfilio, as being also a creature of the deceased pope. He had been nuncio in Spain eight years, so that it is conceived he is much devoted to that crown, as his predecessor was to the French, who had been legate there near upon twenty years, and was god-father to the last king, which made him to be fleur-de-lys, to be flower-de-luced all over. This new Pope hath already passed that number of years which the prophet assigns to man, for he goes upon seventy-one, and is of a strong promising constitution to live some years longer. He hath but one nephew, who is but eighteen, and so not capable of business. He hath therefore made choice of some cardinals more to be his coadjutors. Pancirellio is his prime confidant, and lodged in St Peter's. It is thought he will presently set all wheels a-going to mediate a universal peace. They write of one good augury amongst the rest, that part of his arms is a dove, which hath been always held for an emblem of peace ; but I believe it will prove one of the knottiest and difficultest tasks that ever was attempted, as the case stands betwixt the house of Austria and France, and the toughest and hardest knot I hold to be that of Portugal, for it cannot yet enter into any man's imagination how that may be accommodated, though many politicians have beaten their brains about it. God Almighty grant that the appeasing of our civil wars prove not so intricate a work, and that we may at last take warning by

the devastations of other countries before our own be past cure.

They write from Paris that Sir Kenelm Digby is to be employed to Rome from Her Majesty in quality of a high messenger of honour to congratulate the new Pope, not of ambassador, as the vulgar give out, for none can give that character to any but a sovereign independent Prince, and all the world knows that Her Majesty is under Couvert Baron, notwithstanding that some cry her up for Queen Regent of England as her sister is of France. The Lord Aubigny hath an abbacy of one thousand five hundred pistoles a year given him yearly there, and is fair for a cardinal's hat.

I continue still under this heavy pressure of close restraint, nor do I see any hopes (God help me !) of getting forth till the wind shift out of this unlucky hole. Howsoever I am resolved that if innocence cannot free my body, yet patience shall preserve my mind still in its freeborn thoughts. Nor shall this storm slacken a whit that firm league of love wherein I am eternally tied unto you. I will conclude with a distich which I found amongst those excellent poems of the late Pope —

Quem valide strinxit praestanti pollice virtus,
Nescius est solvi nodus Amicitiae.

Your constant servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 *January* 1644.

LIV

To the L. Bishop of London, late Lord Treasurer of England

MY LORD,

YOU are one of the miracles of these times, the greatest mirror of moderation our age affords. And as heretofore, when you carried the white staff with such clean uncorrupted hands, yet the crosier was still your chief care, nor was it perceived that that high all-obliging office did alter you a jot, or alienate you from yourself, but the same candour and countenance of meekness appeared still in you, as whosoever had occasion to make their address to your gates went away contented whether they sped in their business or not (a gift your predecessor was said to want); so since the turbulency of these times the same moderation shines in you, notwithstanding that the mitre is so trampled upon, and that there be such violent factions a-foot, insomuch that you live not only secure from outrages, but honoured by all parties. It is true one thing fell out to your advantage, that you did not subscribe to that petition which proved so fatal to prelacy. But the chief ground of the constant esteem the distracted world hath still of you is your wisdom and moderation past and present. This put me in mind of one of your predecessors (in your late office), Marquis

Pawlet, who it seems sailed by the same compass; for there being divers bandings, and factions at Court in his time, yet was he beloved by all parties, and being asked how he stood so right in the opinion of all, he answered, "By being a willow, and not an oak."

I have many thanks to give your lordship for the late visits I had, and when this cloud is scattered, that I may respire free air, one of my first journeys shall be to kiss your lordship's hands. In the interim, I rest your most devoted and ready servitor,

J. H.

The Fleet, 3 *September* 1644.

LV

To Sir E. S., Knight

THOUGH I never had the least umbrage of your love, or doubted of the reality thereof, yet since I fell into this plunge it hath been much confirmed unto me. It is a true observation, that amongst other effects of affliction, one is to try a friend, for those proofs that are made in the fawnings, and dazzling sunshine of prosperity, are not so clear as those which break out and transpire through the dark clouds of adversity. You know the difference the philosophers make betwixt the two extreme colours black and white, that the one is *congregativum*, the other *disgregativum visus*. Black doth congregate, unite and for-

tify the sight; the other doth disgregate, scatter, and enfeeble it when it fixeth upon any object. So, through the sable clouds of adverse fortune, one may make a truer inspection into the breast of a friend. Besides this, affliction produceth another far more excellent effect, it brings us to a better and a more clear knowledge of our Creator; for as the rising and setting sun appears bigger unto us than when he is in the meridian (though the distance be still the same), the cause whereof is ascribed to the interposition of mists, which lie betwixt our eyes and him, so through the thick fog of adversity (which in this point is as pellucid and diaphanous as any crystal) we come to see God and the immensity of His love in a fuller proportion. There cannot be clearer evidences of His care than His corrections. When he makes the world to frown, then He smiles most upon us, though it be through a mask; besides, it is always His method to stroke them whom He strikes. We have an ordinary salute in English, God bless you! and though the verb be radically derived from the Dutch word, yet it would bear good sense, and be very pertinent to this purpose if we would fetch it from the French word *blessier*, which is to hurt. This speculation raiseth my spirits to a great height of comfort and patience that notwithstanding they have been a long time weighed down and quashed, yet I shall at last overcome all these pressures, survive my debts, and surmount my enemies.

God pardon them and preserve you, and take it not ill, that in this my conclusion, I place you so near my enemies. Whatsoever fortune light on me, come fair or foul weather, I shall be still your constant servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 5 August 1644.

LVI

To Tho. Ham, Esquire

THERE is no such treasure as a true friend, it is a treasure far above that of Saint Mark's in Venice; a treasure that is not liable to those casualties which others are liable unto, as to plundering and burglary, to bankrupts and ill debtors, to firing and shipwrecks; for when one hath lost his fortunes by any of these disasters, he may recover them all in a true friend, who is always a sure and staple commodity. This is verified in you who have stuck so close unto me in these my pressures. Like a glow-worm (the old emblem of true friendship) you have shined unto me in the dark. Nor could you do good offices to any that wisheth you better; for I always loved you for the freedom of your genius, for those choice parts and fancies I found in you, which I confess hath made me more covetous of your friendship than I used to be of others. And to deal clearly with you, one of my prime errands to this town (when this disaster fell upon me) was to see you.

God put a speedy period to these sad distempers, but this wish as I was writing it did vanish in the impossibility of the thing, for I fear they are of a long continuance.—So I pray God keep you, and comfort me, who am your true friend to serve you,
J. H.

The Fleet, *May* 5, 1643.

LVII

To Phil. Warwick, Esquire

THE earth does not always produce roses and lilies, but she brings forth also nettles and thistles. So the world affords us not always contentments and pleasure but sometimes afflictions and trouble; *Ut illa tribulos, sic iste tribulationes producit*. The sea is not more subject to contrary blasts, nor the surges thereof to tossings and tumblings, than the actions of men are to encumbrances and crosses. The air is not fuller of meteors than man's life is of miseries; but as we find that it is not a clear sky but the clouds that drop fatness, as the Holy Text tells us, so adversity is far more fertile than prosperity, it useth to water and mollify the heart, which is the centre of all our affections, and makes it produce excellent fruit, whereas the glaring sunshine of a continual prosperity would enharden and dry it up, and so make it barren.

There is not a greater evidence of God's care

and love to his creatures than affliction; for as a French author doth illustrate it by a familiar example: If two boys should be seen to fight in the streets and a ring of people about them, one of the standers by parting them, lets the one go untouched but he falls correcting the other, whereby the beholders will infer that he is his child, or at least one whom he wisheth well unto. So the strokes of adversity which fall upon us from heaven show that God is our Father as well as our Creator. This makes this bitter cup of affliction become nectar, and the bread of carefulness I now eat to be true ambrosia unto me. This makes me esteem these walls wherein I have been immured these thirty months, to be no other than a college of instruction unto me; and whereas Varro said that this great world was but the house of little man, I hold this Fleet to be one of the best lodgings in that house.

There is a people in Spain called Los Pattuecos who some threescore and odd years since were discovered by the flight of a hawk of the Duke of Alva's; this people, then all savage (though they dwelt in the centre of Spain, not far from Toledo, and are yet held to be part of those aborigines that Tubal Cain brought in), being hemmed in and imprisoned, as it were, by a multitude of craggy huge mountains, thought that behind those mountains there was no more earth. I have been so habituate to this prison and accustomed to the walls thereof so long that I might well be brought

to think that there is no other world behind them. And in my extravagant imaginations, I often compare this Fleet to Noah's Ark surrounded with a vast sea and huge deluge of calamities which hath overwhelmed this poor island. Nor, although I have been so long aboard here, was I yet under hatches, for I have a cabin upon the upper deck, whence I breathe the best air the place affords; add hereunto that the society of Master Hopkins the warden is an advantage to me, who is one of the knowingest and most civil gentlemen that I have conversed withal. Moreover, there are here some choice gentlemen who are my co-martyrs; for a prisoner and a martyr are the same thing, save that the one is buried before his death and the other after.

God Almighty amend these times that make imprisonment to be preferred before liberty, it being more safe and desirable by some, though not by your affectionate servitor,

J. H.

From the Fleet, *November 3, 1645.*

LVIII

To Sir Ed. Sa., Knight

WERE there a physician that could cure the maladies of the mind, as well as those of the body, he needed not to wish the Lord Mayor or the Pope for his uncle, for he should have patients without number. It is true that there be

some distempers of the mind that proceed from those of the body, and so are curable by drugs and diets ; but there are others that are quite abstracted from all corporeal impressions, and are merely mental ; these kind of agonies are the more violent of the two, for as the one use to drive us into fevers, the other precipitate us oftentimes into frenzies. And this is the ground I believe which made the philosopher think that the rational soul was infused into man, partly for his punishment, and the understanding for his executioner, unless wisdom sit at the helm, and steer the motions of his will.

I thank God I have felt both (for I am not made of stone or steel), having had since I was shut in here a shrewd fit of the new disease ; and for the other, you must needs think that thirty-one months' close restraint, and the barbarousness of the times, must discompose and torture the imagination, sometimes with gripings of discontent and anguish, not so much for my own sad condition as for my poor country and friends, who have a great share in my nativity, and particularly for yourself, whose gallant worth I highly honour, and who have not been the least sufferer.

The moralist tells us that a quadrat solid wise man should involve and tackle himself within his own virtue, and slight all accidents that are incident to man, and be still the same, "*etiam si fractus illabatur orbis ;*" there may be so much virtue and valour in you, but I profess to have neither

of them in that proportion. The philosophers prescribe us rules, that they themselves nor any flesh and blood can observe; I am no statue, but I must resent the calamities of the time, and the desperate case of this nation, who seem to have fallen quite from the very faculty of reason, and to be possessed with a pure lycanthropy, with a wolfish kind of disposition to tear one another in this manner, insomuch that if ever the old saying was verified, "Homo homini lupus," it is certainly now. I will conclude with this distich —

They err who write no wolves in England range,
Here men are all turned wolves, O monstrous change.

No more, but that I wish you patience, which is a flower that grows not in every garden. Your faithful servitor, J. H.

From the Fleet, *December 1, 1644.*

LIX

To my noble Friend, Mr E. P.

I HAVE no other news to write to you hence, but that "Leuantanse los muladeres, y abaxanse los adarues," the world is turned topsy-turvy. Yours, J. H.

From the Fleet, *January 2, 1644.*

LX

To Tho. Young, Esq.

I RECEIVED yours of the fifth of March, and it was as welcome to me as flowers in May, which are now coming on apace. You seem to marvel I do not marry all this while, considering that I am past the meridian of my age, and that to your knowledge there have been overtures made me of parties above my degree. Truly in this point I will deal with you as one should do with his confessor. Had I been disposed to have married for wealth without affection or for affection without wealth, I had been in bonds before now; but I did never cast my eyes upon any yet that I thought I was born for, where both these concurred. It is the custom of some (and it is a common custom) to choose wives by the weight, that is, by their wealth. Others fall in love with light wives, I do not mean venerean lightness, but in reference to portion. The late Earl of Salisbury gives a caveat for this, "that beauty without a dowry (without that *unguentum indicum*) is as a gilded shell without a kernel;" therefore he warns his son to be sure to have something with his wife, and his reason is, "because nothing can be bought in the market without money." Indeed it is very fitting that *he* or *she* should have wherewith to support both, according to their quality, at least to keep the wolf from the

door, otherwise it were a mere madness to marry ; but he who hath enough of his own to maintain a wife, and marrieth only for money, discovereth a poor sordid disposition. There is nothing that my nature disdains more than to be a slave to silver or gold, for though they both carry the King's face, yet they shall never reign over me, and I would I were free from all other infirmities as I am from this. I am none of those mammonists who adore white and red earth, and make their prince's picture their idol that way : such may be said to be under a perpetual eclipse, for the earth stands always betwixt them and the fair face of heaven. Yet my genius prompts me that I was born under a planet not to die in a lazaretto. At my nativity my ascendant was that hot constellation of Cancer about the midst of the dog-days, as my ephemerides tells me ; Mars was then predominant. Of all the elements fire sways most in me. I have many aspirings, and airy odd thoughts swell often in me, according to the quality of the ground whereon I was born, which was the belly of a huge hill situated southeast, so that the house I came from (besides my father's and mother's coat) must needs be illustrious, being more obvious to the sunbeams than ordinary. I have upon occasion of a sudden distemper, sometimes a madman, sometimes a fool, sometimes a melancholy odd fellow to deal withal : I mean myself, for I have the humours within me that belong to all three ; therefore who would cast herself away upon

such a one? Besides, I came tumbling out into the world a pure cadet, a true cosmopolite, not born to land, lease, house or office. It is true I have purchased since a small spot of ground upon Parnassus which I hold in fee of the Muses, and I have endeavoured to manure it as well as I could, though I confess it hath yielded me little fruit hitherto. And what woman would be so mad as to take that only for her jointure?

But to come to the point of wiving, I would have you know that I have, though never married, divers children already, some French, some Latin, one Italian, and many English; and though they be but poor brats of the brain, yet are they legitimate, and Apollo himself vouchsafed to co-operate in their production. I have exposed them to the wide world to try their fortunes; and some out of compliment would make me believe they are long-lived.

But to come at last to your kind of wiving, I acknowledge that marriage is an honourable condition, nor dare I think otherwise without profaneness, for it is the epithet the holy text gives it. Therefore it was a wild speech of the philosopher to say that "if our conversation could be without women angels would come down and dwell amongst us." And a wilder speech it was of the cynic, when, passing by a tree where a maid had made herself away, wished "that all trees might bear such fruit." But to pass from these moth-eaten philosophers to a

modern physician of our own, it was a most unmanly thing in him, while he displays his own religion to wish that there were a way to propagate the world otherwise than by conjunction with women (and Paracelsus undertakes to show him the way), whereby he seems to repine (though I understand he was wived a little after) at the honourable degree of marriage, which I hold to be the prime link of human society, the chiefest happiness of mortals, and wherein heaven hath a special hand.

But I wonder why you write to me of wiving, when you know I have much ado to man or maintain myself, as I told you before; yet notwithstanding that the better part of my days are already threaded upon the string of time, I will not despair but I may have a wife at last that may perhaps enable me to build hospitals. For although nine long lustres of years have now passed over my head, and some winters more (for all my life, considering the few sunshines I have had, may be called nothing but winters), yet, I thank God for it, I find no symptom of decay, either in body, senses or intellectuals. But writing thus extravagantly, methinks I hear you say that this letter shows I begin to dote and grow idle, therefore I will display myself no further unto you at this time.

To tell you the naked truth, my dear Tom, the highest pitch of my aim is, that by some condition or other, I may be enabled at last (though

I be put to sow the time that others use to reap)
to quit scores with the world, but never to cancel
that precious obligation wherein I am indissolubly
bound to live and die your true constant friend,
J. H.

From the Fleet, 28 *of April* 1645.

EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ
SECTION VII

BOOK II

SECTION VII

I

To Master Tho. Adams

I PRAY stir nimbly in the business you imparted to me last, and let it not languish. You know how much it concerns your credit, and the convenience of a friend who deserves so well of you. I fear you will meet with divers obstacles in the way, which, if you cannot remove, you must overcome. A lukewarm, irresolute man did never anything well; every thought entangles him. Therefore you must pursue the point of your design with heat, and set all wheels a-going. 'Tis a true badge of a generous nature, being once embarked in a business, to hoist up and spread every sail, main, mizzen, sprit and topsail; by that means he will sooner arrive at his port. If the winds be so cross, and that there be such a fate in the thing that it can take no effect, yet you shall have wherewith to satisfy an honest mind, that you left nothing unattempted to compass it, for in the conduct of human affairs it is a rule that a good conscience hath always within doors enough to reward itself,

though the success fall not out according to the merit of the endeavour.

I was, according to your desire, to visit the late new-married couple more than once, and to tell you true, I never saw such a disparity between two that were made one flesh in all my life, he handsome outwardly but of odd conditions ; she excellently qualified, but hard favoured. So that the one may be compared to a cloth of tissue doublet cut upon coarse canvas, the other to a buckram petticoat lined with satin. I think Clotho had her fingers smutted in snuffing of the candle, when she began to spin the thread of her life, and Lachesis frowned in twisting it up ; but Aglaia, with the rest of the Graces, were in a good humour when they formed her inward parts. A blind man is fittest to hear her sing ; one would take delight to see her dance if masked ; and it would please you to discourse with her in the dark, for there she is best company, if your imagination can forbear to run upon her face. When you marry, I wish you such an inside of a wife, but from such an outward physiognomy the Lord deliver you, and your faithful friend to serve you,

J. H.

Westminster, 25 of August 1633.

II

To Mr B. J.

F. B.,

THE fangs of a bear and the tusks of a wild boar do not bite worse, and make deeper gashes, than a goose quill sometimes; no, not the badger himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his bite that he will not give over his hold till he feels his teeth meet, and the bone crack. Your quill hath proved so to Mr Jones, but the pen wherewith you have so gashed him, it seems, was made rather of a porcupine than a goose quill, it is so keen and firm. You know

Anser, Apis, Vitulus, Populos et Regna gubernant —

The goose, the bee and the calf (meaning wax, parchment and the pen), rule the world, but of the three the pen is most predominant. I know you have a commanding one, but you must not let it tyrannise in that manner, as you have done lately. Some give out there was a hair in it, or that your ink was too thick with gall, else it could not have so bespattered and shaken the reputation of a royal architect, for reputation, you know, is like a fair structure, long time a-rearing, but quickly ruined. If your spirit will not let you retract, yet you shall do well to repress any more copies of the satire, for, to deal plainly with you, you have lost some ground at Court

by it, and, as I hear from a good hand, the King, who hath so great a judgment in poetry (as in all other things else), is not well pleased therewith. Dispense with this freedom of your respectful
S. and servitor, J. H.

Westminster, 3 *July* 1635.

III

To D. C., Esquire

IN my last I wrote to you that Ch. Mor. was dead (I meant in a moral sense). He is now alive again, for he hath abjured that club which was used to knock him in the head so often, and drown him commonly once a day. I discover divers symptoms of regeneration in him, for he rails bitterly against Bacchus, and swears there's a devil in every berry of his grape, therefore he resolves hereafter, though he may dabble a little sometimes, he will be never drowned again. You know Kit hath a poetic fancy, and no unhappy one, as you find by his compositions; you know also that poets have large souls, they have sociable, free, generous spirits, and there are few who use to drink of Helicon's water, but they love to mingle it with some of Lyæus liquor to heighten their spirits. There's no creature that's kneaded of clay but hath his frailties, extravagances and excesses some way or other, for you must not think that man can be better out of Paradise than

he was within it. *Nemo sine crimine*. He that censures the good fellow commonly makes no conscience of gluttony and gormandising at home, and I believe more men do dig their graves with their teeth than with the tankard. They who tax others of vanity and pride, have commonly that sordid vice of covetousness attend them, and he who traduceth others of being a servant to ladies, doth baser things. We are no angels upon earth, but we are transported with some infirmity or other ; and it will be so while these frail, flexible humours reign within us ; while we have sluices of warm blood running through our veins, there must be oftentimes some irregular motions in us.

This as I conceive is that black bean which the Turks' Alcoran speaks of when they feign that Mahomet being asleep among the mountains of the moon, two angels descended, and ripping his breast they took his heart and washed it in snow, and after pulled out a black bean, which was the portion of the devil, and so replaced the heart.

In your next you shall do well to congratulate his resurrection or regeneration, or rather emergency from that course he was plunged in formerly, you know it as well as I ; and truly I believe he will grow newer and newer every day ; we find that a stumble makes one take firmer footing, and the base suds which vice useth to leave behind it, make virtue afterwards far more gustful : no knowledge is like that of contraries. Kit hath now overcome himself, therefore I think he will be too

hard for the devil hereafter. I pray hold on your resolution to be here the next term, that we may tattle a little of Tom Thumb, mine host of Andover, or some such matters. — So I am your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 15 August 1636.

IV

To T. D., Esquire

I HAD yours lately by a safe hand, wherein I find you open unto me all the boxes of your breast. I perceive you are sore hurt, and whereas all other creatures run away from the instrument and hand that wounds them, you seem to make more and more towards both; I confess such is the nature of love, and which is worse, the nature of women is such, that like shadows the more you follow them, the faster they fly from you. Nay, some females are of that odd humour, that to feed their pride they will famish affection, they will starve those natural passions which are owing from them to man. I confess coyness becomes some beauties if handsomely acted, a frown upon some faces penetrates more and makes deeper impression than the fawning and soft glances of a mincing smile; yet if this coyness and these frowns savour of pride, they are odious, and it is a rule, that where this kind of pride inhabits honour sits

not long porter at the gate. There are some beauties so strong, that they are leaguer-proof; they are so barricaded that no battery, no petard, or any kind of engine sapping or mining can do good upon them. There are others that are tenable a good while, and will endure the brunt of a siege, but will incline to parley at last, and you know that fort and female which begins to parley is half won. For my part, I think of beauties as Philip, King of Macedon, thought of cities, there is none so inexpugnable but an ass laden with gold may enter into them. You know what the Spaniards saith, "*Davidas quebrantan peñas*" (Presents can rend rocks). Pearls and golden bullets may do much upon the impregnablest beauty that is. It must be partly your way. I remember a great lord of this land sent a puppy with a rich collar of diamonds to a rare French lady, Madame St. L., that had come over hither with an ambassador: she took the dog, but returned the collar; I will not tell you what effect it wrought afterwards. It is a powerful sex; they were too strong for the first, the strongest and wisest man that was; they must needs be strong, when one hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen; yet for all their strength, in point of value, if you will believe the Italian, a man of straw is worth a woman of gold. Therefore if you find the thing perverse, rather than to undervalue your sex (your manhood), retire handsomely, for there is as much honour to be won at a handsome retreat as at a hot

onset, it being the difficultest piece of war. By this retreat you will get a greater victory than you are aware of, for thereby you will overcome yourself, which is the greatest conquest that can be. Without seeking abroad, we have enemies enough within doors to practise our valour upon ; we have tumultuary and rebellious passions with whole hosts of humours within us. He who can discomfit them is the greatest captain and may defy the devil. I pray recollect yourself, and think on this advice of your true and most affectionate servitor,
J. H.

Westminster, 4 *December* 1637.

V

To G. G., Esq., at Rome

I HAVE more thanks to give you than can be folded up in this narrow paper, though it were all writ in the closest kind of stenography, for the rich and accurate account you please to give me of that renowned city wherein you now sojourn. I find you have most judiciously pried into all matters, both civil and clerical, especially the latter, by observing the poverty and penances of the friar, the policy and power of the Jesuit, the pomp of the prelate and cardinal. Had it not been for the two first, I believe the two last, and that see, had been at a low ebb by this time, for the learning, the prudential state, knowledge and austerity of the one,

and the venerable opinion the people have of the abstemious and rigid condition of the other, especially of the mendicants, seem to make some compensation for the lux and magnificence of the two last ; besides they are more beholden to the Protestant than they are aware of, for unless he had risen up about the latter end of this last century of years, which made them more circumspect and wary of their ways, life and actions, to what an intolerable high excess that court had come to by this time you may easily conjecture. But out of my small reading I have observed that no age since Gregory the Great hath passed, wherein some or other have not repined and murmured at the pontifical pomp of that court, yet for my part I have been always so charitable as to think that the religion of Rome and the Court of Rome were different things. The counterbuff that happened betwixt Leo the Tenth and Francis the First of France is very remarkable, who being both met at Bologna, the King seemed to give a light touch at the Pope's pomp, saying, it was not used to be so in former time. "It may be so," said Leo, "but it was then when kings kept sheep" (as we read in the Old Testament). "No," the King replied, "I speak of times under the Gospel." Then rejoined the Pope, "It was then when kings did visit hospitals," hinting by those words at St Louis, who used oft to do so. It is memorable what is recorded in the life of Robert Grosted, Bishop of Lincoln, who lived in the time of one of the Leos,

that he feared the same sin would overthrow Leo as overthrew Lucifer.

For news hence, I know none of your friends but are as well as you left them, "Hombres y hembras." You are fresh and very frequent in their memory, and mentioned with a thousand good wishes and benedictions. Amongst others you have a large room in the memory of my Lady Elizabeth Cary, and I do not think all Rome can afford you a fairer lodging. I pray be cautious of your carriage under that meridian; it is a searching (inquisitive) air. You have two eyes and two ears, but one tongue. You know my meaning. This last you must imprison (as nature hath already done with a double fence of teeth and lips) or else she may imprison you, according to our countryman, Mr Hoskins', advice when he was in the Tower.

Vincula da linguae, vel tibi lingua dabit.

Have a care of your health, take heed of the Syrens of excess in fruit, and be sure to mingle your wine well with water. No more now, but that in the large catalogue of friends you have left behind here, there's none who is more mindful of you than your most affectionate and faithful servitor,

J. H.

VI

To Dr T. P.

I HAD yours of the tenth current, wherein you write me tidings of our friend, Tom D., and what his desires tend unto. In my opinion they are somewhat extravagant. I have read of one, that loving honey more than ordinary, seemed to complain against nature, that she made not a bee as big as a bull that we might have it in greater plenty; another, who was much given to fruit, wished that pears and plums were as big as pumpkins. These were but silly vulgar wishes. For if a bee were as big as a bull it must have a sting proportionable, and what mischiefs do you think such stings would do when we can hardly endure the sting of that small infected animal as now it is? And if pears and plums were as big as pumpkins it were dangerous walking in an orchard about the autumnal equinox (at which time they are in their full maturity) for fear of being knocked in the head. Nature, the handmaid of God Almighty, doth nothing but with good advice if we make researches into the true reason of things. You know what answer the fox gave the ape when he would have borrowed part of his tail to cover his posteriors.

The wishes you write that T. D. lately made were almost as extravagant in civil matters as the

aforementioned were in natural. For if he were partaker of them they would draw more inconveniences upon him than benefit, being nothing sortable either to his disposition or breeding, and for other reasons besides, which I will reserve till my coming up. And I pray let him know so much from me, with my commendations. — So I rest, yours in the perfectest degree of friendship,

J. H.

Westminster, 5 *September* 1640.

VII

To Mr T. B., Merchant in Seville

THOUGH I have my share of infirmities as much as another man, yet I like my own nature in one thing, that requitals to me are as sweet as revenge to an Italian. I thank my stars I find myself far proner to return a courtesy than to resent an injury. This made me most gladly apprehend the late occasion of serving you (notwithstanding the hard measure I have received from your brother), and to make you some return of those frequent favours I received from you in Spain, I have taken away (as you may perceive by the enclosed papers) the weights that hung to that great business in this court. It concerns you now to put wings unto it in that, and I believe you will quickly obtain, what useth to be first in intention, though last in execution, I mean your

main end. I heartily wish the thing may be prosperous unto you, and that you may take as much pleasure in the fruition of it as I did in following of it for you, because I love you dearly well, and desire you so much happiness that you may have nothing but heaven to wish for. In which desires I rest, your constant true friend to serve you,

J. H.

Whitehall, 3 *May* 1633.

VIII

To Doctor B.

WHEREAS upon the large theoretical discourse and bandyings of opinions we had lately at Gresham College you desired I should couch in writing what I observed abroad of the extent and amplitude of the Christian Commonwealth in reference to other religions, I obtained leave of myself to put pen to paper, rather to obey you than oblige you with anything that may add to your judgment or enrich that rare knowledge I find you have already treasured up. But I must begin with the fulfilling of your desire in a preambular way, for the subject admits it.

It is a principle all the earth over, except amongst atheists, that “*Omne verum est a Deo, omne falsum est a diabolo, et omnis error ab homine*” (All truth is from God, all falsehood from the devil, and all error from man). The

last goes always under the vizard of the first, but the second confronts truth to the face and stands in open defiance of her. Error and sin are contemporary. When one crept first in at the fore-door the other came in at the postern. This made Trismegistus, one of the great lords of reason, to give this character of man, "*Homo est imaginatio quaedam, et imaginatio est supremum mendacium*" (Man is nought else but a kind of imagination, and imagination is the greatest lie). Error, therefore, entering into the world with sin among us poor Adamites, may be said to spring from the tree of knowledge itself, and from the rotten kernels of that fatal apple. This, besides the infirmities that attend the body, hath brought in perversity of will, depravation of mind, and hath cast a kind of cloud upon our intellectuals that they cannot discern the true essence of things with that clearness as the protoplast our first parent could, but we are involved in a mist, and grope as it were ever since in the dark, as if truth were got into some dungeon, or, as the old wizard said, into some deep pit which the shallow apprehension of men could not fathom. Hence comes it that the earth is rent into so many religions, and those religions torn into so many schisms and various forms of devotion, as if the heavenly Majesty were delighted as much in diversities of worship as in diversities of works.

The first religion that ever was reduced to exact rules and ritual observances was that of the

Hebrews, the ancient people of God, called afterwards Judaism, the second Christianity, the third Mahommedanism, which is the youngest of all religions. Touching paganism and heathenish idolatry they scarce deserve the name of religion. But for the former three there is this analogy between them, that they all agree in the First Person of the Trinity and all His attributes. What kind of religion there was before the Flood, it is in vain to make any researches, there having been no monuments at all left (besides that little we find in Moses and the Phœnician story) but Seth's pillars, and those so defaced, that nothing was legible upon them, though Josephus saith that one was extant in his days, as also the oak under which Abraham feasted God Almighty, which was 2000 years after. The religion (or cabal) of the Hebrews was transferred from the patriarchs to Moses, and from him to the prophets. It was honoured with the appearance and promulgations of God Himself, especially the better part of it. I mean the decalogue containing the Ten Commandments, which, being most of them moral and agreeing with the common notions of man, are in force all the world over.

The Jews at this day are divided into three sects; the first, which is the greatest, are called the Talmudists, in regard that besides the Holy Scriptures they embrace the Talmud, which is stuffed with the traditions of their rabbins and chacams. The second receive the Scripture alone. The third the

Pentateuch only, viz., the five Books of Moses, which are called Samaritans. Now, touching what part of the earth is possessed by Jews, I cannot find they have any at all peculiar to themselves, but in regard of their murmurings, their frequent idolatries, defections, and that they crucified the Lord of life, this once select nation of God, and the inhabitants of the land flowing with milk and honey, is become now a scorned, squandered people all the earth over, being ever since incapable of any coalition or reducement into one body politic. There where they are most without mixture is Tiberias in Palestine, which Amurath gave Mendez the Jew, whither, and to Jerusalem, upon any conveniency, they convey the bones of their dead friends from all places to be reinterred. They are to be found in all mercantile towns and great marts both in Africa and Asia, and Europe, the dominions of England, of the Spaniard and French excepted, and as their persons, so their profession is despicable, being for the most part but brokers everywhere. Among other places they are allowed to be in Rome herself near St Peter's chair, for they advance trade wheresoever they come, with their banks of money, and so are permitted as necessary evils ; but put the case the whole nation of the Jews now living were united into one collective body, yet, according to the best conjecture and exactest computation that I could hear made by the knowingest men, they would not be able to people a country bigger than the seventeen provinces. Those that are dis-

persed now in Christendom, and Turkey, are the remnants only of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, with some Levites who returned from Babylon with Zerubbabel. The common opinion is, that the other ten are utterly lost, but they themselves fancy that they are in India, a mighty nation, environed with stony rivers, which always cease to run their course on their Sabbath, from whence they expect their Messiah, who shall in the fullness of time overrun the world with fire and sword, and re-establish them in a temporal glorious estate. But this opinion sways most among the Oriental Jews, whereas they of the West attend the coming of their Messiah from Portugal, which language is more common among them than any other. And thus much in brief of the Jews, as much as I could digest and comprehend within the compass of this paper sheet; and let it serve for the accomplishment of the first part of your desire. In my next I shall give you the best satisfaction I can concerning the extent of Christianity up and down the globe of the earth, which I shall speedily send; for now that I have undertaken such a task, my pen shall not rest till I have finished it.—So I am your most affectionate, ready servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 1 *August* 1635.

IX

To Doctor B.

HAVING in my last sent you something touching the state of Judaism up and down the world, in this you shall receive what extent Christianity hath, which is the second religion in succession of time and truth, a religion that makes not sense so much subject to reason, as reason succumbent to faith. There is no religion so harsh and difficult to flesh and blood, in regard of divers mysterious positions it consists of, as the Incarnation, Resurrection, the Trinity, etc., which, as one said, are bones to philosophy, but milk to faith. There is no religion so purely spiritual, and abstracted from common natural ideas and sensual happiness, as the Christian. No religion that excites man more to the love and practice of virtue, and hatred of vice, or that prescribes greater rewards for the one, and punishments for the other. A religion that in a most miraculous manner did expand herself and propagate by simplicity, humbleness and by a mere passive way of fortitude, growing up like the palm-tree under the heavy weight of persecution, for never any religion had more powerful opposition by various kinds of punishments, oppressions and tortures, which may be said to have decked her with rubies in her very cradle, insomuch that it is granted by her very

enemies that the Christian, in point of passive valour, hath exceeded all other nations upon earth. And it is a thing of wonderment how at her very first growth she flew over the heads of so many interjacent vast regions into this remote isle so soon, that her rays should shine upon the crown of a British king first of any, I mean King Lucius, the true proto-Christian king in the days of Eleutherius, at which time she received her propagation. But for her plantation she had it long before by some of the apostles themselves. Now, as Christian religion hath the purest, and most abstracted, the hardest and highest spiritual notions, so it hath been most subject to differences of opinions and distractions of conscience. The purer the wheat is the more subject it is to tares, and the most precious gems to flaws. The first bone that the devil flung was into the Eastern Churches, then betwixt the Greek and the Roman, but it was rather for jurisdiction and power than for the fundamentals of faith, and lately betwixt Rome and the North-west Churches. Now the extent of the Eastern Church is larger far than that of the Roman (excluding America), which makes some accuse her as well of uncharitableness as of arrogance, that she should positively damn so many millions of Christian souls who have the same common symbol of faith with her because they are not within the close of her fold.

Of those Eastern and South-east Churches there are no less than eleven sects, whereof the three

principalest are the Grecian, the Jacobite, and the Nestorian, with whom the rest have some dependence or conformity, and they acknowledge canonical obedience either to the Patriarchs of Constantinople, of Alexandria, of Jerusalem or Antioch. They concur with the Western Reformed Churches in divers positions against Rome, as in denial of purgatory ; in rejecting extreme unction and celebrating the sacrament under both kinds ; in admitting their clergy to marry ; in abhorring the use of massive statues and celebrating their liturgy in the vulgar language. Among these the Russian and the Abyssinian emperors are the greatest, but the latter is a Jew also from the girdle downward, for he is both circumcised and christened, having received the one from Solomon and the other from the apostle Saint Thomas. They observe other rites of the Levitical law. They have the cross in that esteem that they imprint the sign of it upon some part of the child's body when he is baptised. That day they take the holy sacrament they spit not till after sunset, and the emperor in his progresses, as soon as he comes to the sight of a church, alights off his camel and foots it all along till he loseth the sight of it.

Now touching that proportion of ground that the Christians have on the habitable earth (which is the main of our task), I find that all Europe, with her adjacent isles, is peopled with Christians, except that ruthful country of Lapland where idolaters yet inhabit. Towards the east also that

region which lieth betwixt Tanais and Boristhenes, the ancient country of the Goths, is possessed by Mahomedan Tartars, but in those territories which the Turk hath betwixt the Danube and the sea, and betwixt Ragusa and Buda, Christians are intermixed with Mahomedans, yet in this cohabitation Christians are computed to make two third parts at least, for here and elsewhere, all the while they pay the Turks the quarter of their increase, and a sultany for every poll, and speak nothing in derogation of the Alcoran, they are permitted to enjoy both their religion and lives securely. In Constantinople herself, under the Grand Signor's nose, they have twenty churches. In Salonika (or Thessalonica) thirty. There are 150 churches under the Metropolitan of Philippi, as many under him at Athens, and he of Corinth hath about a hundred suffragan bishops under him.

But in Africa (a thing which cannot be too much lamented) that huge extent of land which Christianity possessed of old betwixt the Mediterranean Sea and the mountain Atlas, yea, as far as Egypt, with the large region of Nubia, the Turks have overmastered. We read of 200 bishops met in synods in those parts, and in that province where old Carthage stood there were 164 bishops under one metropolitan. But Mahomedanism hath now overspread all thereabout, only the King of Spain hath a few maritime towns under Christian subjection, as Septa, Tangier, Oran and

others. But through all the huge continent of Africa, which is estimated to be thrice bigger than Europe, there is not one region entirely Christian but Abyssinia or Ethiopia. Besides there is in Egypt a considerable number of them yet sojourning. Now Abyssinia, according to the itineraries of the observingest travellers in those parts, is thought to be in respective magnitude as big as Germany, Spain, France and Italy conjunctly, an estimate which comes nearer truth than that which some make by stretching it from one tropic to the other, viz., from the Red Sea to the Western Ocean. There are also divers isles upon the coast of Africa that are colonised with Christians, as the Madeira, the Canaries, Cape Verde, and St Thomas. But on the east side there is none but Socotra.

In Asia there is the Empire of Russia that is purely Christian, and the mountain Libanus in Syria. In other parts they are mingled with Mahommedans, who exceed them one day more than another in numbers, especially in those provinces (the more is the pity) where the gospel was first preached, as Anatolia, Armenia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Chaldea, Assyria, Persia, the north of Arabia and south of India; in some of these parts, I say, especially in the four first, Christians are thick mixed with Mahommedans, as also in East India since the Portuguese discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope, Christians by God's goodness have multiplied in

considerable numbers, as likewise in Goa, since it was made an archbishopric, and the court of a Viceroy. They speak also of a Christian Church in Quinsay in China, the greatest of all earthly cities; but in the islands thereabouts called the Philippinos, which they say are above 1100 in number, in thirty whereof the Spaniard hath taken firm footing, Christianity hath made a good progress, as also in Japan. In the northeast part of Asia, some 400 years since, Christianity had taken deep root under the King of Tenduc, but he was utterly overthrown by Chingis, one of his own vassals, who came thereby to be the first founder of the Tartarian Empire. This King of Tenduc was the true Prester John, not the Ethiopian King of the Abyssinians, as Scaliger would have it, whose opinion is as far distant from truth in this point as the southernmost part of Africa from the northeast part of Asia, or as a Jacobite is from a Nestorian. Thus far did Christianity find entertainment in the Old World. Touching the New, I mean America, which is conjectured to equal well near the other three parts in magnitude, the Spanish authors and merchants (with whom I have conversed) make report of a marvellous growth that Christianity hath made in the kingdoms of Mexico, Peru, Brazil, and Castilia Deloro, as also in the greater islands adjoining, as Hispaniola, Cuba, Porto Rico, and others, insomuch that they write of one ancient priest who had christened himself 700 savages some years after the first dis-

covery ; but there are some who, seeming to be no friends to Spain, report that they did not baptise half so many as they butchered.

Thus have you, as compendiously as an epistle could make it, an account of that extension of ground which Christians possess upon earth ; my next shall be one of the Mahommedan, wherein I could wish I had not occasion to be so large as I must be. — So I am, sir, your respectful and humble servant, J. H.

Westminster, 9 *August* 1635.

X

To Doctor B.

MY two former were of Judaism and Christianity. I come now to the Mahommedan, the modernest of all religions, and the most mischievous and destructive to the Church of Christ, for this fatal sect hath justled her out of divers large regions in Africa, in Tartary and other places, and attenuated their number in Asia, which they do wheresoever they come, having a more politic and pernicious way to do it than by fire and faggot, for they having understood well that the dust of martyrs were the thrivingest seeds of Christianity, and observed that there reigns naturally in mankind, being composed all of lump, and carrying the same stamp, a general kind of compassion and sympathy, which appears most towards them

who lay down their lives, and postpone all worldly things for the preservation of their consciences (and never any died so but he drew followers after him), therefore the Turk goes a more cunning way to work : he meddles not with life and limb to prevent the sense of compassion which may arise that way ; but he grinds their faces with taxes, and makes them incapable of any offices either of authority, profit or honour, by which means he renders them despicable to others, and makes their lives irksome to themselves ; yet the Turks have a high opinion of Christ, that He was a greater prophet than Moses, that He was the Son of a Virgin, who conceived by the smell of a rose presented to her by Gabriel the angel ; they believed He never sinned, nay, in their Alcoran they term Him the breath and Word of God ; they punish all that blaspheme Him, and no Jew is capable to be a Turk but he must be first an Abdula, a Christian ; he must eat hog's flesh, and do other things for three days, then he is made a Mahomedan, but by abjuring of Christ to be a greater prophet than Mahommed.

It is the Alfange that ushers in the faith of Mahommed everywhere, nor can it grow in any place unless it be planted and sown with gunpowder intermixed. When planted, there are divers ways of policy to preserve it. They have their Alcoran in one only language, which is the Arabic, the mother tongue of their prophet. It is as bad as death for any to raise scruples of the Alcoran.

There is a restraint of the study of philosophy and other learning, because the impression of it may not be discerned. The *coran* is in as great reverence amongst them as the Pope is among the Romanists, for they hold it to be a true principle in divinity, that no one thing preserves and improves religion more than a venerable, high, pious esteem of the chiefest ministers. They have no other guide or law both for temporal and Church affairs than the *Alcoran*, which they hold to be the rule of civil justice, as well as the divine charter of their salvation, so that their judges are but expositors of that only. Nor do they trouble themselves or puzzle the plaintiff with any moth-eaten records or precedents to entangle the business, but they immediately determine it, according to the fresh circumstances of the action, *et secundum allegata, et probata*, by witnesses. They have one extraordinary piece of humanity to be so tender of the rational soul as not to put Christian, Jew, Greek or any other to his oath, in regard that if for some advantage of gain or occasion of inconvenience and punishment any should forswear himself, they hold the imposers of the oath to be accessory to the damnation of the perjured man. By these and divers other reaches of policy (beside their arms) not practised elsewhere, they conserve that huge bulk of the Ottoman Empire which extends without interruption (the Hellespont only between) in one continued piece of earth two and thirty hundred miles from Buda in Hun-

gary to a good way into Persia. By these means they keep also their religion from distracting opinions, from every vulgar fancy, and schisms in their church, for there is nowhere fewer than here. The difference that is is only with the Persian, and that not in fundamentals of faith, but for priority of government in matters of religion. This so universal conformity in their religion is ascribed as to other politic institutions, so specially to the rigorous inhibition they have of raising scruples and disputes of the Alcoran under pain of death, especially among the laity and common people, whose zeal commonly is stronger than their judgment.

That part of the world where Mahommed hath furthest expanded himself is Asia, which, as I said before, exceeds Africa in greatness and much more in people. He hath firm footing in Persia, Tartary (upon the latter of which the Mussulman empire is entailed), in Turcomania itself, and Arabia, four mighty kingdoms. The last of these was the nest where that cockatrice egg was hatched, which hath diffused its poison so far and near through the veins of so many regions. All the southerly coasts of Asia, from the Arabian Bay to the river Indus, is infected therewith. The vast kingdom of Cambray and Bengal, and about the south part of the inhabitants of Malabar have drunk of this poison, insomuch that by no wrong computation it may well be said that Mahommedanism hath dispersed itself over almost one half of the huge continent of Asia, besides those multitudes of isles es-

pecially seven — Moldavia and Ceylon, the sea-coasts of Sumatra, Java, Sunda, the ports of Benda, Borneo, with divers other, whereof there are many thousands about Asia, who have entertained the Alcoran. In Europe the Mahommedans possess all the region betwixt Don and Meper, called of old Tanais and Boristhenes, being about the twentieth part of Europe ; the King of Poland dispenseth with some of them in Lithuania, touching Greece, Macedon, Thracia, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Epirus, the greatest part of Hungary and Dalmatia. Although they be wholly under Turks' obedience, yet Mahommedans scarce make the third part of the inhabitants. In Africa this contagion is further spread ; it hath intoxicated all the shore of Ethiopia, as far as Mozambique, which lieth opposite to the midst of Madagascar. It is worse with firm land of Africa on the north and west parts, for from the Mediterranean Sea to the great river Niger, and along the banks of the Nile, all Egypt and Barbary, with Lydia and the Negro's country, are tainted and tanned with this black religion.

The vast propagation of this unhappy sect may be ascribed first to the sword, for the conscience commonly is apt to follow the conqueror ; then to the loose reins it gives to all sensual liberty, as to have eight wives and as many concubines as one can maintain, with the assurance of venerean delights in a far higher degree, to succeed after death to the religious observers of it, as the frui-

tion of the beautiful damsels, with large rolling eyes, whose virginity shall renew after every act, their youth shall last always with their lust, and love shall be satiated with only one, where it shall remain inalienable. They concur with the Christian, but only in the acknowledgment of one God and in His attributes. With the Jew they symbolise in many things more, as in circumcision, in refraining from swine's flesh, in detestation of images, and somewhat in the quality of future happiness, which, as was said before, they place in venerean pleasure, as the Jew doth in feasting and banquetings, so that neither of their laws have punishment enough to deter mankind from wickedness and vice ; nor do they promise adequate rewards for virtue and piety, for in the whole Alcoran and through all the writings of Moses there is not a word of angelical joys and eternity. And herein Christianity far excels both these religions, for she placeth future happiness in spiritual, everlasting and unceivable bliss, abstracted from the fading and faint grossness of sense. The Jew and Turk also agree in their opinion of women, whom they hold to be of an inferior creation to man, which makes the one to exclude them from the mosques and the other from his synagogues.

Thus far have I rambled through the vast Ottoman Empire and taken a cursory survey of Mahommed's religion. In my next I shall take the best view I can of pagans and idolaters, with those who go for atheists ; and in this particular, this

earth may be said to be worse than hell itself, and the kingdom of the devil, in regard there are no atheists there, for the very damned souls find and feel in the midst of their tortures that there is a God by His justice and punishment; nay, the prince of darkness himself and all the cacodæmons by a historical faith believe there is a God, whereunto the poet alludes very divinely :

Nullus in Inferno est Atheos, ante fuit.

So I very affectionately kiss your hand, and rest
your faithful ready servitor, J. H.

Westminster, 17 *August* 1635.

XI

To Doctor B.

HAVING in my three former letters washed my hands of the Mahomedan and the Jew, and attended Christianity up and down the earth, I come now to the pagan idolater, or heathen, who (the more to be lamented) make the greatest part of mankind. Europe herself, though the beams of the cross have shined upon her above these sixteen ages, is not free of them, for they possess to this day Lappia, Corelia, Biarmia, Scrifinnia, and the north parts of Finmark. There are also some shreds of them to be found in divers places of Lithuania and Somogitia, which make a region nine hundred miles in compass.

But in Africa their number is incredible, for from Cape Blanco, the most westerly part of Africa, all southward to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence turning by the back of Africa to the Cape of Mozambique, all these coasts being about the one half of the circumference of Africa, is peopled by idolaters, though in some places intermixed with Mahommedans and Christians, as in the kingdom of Congo and Angola. But if we survey the inland territories of Africa between the river of Nile and the west sea of Ethiopia, even all that country from about the north parallel of ten degrees to the south parallel of six degrees, all is held by idolaters; besides, the kingdom of Borneo and a great part of Nubia and Lybia continue still in their old paganism. So that by this account, above one half of that immense continent of Africa is peopled by idolaters. But in Asia, which is far more spacious and more populous than Africa, pagans, idolaters and Gentiles swarm in great numbers, for from the river Petchora eastward to the ocean, and thence southward to the Cape of Cincapura, and from that point returning westward by the south coast to the outlets of the river Indus, all that maritime tract which makes a good deal more than half the circumference of Asia is inhabited by idolaters, so are the inland parts. There are two mighty mountains that traverse all Asia, Taurus and Imaus. The first runs from the west to east, the other from north to south, and so quarter and cut that huge mass of earth into equal

parts. This side those mountains most of the people are Mahommedans, but the other side they are all idolaters. And as on the firm continent paganism thus reigns, so in many thousand islands that lie squandered in the vast ocean on the east and southeast of Asia idolatry overspreads all, except in some few islands that are possessed by Spaniards and Arabs.

Lastly, if one take a survey of America (as none hath done yet exactly), which is estimated to be as big as all the old earth, idolaters there possess four parts of five. 'Tis true, some years after the first navigation thither they were converted daily in great multitudes, but afterwards observing the licentious lives of Christians, their greediness for gold, and their cruelty, they came not in so fast, which made an Indian answer a Spanish friar who was discoursing with him of the joys of heaven, and how all Spaniards went thither after this life: Then said the pagan, "I do not desire to go thither if Spaniards be there. I had rather go to hell to be free of their company." America differs from the rest of the earth in this, that she hath neither Jew nor Mahommedan in her, but Christians and Gentiles only. There are, besides all those religions and people before mentioned, an irregular, confused nation in Europe called the Mordites, which occupy the middle confines betwixt the Tartars and the Russians, that are mingled in rites of religion with all those that have been forespoken, for from the privy mem-

bers upward they are Christian, in regard they admit of baptism, from the navel downward they are Mahommedans or Jews, for they are circumcised ; and besides, they are given to the adoration of heathenish idols. In Asia there are the Cardi, which inhabit the mountainous country about Mosul, between Armenia and Mesopotamia and the Druses, in Syria, who are demi-Mahommedans and Christians.

Now, concerning pagans and heathenish idolaters, whereof there are innumerable sorts up and down the surface of the earth, in my opinion those are the excusable kind who adore the sun and moon with the host of heaven, and in Ireland the cairns of the mountains, with some of the Scotch isles, use a fashion of adoring the new moon to this very day, praying she would leave them in as good health as she found them. This is not so gross an idolatry as that of other heathens, for the adoration of those glorious celestial bodies is more excusable than that of garlic and onions with the Egyptian, who, some think (with the Sicyonian) was the ancientest idolater upon earth, which he makes thrice older than we do ; for Diodorus Siculus reports that the Egyptians had a religion and kings eighteen thousand years since, yet for matter of philosophy and science, he had it from the Chaldean, he from the Gymnosophists and Brahmans of India, which country, as she is the next neighbour to the rising sun, in reference to this side of the hemisphere, so the beams of

learning did first enlighten her. Egypt was the nurse of that famous Hermes Trismegistus, who having no other scale but that of natural reason, mounted very high towards heaven, for he hath very many divine sayings, whereof I think it not impertinent to insert here a few: First he saith, "That all human sins are venial with the gods, impiety excepted." 2, "That goodness belongs to the gods, piety to men, revenge and wickedness to the devils." 3. "That the Word is 'lucens Dei filius,' the bright Son of God," etc.

From Egypt theoretical knowledge came down the Nile and landed at some of the Greek islands, where betwixt the 33d, 34th, and the 35th century of years after the Creation, there flourished all those renowned philosophers that sway now in our schools. Plato flew highest in divine notions, for some call him another Moses speaking Athenian. In one of his letters to a friend of his he writes thus: "When I seriously salute thee, I begin my letter with one God; when otherwise, with many." His scholar Aristotle commended himself at his death to the "Being of beings," and Socrates may be said to be a martyr for the First Person of the Trinity. These great secretaries of Nature by studying the vast volume of the world came by main strength of reason to the knowledge of one Deity or "primus motor," and of His attributes; they found by undeniable consequences that He was infinite, eternal, ubiquitary, omnipotent, and not capable of a definition; which made

the philosopher, being commanded by his king to define God, to ask the respite of a day to meditate thereon, then two, then four. At last he ingeniously confessed that the more he thought to dive into this mystery, the more he was engulfed in the speculation of it: for the quiddity and essence of the incomprehensible Creator cannot imprint any formal conception upon the finite intellect of the creature. To this I might refer the altar which St Paul found among the Greeks, with this inscription: $\tau\hat{\omega} \alpha\gamma\nu\acute{\omega}\sigma\tau\hat{\omega} \theta\epsilon\hat{\omega}$, to the unknown God.

From the Greek isles philosophy came to Italy; thence to this western world among the Druids, whereof those of this isle were most celebrated, for we read that the Gauls (now the French) came to Brittany in great numbers to be instructed by them. The Romans were mighty great zealots in their idolatry, and their best authors affirm that they extended their monarchy so far and near, by a particular reverence they had of their gods (which the Spaniard seems now to imitate), though those gods of theirs were made of men, and of good fellows at first; besides, in the course of their conquest, they adopted any strange gods to the society of theirs, and brought them solemnly to Rome, and the reason as one saith was, that they believed the more gods they had the safer they were, a few being not sufficient to conserve and protect so great an empire. The Roman Gentiles had their altars and sacrifices, their arch-flamins and vestal

nuns. And it seems the same genius reigns still in them, for in the Primitive Church, that which the pagans misliked most in Christianity was that it had not the face and form of a religion, in regard it had no oblations, altars and images, which may be a good reason why the sacrifices of the mass and other ceremonies were first instituted to allure the Gentiles to Christianity. But to return a little further to our former subject: in the condition that mankind stands now, if the globe of the earth were divided into thirty parts, it is thought that idolaters (with horror I speak it), having as I said before the one half of Asia and Africa, both for the inland country and maritime coasts, with four parts of five in America, inhabit twenty parts of those regions that are already found out upon earth; besides, in the opinion of the knowingest and most inquisitive mathematicians, there is towards the southern clime as much land yet undiscovered as may equal in dimension the late New World, in regard as they hold there must be of necessity such a portion of earth to balance the centre on all sides, and it is more than probable that the inhabitants there must be pagans. Of all kind of idolaters those are the horridest who adore the devil, whom they call Tantara, who appears often unto them, specially in a hurricane, though he be not visible to others. In some places they worship both God and the devil — the one that he may do them good: the other that he may do them no hurt; the first they call Tantum, the other Squantum.

It were presumption beyond that of Lucifer's or Adam's for man to censure the justice of the Creator in this particular, why He makes daily such innumerable vessels of dishonour. It is a wiser and safer course for to sit down in a humble admiration, and cry out, "Oh the profound inscrutable judgments of God ! His ways are past finding out," and so to acknowledge with the divine philosopher, "*Quod oculus vespertilionis ad solem, idem est omnis intellectus humanus ad Deum,*" What the eye of the bat is to the sun, the same is all human understanding to Godwards.

Now to draw to a conclusion, touching the respective largeness of Christianity and Mahommedanism upon the earth, I find the first to exceed, taking the New World with the Old, considering the spacious plantations of the Spaniard in America, the colonies the English have there in Virginia, New England, and Caribee Islands ; with those of the French in Canada, and of the Hollander in East India. Nor do I find that there is any region purely Mahommedan without intermixtures, as Christianity hath many ; which makes me to be of a differing opinion to that gentleman, who held that Christianity added little to the general religion of mankind.

Now, touching the latitude of Christian faith in reference to the differing professors thereof, as in my former I showed that the Eastern Churches were more spacious than the Latin or Roman (excepting the two Indies), so they who have

fallen off from her in the western parts are not so far inferior to her in Europe as some would make one believe ; which will appear, if we cast them in counterbalance.

Among Roman Catholics there is the Emperor, and in him the King of Hungary, the three kings of Spain, France, and Poland ; all Italy, the Dukes of Savoy, Bavaria, and Lorraine, the three spiritual electors, with some few more. Touching them who have renounced all obedience to Rome, there are the three Kings of Great Britain, Denmark, and Sweden, the Dukes of Saxony, Holstein, and Wurtemberg ; the Marquises of Brandenburg and Baden, the Landgrave of Hesse, most of the Hanseatic Towns, which are eighty-eight in number, some whereof are equal to republics, the (almost) seven provinces the Hollander hath ; the five cantons of Swiss and Geneva ; they of France, who are reputed the fifth part of the kingdom ; the Prince of Transylvania ; they of Hungary, and of the large kingdom of Bohemia, of the marquisates of Lusatia, Moravia, and the dukedom of Silesia ; as also they of the huge kingdom of Poland, wherein Protestants are diffused through all quarters in great numbers, having in every province their public churches and congregations, orderly severed, and bounded with dioceses, whence are sent some of the chiefest and most principal men of worth unto their general synods. For although there are divers sorts of these Polonian Protestants, some embrac-

ing the Waldensian or the Bohemic, others the Augustine, and some the Helvetian Confession; yet they all concur in opposition to the Roman Church; as also they of the Anglican, Scotican, Gallic, Argentine, Saxonie, Wurtembergic, Palatine, and Belgiac confessions. They also harmoniously symbolise in the principal Articles of Faith, and which mainly concern eternal salvation; as in the infallible verity and full sufficiency of the Scriptures, Divine Essence, and unity of the Everlasting Godhead, the sacred Trinity of the three glorious Persons, the blessed Incarnation of Christ, the Omnipotent Providence of God, the absolute supreme Head of the Church, Christ Himself, justification by faith through His merits, and touching the nature of lively faith, repentance, regeneration, and sanctification, the difference between the law and the gospel, touching free-will, sin and good works; the Sacraments, their number, use and efficacy, the marks of the Church, the Resurrection and state of souls deceased. It may seem a rambling wild speech at first view, of one who said, that to make one a complete Christian, he must have the works of a Papist, the words of a Puritan, and the faith of a Protestant, yet this wish if well expounded may bear a good sense, which were unfitting for me to give, you being better able to put a gloss upon it yourself.

Thus, learned sir, have I exercised my pen, according to my small proportion of knowledge, and conversation with books, men and maps, to

obey your desire, though in comparison of your spacious literature I have held all this while but a candle to the sun, yet by the light of this small candle you may see how ready I am to show myself your very humble and affectionate servitor,
J. H.

Westminster, 25 *August* 1635.

XII

To Mr T. W.

I AM heartily glad you have prevailed so far with my lady your mother as to have leave to travel a while, and now that you are bound for France and Italy let me give you this caution to take heed of a speedy friend in the first, and of a slow enemy in the second. The courtesies of an Italian, if you suspect him jealous of you, are dangerous, and so are his compliments; he will tell you that he kisseth your hand a thousand times over, when he wisheth them both cut off.

The French are a free and debonnaire, accostable people, both men and women. Among the one, at first entrance one may have acquaintance, and at first acquaintance one may have entrance. For the other, whereas the old rule was, that there could be no true friendship without commessation of a bushel of salt, one may have enough there before he eat a spoonful with them. I like that friendship which by soft gentle pauses

steals upon the affection, and grows mellow with time, by reciprocal offices and trials of love; that friendship is like to last long, and never to shrink in the wetting.

So hoping to enjoy you before you go, and to give you a friendly joy, I rest, your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 28 *February* 1634.

XIII

To Sir Tho. Hawk, Knight

I WAS invited yesternight to a solemn supper by B. J., where you were deeply remembered. There was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines and jovial welcome. One thing intervened which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to magnify his own muse. T. Ca. buzzed me in the ear, that though Ben had barrelled up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the "Ethics," which, among other precepts of morality forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favoured solecism in good manners. It made me think upon the lady (not very young) who, having a good while given her guests neat entertainment, a capon being brought upon the table, instead of a spoon she took a mouthful of claret and spouted it into the poop of the hollow bird.

Such an accident happened in this entertainment, you know. “—— *Propria laus sordet in ore*” (Be a man’s breath ever so sweet, yet it makes one’s praises stink if he makes his own mouth the conduit pipe of it). But for my part I am content to dispense with the Roman infirmity of B. now that time hath snowed upon his *pericranium*. You know Ovid and (your) Horace were subject to this humour, the first bursting out into

Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, etc.

The other into

Exegi monumentum aere perennius, etc.

As also Cicero, while he forced himself into this hexameter

O fortunatam natam, me consule Romam !

There is another reason that excuseth B., which is, that if one be allowed to love the natural issue of his body, why not that of the brain, which is of a spiritual and more noble extraction? I preserve your manuscripts safe for you till you return to London. What news the times afford this bearer will impart unto you. — So I am, sir, your very humble and most faithful servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 5 April 1636.

XIV

To my cousin, Mr J. P., at Gravesend

COUSIN,

GOD send you a good passage to Holland, and the world to your mind when you are there. Now that you intend to trail a pike and make profession of arms let me give you this caveat that nothing must be more precious to you than your reputation. As I know you have a spirit not to receive wrong, so you must be careful not to offer any, for the one is as base as the other. Your pulse will be quickly felt, and trial made what mettle you are made of after your first coming. If you get but once handsomely off you are made ever after, for you will be free from all baffles and affronts. He that hath once got the fame of an early riser may sleep till noon. Therefore be wondrous wary of your first comportments. Get once a good name and be very tender of it afterwards, for it is like Venice glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended. Patched it may be. To this purpose take along with you this fable: It happened that fire, water and fame went to travel together (as you are going now). They consulted that if they lost one another how they might be retrieved and meet again. Fire said, "Where you see smoke there you shall find me." Water said, "Where you see marsh and moorish

low grounds there you shall find me." But fame said, "Take heed how you lose me, for if you do, you will run a great hazard never to meet me again. There is no retrieving of me."

It imports you also to conform yourself to your commanders, and so you may more confidently demand obedience when you come to command yourself, as I doubt not but you may do in a short time. The Hoghen Moghen are very exact in their polemical government, their pay is sure, though small, 4s. a week being too little a hire, as one said, to kill men. At your return I hope you will give a better account of your doings than he who being asked what exploits he had done in the Low Countries answered that he had cut off a Spaniard's legs. Reply being made that that was no great matter, it had been something if he had cut off his head; "Oh," said he, "you must consider, his head was off before." — Excuse me that I take my leave of you so pleasantly, but I know you will take anything in good part from him who is so much your truly affectionate cousin,

J. H.

Westminster, 3 *August* 1634.

XV

To Cap. B.

MUCH ENDEARED SIR,

THERE is a true saying, that the spectator oft-times sees more than the gamester. I find that you have a very hazardous game in hand, therefore give it up, and do not vie a farthing upon it. Though you be already embarked, yet there is time enough to strike sail, and make again to the port, otherwise, it is no hard matter to be a prophet. What will become of you? There be so many ill-favoured quicksands and rocks in the way (as I have it from a good hand) that one may easily take a prospect of your shipwreck if you go on; therefore desist as you regard your own safety, and the seasonable advice of your

J. H.

Westminster, 1 May 1635.

XVI

To Mr Thomas W., at his Chamber in the Temple

YOU have much straightened that knot of love which hath been long tied between us, by those choice manuscripts you sent me lately, amongst which I find divers rare pieces, but that

which afforded me most entertainment in those miscellanies was Dr Henry King's Poems, wherein I find not only heat and strength, but also an exact concinnity and evenness of fancy. They are a choice race of brothers, and it seems the same genius diffuseth itself also among the sisters. It was my hap to be lately where Mrs A. K. was, and having a paper of verses in her hand I got it from her; they were an epitaph and an anagram of her own composure and writing, which took me so far, that the next morning, before I was up, my rambling fancy fell upon these lines:

For the admitting of Mrs Anne King to be the Tenth Muse

	Ladies of Helicon, do not repine ;
	I add one more unto your number nine.
	To make it even, I among you bring
Βάσιλ-A.	No meaner than the daughter of a King.
Anna	Fair Basil-Anna, quickly pass your voice,
King	I know Apollo will approve the choice,
	And gladly her install, for I could name
	Some of less merit goddesses became.

F. C. soars higher and higher every day in pursuance of his platonic love, but T. Man is out with his, you know whom; he is fallen into that averseness to her, that he swears he had rather see a basilisk than her. This shows that the sweetest wines may turn to the tartest vinegar.—No more till we meet, yours inviolably,

J. H.

Westminster, 3 February 1637.



XVII

To the Lord C.

MY LORD,

THERE are two sayings which are fathered upon Secretary Walsingham and Secretary Cecil, a pair of the best-weighed statesmen this island hath bred; one was used to say at the Council table, "My lords, stay a little, and we shall make an end the sooner;" the other would oft-times speak of himself, "It shall never be said of me that I will defer till to-morrow what I can do to-day." At first view these sayings seemed to clash with one another, and to be diametrically opposite, but being rightly understood, they may be very well reconciled. Touching the first, it is true that haste and choler are enemies to all great actions; for as it is a principle in chemistry that *Omnis festinatio est a Diabolo*, All haste comes from Hell, so in the consultations, contrivings, and conduct of any business of State, all rashness and precipitation comes from an ill spirit. There cannot be a better pattern for a grave and considerate way of deliberation than the ancient course of our High Court of Parliament, which, when a law is to be made which concerns the welfare of so many thousands of men, after a mature debate and long discussion of the point beforehand, cause the bill to be read solemnly three times in the House ere it

be transmitted to the Lords, and there also it is so many times canvassed, and then presented to the Prince. That which must stand for law must be long stood upon, because it imposes a universal obedience, and is like to be everlasting, according to the Ciceronian maxim, “*Deliberandum est diu quod statuendum est semel.*” Such a kind of cunctation, advisedness, and procrastination is allowable also in all Councils of State and War; for the day following may be able commonly to be a master to the day past, such a world of contingencies human actions are subject unto. Yet under favour, I believe this first saying to be meant of matters while they are in agitation and upon the anvil. But when they have received form and are resolved upon, I believe then nothing is so advantageous as speed. And at this, I am of opinion, the second saying aims at, for when the weights that use to hang to all great businesses are taken away, it is good then to put wings unto them, and to take the ball before the bound, for expedition is the life of action, otherwise time may show his bald occiput and shake his posteriors at them in derision. Among other nations the Spaniard is observed to have much phlegm, and to be most dilatory in his proceedings; yet they who have pried narrowly into the sequel and success of his actions, do find that this gravity, reservedness, and tergiversation of his have turned rather to his prejudice than advantage, take one time with another. The two last matrimonial treaties we had with him contin-

ued long, the first betwixt Ferdinand and Henry the Seventh for Catherine of Arragon seven years ; that betwixt King James and the now Philip the Fourth for Mary of Austria lasted eleven years (and seven and eleven is eighteen). The first took effect for Prince Arthur, the latter miscarried for Prince Charles, and the Spaniard may thank himself and his own slow pace for it ; for had he mended his pace to perfect the work, I believe his monarchy had not received so many ill-favoured shocks since. The late revolt of Portugal was foreseen, and might have been prevented if the Spaniard had not been too slow in his purpose to have sent the Duke of Braganza out of the way upon some employment as was projected.

Now will I reconcile the former sayings of those two renowned secretaries with the gallant comparison of Charles the Emperor (and he was of a more temperate mould than a Spaniard, being a Fleming born) : He was used to say, that while any great business of State was yet in consultation, we should observe the motion of Saturn, which is plumbeous, long and heavy ; but when it is once absolutely resolved upon, then we should observe the motion of Mercury, the nimblest of all the planets, “ Ubi desinit Saturnus, ibi incipiat Mercurius.” Whereunto I will add that we should imitate the mulberry, who of all trees casts out her buds latest, for she doth it not till all the cold weather be passed, and then she is sure they cannot be nipped, but

“ Quodā
cum strepi-
tu,” as Pliny
saith.

then she shoots them all out in one night; so though she be one way the slowest, she is another way the nimblest of trees.

Thus have I obeyed your lordship's command in expounding the sense of these two sayings according to my mean apprehension; but this exposition relates only to public affairs and political negotiations, wherein your lordship is so excellently versed. I shall most willingly conform to any other injunctions of your lordship's, and esteem them always as favours, while I am

J. H.

Westminster, 5 September 1633.

XVIII

To Sir J. Brown, Knight

ONE would think that the utter falling off of Catalonia and Portugal in so short a compass of time should much lessen the Spaniard, the people of both these kingdoms being from subjects become enemies against him, and in actual hostility. Without doubt it hath done so, yet not so much as the world imagines. It is true, in point of regal power, and divers brave subordinate commands for his servants, he is a great deal lessened thereby; but though he be less powerful, he is not a penny poorer thereby, for there comes not a farthing less every year into his exchequer, in regard that those countries were rather a charge than

benefit unto him, all their revenue being drunk up in pensions and payments of officers and garrisons. For if the King of Spain had lost all except the West Indies, and all Spain except Castile herself, it would little diminish his treasury. Touching Catalonia and Portugal, especially the latter, it is true they were mighty members of the Castilian monarchy, but I believe they will sooner want Castile than Castile them, because she filled them with treasure. Now that Barcelona and Lisbon hath shaken hands with Seville, I do not think that either of them hath the tithe of that treasure they had before, in regard the one was the scale whereby the King of Spain sent his money to Italy, the other because all her East Indian commodities were bartered commonly in Andalusia and elsewhere for bullion. Catalonia is fed with money from France, but for Portugal she hath little or none, therefore I do not see how she could support a war long to any purpose if Castile were quiet, unless soldiers would be contented to take cloves and peppercorns for patacoons and pistoles. You know money is the sinew and soul of war. This makes me think on that blunt answer which Captain Talbot returned Henry the Eighth from Calais, who having received special command from the King to erect a new fort at the water-gate, and to see the town well fortified, sent him word that he could neither fortify nor fiftify without money. There is no news at all stirring here now, and I am of the Italian's mind that said, *Nulla nuova,*

buona nuova" (No news, good news). But it were great news to see you here, whence you have been an alien so long to your most affectionate friend,

J. H.

Holborn, 3 *June* 1640.

XIX

To Captain C. Price

COUSIN,

YOU have put me upon such an odd intricate piece of business that I think there was never the like of it. I am more puzzled and entangled with it than oft-times I used to be with my band-strings when I go hastily to bed, and want such a fair female hand as you have to untie them. I must impute all this to the peevish humour of the people I deal withal. I find it true now that one of the greatest tortures that can be in the negotiation of the world is to have to do with perverse, irrational, half-witted men, and to be worded to death with nonsense. Besides, as much brain as they have is as full of scruples as a burr is of prickles, which is a quality incident to all those that have their heads lightly ballasted, for they are like buoys in a barred port waving perpetually up and down. The father is scrupulous of the son, the son of the sisters, and all three of me, to whose award they referred the business three several times. It is as hard a task to reconcile the fanes

of St Sepulchre's steeple which never look all four upon one point of the heavens as to reduce them to any conformity of reason. I never remember to have met with father and children, or children among themselves, of a more differing genius and contrariety of humours, insomuch that there cannot be a more pregnant instance to prove that human souls come not *ex traduce* and by seminal production from the parents. For my part I intend to spend my breath no longer upon them, but to wash my hands quit of the business, and so I would wish you to do, unless you love to walk in a labyrinth of briers. So expecting with impatience your return to London, I rest, your most faithful servitor.

J. H.

Westminster, 27 April 1632.

XX

To my Cousin, Mr J. P., at Lincoln's Inn

COUSIN,

THE last week you sent me word that you were so cramped with business that you could not put pen to paper. If you write not this week, I shall fear that you are not only cramped but crippled. At least I shall think you are cramped in your affection rather than your fingers, and that you have forgotten how once it was my good fortune to preserve you from drowning when the cramp took you in St John's Pool at Oxford. The

cramp, as I take it, is a sudden convulsion of the nerves. For my part the ligaments and sinews of my love to you have been so strong that they were never yet subject to such spasmodical shrinkings and convulsions. Now, letters are the very nerves and arteries of friendship; nay, they are the vital spirits and elixir of love which, in case of distance and long absence, would be in hazard to languish, and quite smoulder away without them. Amongst the Italians and Spaniards it is held one of the greatest solecisms that can be in good manners not to answer a letter with like civility. By this they use to distinguish a gentleman from a clown. Besides, they hold it one of the most virtuous ways to employ time. I am the more covetous of a punctual correspondence with you in this point because I commonly gain by your letters. Your style is so polite, your expressions so gallant, and your lines interspersed with such dainty flowers of poetry and philosophy. I understand there is a very able doctor that reads the anatomy lecture this term. If Ployden will dispense with you, you cannot spend your hours better than to hear him. So I end for this time, being cramped for want of more matter, and rest, your most affectionate, loving cousin,

J. H.

Westminster, 3 *July* 1631.

XXI

To my nephew, J. P., at St John's, in Oxford

NEPHEW,

I HAD from you lately two letters. The last was well freighted with very good stuff, but the other, to deal plainly with you, was not so. There was as much difference between them as betwixt a Scots pedlar's pack in Poland and the magazine of an English merchant in Naples, the one being usually full of taffety, silks and satins, the other of calicoes, thread, ribbands, and such Poldavy ware. I perceive you have good commodities to vent, if you take the pains. Your trifles and bagatelles are ill bestowed upon me, therefore hereafter I pray let me have of your best sort of wares. I am glad to find that you have stored up so much already ; you are in the best mart in the world to improve them, which I hope you daily do, and I doubt not when the time of your apprenticeship there is expired but you will find a good market to expose them for your own and the public benefit abroad. I have sent you the philosophy books you wrote to me for ; anything that you want of this kind for the advancement of your studies, do but write, and I shall furnish you. When I was a student as you are, my practice was to borrow rather than buy some sort of books, and to be always punctual in restoring them upon the

day assigned, and in the interim to swallow of them as much as made for my turn; this obliged me to read them through with more haste to keep my word, whereas I had not been so careful to peruse them, had they been my own books, which were always ready at my disposal. I thank you heartily for your last letter, in regard I found it smelt of the lamp; I pray let your next do so, and the oil and labour shall not be lost which you expend upon your assured loving uncle, J. H.

Westminster, 1 *August* 1633.

XXII

To Tho. Haw

I THANK you a thousand times for the choice stanzas you pleased to send me lately. I find that you were thoroughly heated, that you were inspired with a true enthusiasm when you composed them. And whereas others use to flutter in the lower region, your muse soars up to the upper, and transcending that too, takes her flight among the celestial bodies to find a fancy. Your desires I should do something upon the same subject, I have obeyed, though, I fear, not satisfied in the following numbers:

1. Could I but catch those beamy rays,
Which Phoebus at high noon displays,
I'd set them on a loom, and frame
A scarf for Delia of the same.

2. Could I that wondrous black come near,
Which Cynthia, when eclipsed, doth wear,
Of a new fashion I would trace
A mask thereof for Delia's face.
3. Could I but reach that green and blue,
Which Iris decks in various hue,
From her moist bow I'd drag them down,
And make my Delia a summer gown.
4. Could I those whitely stars go nigh,
Which make the Milky Way in sky,
I'd poach them, and at moonshine dress
To make my Delia a curious mess.
5. Thus would I diet, thus attire,
My Delia queen of hearts and fire,
She should have everything divine
That would befit a seraphin.
And 'cause ungirt unblessed we find,
One of the zones her waist should bind.

They are of the same cadence as yours, and air-
able. So I am your humble servitor, J. H.

Westminster, 5 September 1633.

XXIII

To the R. H. the Lady Eliz. Digbye

IT is no improper comparison that a thankful heart is like a box of precious ointment, which keeps the smell long after the thing is spent. Madam (without vanity be it spoken), such is my heart to you, and such are your favours to me,

the strong aromatic odour they carried with them diffused itself through all the veins of my heart, especially through the left ventricle, where the most illustrious blood lies ; so that the perfume of them remains still fresh within me, and is like to do, while the triangle of flesh dilates and shuts itself within my breast ; nor doth this perfume stay there, but as all smells naturally tend upwards, it hath ascended to my brain and sweetened all the cells thereof, especially the memory, which may be said to be a cabinet also to preserve courtesies ; for though the heart be the box of love, the memory is the box of lastingness ; the one may be termed the source whence the motions of gratitude flow ; the other the cistern that keeps them.

But your ladyship will say, these are words only ; I confess it, it is but a verbal acknowledgment. But, madam, if I were made happy with an opportunity you should quickly find these words turned to actions, either to go, to run or ride upon your errand. In expectation of such a favourable occasion, I rest, madam, your ladyship's most humble and enchained servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 5 *August* 1640.

XXIV

To Sir J. B.

NOBLE SIR,

THAT old opinion the Jew and Turk have of women, that they are of an inferior creation to man, and therefore exclude them, the one from their synagogues, the other from their mosques, is in my judgment not only partial but profane; for the image of the Creator shines as clearly in the one as in the other, and I believe there are as many female saints in heaven as male, unless you could make me adhere to the opinion that women must be all masculine before they be capable to be made angels of. Add hereunto that there went better and more refined stuff to the creation of woman than man. It is true, it was a weak part in Eve to yield to the seducements of Satan, but it was a weaker thing in Adam to suffer himself to be tempted by Eve, being the weaker vessel.

The ancient philosophers had a better opinion of that sex, for they ascribed all sciences to the Muses, all sweetness and morality to the Graces, and prophetic inspirations to the Sybils. In my small revolving of authors, I find as high examples of virtue in women as in men. I could produce here a whole regiment of them, but that a letter is too narrow a field to muster them in. I must confess, there are also counter-instances of this kind, if

Queen Zenobia was such a precise pattern of continency, that after the act of conception, she would know her husband no more all the time of her pregnancy till she had been delivered, there is another example of a Roman empress that when she found the vessel freighted would take in all passengers. When the barn was full any one might thresh in the haggard, but not till then, for fear the right father should be discovered by the countenance of the child. But what need I go so far off to rake the ashes of the dead? There are living examples enough pro and con of both sexes, yet woman being (as I said before) the weaker vessel, her failings are more venial than those of man, though man indeed, being more conversant with the world and meeting more opportunities abroad (and opportunity is the greatest bawd) of falling into infirmities as he follows his worldly negotiations, may on the other side be judged the more excusable.

But you are far fitter than I to discourse of this subject, being better versed in the theory of women, having had a most virtuous lady of your own before and being now linked to another. I wish a thousand benedictions may fall upon this your second choice, and that *tam bona sit quam bona prima fuit*. This option shall be my conclusion for the present, whereunto I add that I am in no vulgar degree of affection your most humble and faithful servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 5 August 1632.

XXV

To Mr P. W.

THERE are two things which add much to the merit of courtesies, viz., cheerfulness and speed, and the contraries of these lessen the value of them. That which hangs long betwixt the fingers, and is done with difficulty and a sullen supercilious look, makes the obligation of the receivers nothing so strong or the memory of the kindness half so grateful. The best thing the gods themselves liked of in the entertainments they received of those poor wretches Baucis and Philemon was open hearty looks.

Super omnia vultus,
Accessere boni.

A clear, unclouded countenance makes a cottage appear like a castle in point of hospitality, but a beetle-browed sullen face makes a palace as smoky as an Irish hut. There is a mode in giving entertainment and doing any courtesy else which trebly binds the receiver to an acknowledgment, and makes the remembrance of it far more acceptable. I have known two Lord High Treasurers of England of quite contrary humours, one successively after the other. The one, though he did the suitor's business, yet he went murmuring; the other, though he did it not, was used to dismiss the party with some satisfaction. It is true money is

welcome, though it be in a dirty clout, but it is far more acceptable if it come in a clean handkerchief.

Sir, you may sit in the chair and read lectures of morality to all mankind in this point, you have such a dexterous, discreet way to handle suitors in that troublesome office of yours, wherein, as you have already purchased much, I wish you all increase of honour and happiness. Your humble and much obliged servitor,

J. H.

XXVI

To Mr F. Coll, at Naples

IT is confessed I have offended by my over-long silence, and abused our maiden friendship. I appear before you now in this white sheet to do penance: pray in your next to send me an absolution. Absolutions they say are as cheap in that town as courtesans, whereof it was said there were 20,000 on the common list when I was there; at which time I remember one told me a tale of a Calabrian who had buggered a goat, and having bought an absolution of his confessor, he was asked by a friend what it cost him; he answered, I procured it for four pistolets, and for the other odd one I think I might have had a dispensation to have married the beast.

I thank you for the exact relation you sent me

of the fearful earthquakes and fires which happened lately in that country, and particularly about Vesuvius. It seems the huge giant whom the poets say was hurled under the vast mountain by the gods for thinking to scale heaven, had a mind to turn from one side to the other, which he useth to do at the revolution of every hundred years, and stirring his body by that action, he was taken with a fit of the cough, which made the hill shake and belch out fire in that hideous manner. But to repay you in the like coin, they send us stranger news from Lisbon, for they write of a spick and span new island that hath peeped up out of the Atlantic Sea, near the Terceras, which never appeared before since the Creation, and it begins to be peopled already. Methinks the King of Spain needs no more countries, he hath too many already, unless they were better united. All your friends here are well, and mind you often in town and country, as doth your true constant servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 7 April 1629.

XXVII

To Mr T. Lucy, in Venice

YOUR last you sent me was from Genoa, where you write that *gli mariti ingravidano lor moglie cento miglia lontano*, "Husbands get their wives with child a hundred miles off." It is a

great virtue, I confess, but it is nothing to what our East India mariners can do here, because they can do so forty times further; for though their wives be at Ratcliffe and they at the Red Sea; though they be at Madagascar, the Mogul's Court, or Japan, yet they used to get their wives' bellies up here about London, a strange virtue at such a huge distance; but I believe the active part is in the wives, and the husbands are merely passive, which makes them among other wares to bring home with them a sort of precious horns, the powder whereof, could one get some of it, would be of an invaluable virtue. This operation of our Indian mariner at such a distance is more admirable, in my judgment, than that of the weapon-salve, the *unguentum armarium*, for that can do no good unless the surgeon have the instrument and blood, but this is done without both, for the husband contributes neither of them.

You are now, I presume, in Venice. There also such things are done by proxy; while the husband is abroad upon the galleys, there be others that shoot his gulf at home. You are now in a place where you may feed all your senses very cheap. I allow you the pleasing of your eye, your ear, your smell and taste, but take heed of being too indulgent of the fifth sense. The poets feign that Venus, the goddess of pleasure, and therefore called Aphrodite, was engendered of the froth of the sea (which makes fish more salacious commonly than flesh); it is not improbable that she

was got and coagulated of that foam which Neptune useth to disgorge upon those pretty islands whereon that city stands. My Lady Miller commends her kindly unto you, and she desires you to send her a complete cupboard of the best crystal glass Murano can afford by the next shipping, besides, she entreats you to send her a pot of the best mithridate, and so much of treacle.

All your friends here are well and jovial. T. T. drank your health yesternight, and wished you could send him a handsome Venetian courtesan enclosed in a letter. He would willingly be at the charge of the postage, which he thinks would not be much for such a light commodity. Farewell, my dear Tom, but have a care of your courses, and continue to love him who is yours to the altar,
J. H.

Westminster, 15 *January* 1635.

XXVIII

To Mr T. Jackson, at Madrid

THOUGH a great sea severs us now, yet it is not all the water of the ocean can drown the remembrance of you in me but that it floats and flows daily in my brain; I must confess (for it is impossible the mind of man should fix itself always upon one object) it hath sometimes its ebbs in me, but it is to rise up again with greater force. At the writing hereof it was flood, it was

spring tide, which swelled so high that the thoughts of you overwhelmed all others within me; they engrossed all my intellectuals for the time.

You write to me fearful news touching the revolt of the Catalan from Castilia, of the tragical murdering of the viceroy, and the burning of his house. Those mountaineers are mad lads. I fear the sparkles of this fire will fly farther, either to Portugal or to Sicily and Italy, all which countries, I observed, the Spaniard holds as one would do a wolf by the ear, fearing they should run away ever and anon from him.

The news here is that Lambeth House bears all the sway at Whitehall, and the lord-deputy kings it notably in Ireland. Some that love them best could wish them a little more moderation.

I pray buy Suarez' works for me of the last edition. Mr William Pawly, to whom I desire my most hearty commends may be presented, will see it safely sent by way of Bilbao. Your friends here are all well, as is, thanks be to God, your true friend to serve you,

J. H.

Holborn, 3 *March* 1638.

XXIX

To Sir Edward Sa., Knight

SIR EDWARD,

I HAD a shrewd disease hung lately upon me, proceeding, as the physicians told me, from this long secluded life and close restraint, which had much wasted my spirits and brought me low. When the crisis was past I began to grow doubtful that I had but a short time to breathe in this elementary world, my fever still increasing, and finding my soul weary of this muddy mansion, and methought more weary of this prison of flesh than this flesh was of this prison of the Fleet. Therefore, after some gentle slumbers, and unusual dreams about the dawnings of the day, I had a lucid interval, and so I fell a-thinking how to put my little house in order and to make my last will. Hereupon my thoughts ran upon Grunnius Sophista's last testament, who having nothing else to dispose of but his body, he bequeathed all the parts thereof in legacies, as his skin to the tanners, his bones to the dicemakers, his guts to the musicians, his fingers to the scriveners, his tongue to his fellow-sophisters (which were the lawyers of those times), and so forth. As he thus dissected his body, so I thought to divide my mind into legacies, having, as you know, little of the outward pelf and gifts of fortune to dispose of, for never

any was less beholden to that blind baggage. In the highest degree of theoretical contemplation I made an entire sacrifice of my soul to her Maker who by infusing created her, and by creating infused her to actuate this small bulk of flesh with an unshaken confidence of the redemption of both in my Saviour, and consequently of the salvation of the one and the resurrection of the other. My thoughts then reflected upon divers of my noble friends, and I fell to proportion unto them what legacies I held most proper. I thought to bequeath unto my Lord of Cherberry and Sir K. Digby that little philosophy and knowledge I have in the mathematics; my historical observations and critical researches I made into antiquity, I thought to bequeath unto Dr Usher, Lord Primate of Ireland; "My Observations Abroad," and "Inspection into Foreign States" I thought to leave to my Lord G. D.; my poetry, such as it is, to Mistress A. K., who, I know, is a great minion of the Muses. "School Languages" I thought to bequeath unto my dear mother the University of Oxford; my "Spanish" to Sir Lewis Dives and Master Endymion Porter, for though they are great masters of that language, yet it may stead them something when they read "La Picara Justina." My "Italian" to the worthy company of Turkey and Levantine merchants, from divers of whom I have received many noble favours. My "French" to my most honoured lady, the Lady Cor, and it may help her something to understand

Rabelais. The little smattering I have in the Dutch, British, and my English I did not esteem worth the bequeathing. My love I had bequeathed to be diffused among all my dear friends, especially those that have stuck unto me in this my long affliction. My best natural affections betwixt the Lord B. of Br., my brother Howell, and my three dear sisters, to be transferred by them to my cousins their children. This little sackful of bones I thought to bequeath to Westminster Abbey, to be interred in the cloister within the south side of the garden, close to the wall, where I would have desired Sir H. F. (my dear friend) to have inlaid a small piece of black marble and caused this motto to have been insculped upon it, *Hucusque peregrinus, heic domi*, or this, which I would have left to his choice, *Hucusque erraticus, heic fixus*, and instead of strewing my grave with flowers I would have desired him to have grafted thereon some little tree of what sort he pleased that might have taken root downward to my dust, because I have been always naturally affected to woods and groves and those kind of vegetables, insomuch that if there were any such thing as a Pythagorean metempsychosis I think my soul would transmigrate into some tree when she bids this body farewell.

By these extravagancies and odd chimeras of my brain, you may well perceive that I was not well, but distempered, especially in my intellectuals. According to the Spanish proverb, "Siempre desvarios con la calentura," Fevers have always

their fits of dotage. Among those to whom I had bequeathed my dearest love, you were one to whom I had intended a large proportion, and that love which I would have left you then in legacy, I send you now in this letter, for it hath pleased God to reprieve me for a longer time to creep upon this earth, and to see better days I hope, when this black dismal cloud is dispelled; but come foul or fair weather, I shall be as formerly your most constant, faithful servitor, J. H.

Fleet, 26 *March* 1643.

XXX

To the Right Honourable the Lady Wichts

SINCE I was hurled amongst these walls, I had divers fits of melancholy and such turbid intervals that use to attend close prisoners, who for the most part have no other companions but confused troops of wandering cogitations. Now, "melancholy is far more fruitful of thoughts than any other humour;" for it is like the mud of the Nile, which, when that enigmatical vast river is got again to her former bed, engendereth divers sorts of new creatures and some kinds of monsters. My brain in this Fleet hath been often thus overwhelmed, yet I never found it so muddy, nor the region of my mind so much clouded, as it was lately after notice had of the sad tidings of Master Controller's death. The news hereof struck such

a damp into me, that for some space methought the very pulse of my blood and the motions of my heart were at a stand; for I was surprised with such a consternation, that I felt no pulsation in the one, or palpitations in the other. Well, madam, he was a brave, solid, wise man, of a noble free disposition, and so great a controller of his passions, he was always at home within himself; yet I much fear that the sense of these unhappy times made too deep impressions in him. Truly, madam, I loved and honoured him in such a perfection, that my heart shall wear a broad black ribbon for him while I live; as long as I have a retentive faculty to remember anything, his memory shall be fresh within me. But the truth is, that if the advantageous exchange which he hath made were well considered, no friend of his should be sorry; for in lieu of a white staff in an earthly court, he hath got a sceptre of immortality. He that had been ambassador at the Porte to the greatest monarch upon earth, where he resided so many years an honour to his king and country, is now arrived at a far more glorious Porte than that of Constantinople; though (as I intimated before) I fear that this boisterous weather hath blown him thither before his time. God Almighty give your ladyship patience for so great a loss, and comfort in your hopeful issue. With this prayer I conclude myself, madam, your ladyship's most humble and sorrowful servant,

J. H.

From the Fleet, 15 *April*.

XXXI

To Mr E. S., Councillor at the Middle Temple

I HAD yours this morning, and I thank you for the news you send me that divers of my fellow-sufferers are enlarged out of Lambeth, Winchester, London and Ely House, whereunto I may answer you as the Cheapside porter did one that related court news unto him, how such a one was made Lord Treasurer, another Chancellor of the Exchequer, another was made an earl, another sworn Privy Councillor. "Ay," said he, "yet I am but a porter still." So I may say, "I am but a prisoner still, notwithstanding the releasement of so many." Mistake me not, as if I repined hereby at any one's liberty, for I could heartily wish that I were the unic martyr in this kind, that I were the figure of one with never a cipher after it, as God wot there are too many; I could wish that as I am the least in value, I were the last in number. A day may come that a favourable wind may blow, that I may launch also out of this Fleet. In the meantime, and always after, I am your true constant servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 *February* 1645.

XXXII

To Mr R. B., at Ipswich

GENTLE SIR,

I VALUE at a high rate the sundry respects you have been pleased to show me; for as you obliged me before by your visits, so you have much endeared yourself unto me since by your late letter of the 11th current. Believe it, sir, the least scruple of your love is not lost (because I perceive it proceeds from the pure motions of virtue), but returned to you in the same full proportion. But what you please to ascribe unto me in point of merit, I dare not own. You look upon me through the wrong end of the perspective, or rather through a multiplying glass, which makes the object appear far bigger than it is in real dimension; such glasses as anatomists use in the dissection of bodies, which can make a flea look like a cow, or a fly as big as a vulture.

I presume you are constant in your desire to travel; if you intend it at all, you cannot do it in a better time, there being little comfort, God wot, to breathe English air as matters are carried. I shall be glad to stead you in anything that may tend to your advantage; for to tell you truly, I take much contentment in this inchoation of friendship, to improve and perfect which I shall lie sentinel to apprehend all occasions.

If you meet Master R. Brownrigg in the country, I pray present my very kind respects unto him, for I profess myself to be both his and your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 15 *August* 1646.

XXXIII

To Capt. C. Price, Prisoner at Coventry

COUSIN,

YOU, whom I held always as my second self in affection, are now so in affliction, being in the same predicament of suffrance, though not in the same prison as I. There is nothing sweeteneth friendship more than a participation and identity of danger and durance. The day may come that we may discourse with comfort of these sad times, for adversity hath the advantage of prosperity itself in this point, that the commemoration of the one is oft-times more delightsome than the fruition of the other. Moreover, adversity and prosperity are like virtue and vice; the two foremost of both which begin with anxieties and pain, but they end comically in contentment and joy; the other two quite contrary, they begin with pleasure and end in pain; there's a difference in the last scene.

I could wish, if there be no hopes of a speedy releasement, you would remove your body hither, and rather than moulder away in idleness we would devoutly blow the coal, and try if we can exalt

gold and bring it over the helm in this Fleet ; we will transmute metals and give a resurrection to mortified vegetables, to which end the green lion and the dragon, the demogorgon and Mercury himself with all the planets shall attend us, till we come to the elixir, the true powder of projection, which the vulgar call the philosopher's stone. If matters hit right, we may thereby get better returns than Cardigan silver mines afford ; but we must not melt ourselves away as J. Meredith did, nor do as your countryman Morgan did. I know when you read these lines, you 'll say I am grown mad, and that I have taken opium in lieu of tobacco. If I be mad I am but sick of the disease of the time, which reigns more among the English than the sweating sickness did some sixscore years since amongst them, and only them, both at home and abroad.

There's a strange maggot hath got into their brains, which possesseth them with a kind of vertigo, and it reigns in the pulpit more than anywhere else, for some of our preachmen are grown dog mad, there's a worm got into their tongues as well as their heads.

Hodge Powel commends him unto you ; he is here under hatches as well as I ; howsoever I am still, in fair or foul weather, your truly affectionate cousin to serve you,

J. H.

Fleet, 3 *January* 1643.

XXXIV

To the Right Honourable the Lord of Cherberry

MY LORD,

GOD send you joy of your new habitation, for I understand your lordship is removed from the King's Street to the Queen's. It may be with this enlargement of dwelling, your lordship may need a recruit of servants. The bearer hereof hath a desire to devote himself to your Lordship's service; and I find that he hath a concurrence of such parts that may make him capable of it. He is well studied in men and books, versed in business of all sorts, and writes a very fair hand. He is well extracted and hath divers good friends that are dwellers in the town who will be responsible for him. Moreover, besides this letter of mine, your Lordship will find that he carrieth one in his countenance, for an honest ingenuous look is a good letter of recommendation of itself. If your Lordship hath not present occasion to employ him, he may be about you a while like a spare watch, which your Lordship may wind up at pleasure. So my aim being to do your Lordship service, as much as him a pleasure by this recommendation, I rest your Lordship's most humble servant,

J. H.

Fleet, 13 July 1646.

XXXV

To Mr R. Br.

YOURS of the fourth current came safely to hand, and I acknowledge with much contentment the fair respects you please to show me. You may be well assured that the least grain of your love to me is not lost but counterbalanced with the like in full weight. For although I am as frail a piece, and as full of infirmities as another man, yet I like my own nature in one thing, that I could never endure to be in the arrear to any for love. Where my hand came short my heart was bountiful, and helped to make an equal compensation.

I hope you persist in your purpose for foreign travel to study awhile the world abroad. It is the way to perfect you, and I have already discovered such choice ingredients, and parts of ingenuity in you, that will quickly make a complete gentleman. No more now, but that I am seriously yours to dispose of,

J. H.

Fleet, 3 *July* 1646.

XXXVI

To Sir L. D., in the Tower

TO help the passing away of your weary hours between those disconsolate walls I have sent you a king of your own name to bear you company, Louis XIII, who, though dead three years since, may peradventure afford you some entertainment; and I think that dead men of this nature are the fittest companions for such that are buried alive as you and I are. I doubt not but you, who have a spirit to overcome all things, will overcome the sense of this hard condition, that you may survive these sad times and see better days. I doubt not, as weak as I am, but I shall be able to do it myself. In which confidence I style myself your most obliged and ever faithful servant,
J. H.

Fleet, 15 *February* 1646.

My most humble service to Sir J. St. and Sir H. V.

XXXVII

To Master R. B.

I HAD yours of the second current by Master Bloys, which obligeth me to send you double

thanks, first for your letter, then for the choice hand that brought it me.

When I had gone through it methought your lines were as leaves, or rather so many branches, amongst which there sprouted divers sweet blossoms of ingenuity, which I find may quickly come to a rare maturity. I confess this clime (as matters go) is untoward to improve such buds of virtue. But the times may mend now that our King with the sun makes his approach unto us more and more. Yet I fear we shall not come yet a good while to our former serenity, therefore it were not amiss, in my judgment, if some foreign air did blow upon the aforesaid blossoms to ripen them under some other meridian in the interim; it is the opinion of your very respectful friend to dispose of,

J. H.

Fleet, 3 *August* 1645.

XXXVIII

To Mr G. C., at Dublin

THE news of this week has been like the waves of that boisterous sea through which this letter is to pass over unto you. Divers reports for peace have swollen high for the time, but they suddenly fell low and flat again. Our relations here are like a peal of bells in a windy blustering weather: sometimes the sound is strong on this side, sometimes on that side of the steeple,

so our relations sound diversely as the air of affection carries them, and sometimes in a whole volley of news we shall not find one true report.

There was in a Dunkirk ship taken some months ago, hard by Arundel Castle, amongst other things, a large picture seized upon and carried to Westminster Hall, and put in the Star Chamber to be publicly seen. It was the legend of Conanus, a British prince in the time of Gratian the Emperor, who having married Ursula, the King of Cornwall's daughter, were embarked with 11,000 virgins for Brittany, in France, to colonise that part with Christians, but being by distress of weather beaten upon the Rhine, because they would not yield to the lusts of the infidels, after the example of Ursula, they were all slain. Their bodies were carried to Cologne, where there stands to this day a stately church built for them. This is the story of that picture, yet the common people here take Conanus for our king and Ursula for the queen, and the bishop which stands hard by to be the Pope, and so stare upon it accordingly, notwithstanding that the prince there represented hath sandals on his feet after the old fashion, that the coronets on their heads resemble those of dukes and earls, as also that there are rays about them which never use to be applied to living persons, with divers other incongruities. Yet it cannot be beaten out of the belief of thousands here but that it was intended to represent our king and queen, which makes me conclude with this interjection of wonder, Oh, the

ignorance of the common people! Your faithful
friend to command, J. H.

Fleet, 12 *August* 1644

XXXIX

To Master End. Por., at Paris

I MOST affectionately kiss your hands for the account (and candid opinion) you please to give of the history I sent Her Majesty of the late K., her brother's reign. I return you also a thousand thanks for your comfortable advice, that having been so long under hatches in this Fleet I should fancy myself to be in a long voyage at sea. It is true opinion can do much, and indeed she is that great lady who rules the world. There is a wise saying in that country where you sojourn now, that "ce n'est pas la place, mais la pensée qui fait la prison," it is not the place but opinion that makes the prison; the conceit is more than the condition. You go on to prefer my captivity in this Fleet to that of a voyager at sea, in regard that he is subject to storms and springing of leaks, to pirates and picaroons, with other casualties. You write I have other advantages also, to be free from plundering and other barbarisms that reign now aboard. It is true, I am secured from all these; yet touching the first, I could be content to expose myself to all those chances, so that this were a floating Fleet, that I might breathe

free air, for I have not been suffered to stir over the threshold of this house this four years. Whereas you say I have a book for my companion ; it is true, I converse sometimes with dead men ; and what fitter associates can there be for one that is buried alive (as I am) than dead men ? And now will I adventure to send you a kind of epitaph I made of myself this morning as I was lolling abed,

Here lies entombed a walking thing,
Whom Fortune (with the States) did fling
Between these walls. Why ? ask not that,
That blind whore doth she knows not what.

It is a strange world you 'll say when men make their own epitaphs in their graves, but we that are thus buried alive have one advantage above others, that we are like to have a double resurrection. I am sure of one, but if these times hold I cannot ascertain myself of the other, for I may be suffered to rot here for aught I know, it being the hard destiny of some in these times, when they are once clapped up, to be so forgotten as if there were no such men in the world.

I humbly thank you for your avisos ; I cannot correspond with you in that kind as freely as I would. Only in the general I must tell you that we are come to such a pass that the posy which a young couple did put upon their wedding ring may fit us in the general, which was, God knows what will become of us. But I trust these bad times will be recompensed with better ; for my part, that which keeps me alive is your motto

there of the House of Bourbon, and it is but one word, l'Espérance.— So I pray God preserve you and your most faithful humble servitor,

Fleet, 2 *January* 1646.

J. H.

XL

*To Master J. H., at Saint John's College, in
Cambridge*

MASTER HALL,

YOURS of the thirteenth of this instant came safely, though slowly, to hand, for I had it not till the twentieth of the same, and the next day your essays were brought me. I entertained both with much respect for I found therein many choice and ripe notions, which I hope proceed from a pregnancy rather than precocity of spirit in you.

I perceive you have entered the suburbs of Sparta already, and that you are in a fair way to get the town itself. I know you have wherewith to adorn her. Nay, you may in time gain Athens herself, with all the knowledge she was ever mistress of, if you go on in your career with constancy. I find you have a genius for the most solid and severest sort of studies. Therefore when you have passed through the briers of logic, I could wish you to go strongly on in the fair fields of philosophy and the mathematics, which are true academical studies, and they will afford

rich matter of application for your inventive spirit to work upon. By all means understand Aristotle in his own language, for it is the language of learning. Touching poetry, history and other human studies, they may serve you for recreation, but let them not by any means allure your affections from the first. I shall delight to hear sometimes of your proceedings, for I possess a great deal of good will unto you, which makes me rest
your respectful friend to serve you, J. H.

Fleet, 3 *December*.

XLI

To my Br., the L. B. of B., in France

MY GOOD LORD AND BR.,

ALTHOUGH the sense of my own hard condition be enough to make me melancholy, yet when I contemplate yours (as I often do), and compare your kind of banishment with my imprisonment, I find the apprehension of the first, wherein so many have a share, adds a double weight unto my sufferings, though but single. Truly, these thoughts to me are as so many corrosives to one already in a consumption. The world cries you up to be an excellent divine and philosopher. Now is the time for you to make an advantage of both. Of the first, by calling to mind that afflictions are the portion of the best theophiles; of the other, by a well-weighed con-

sideration that crosses and troubles are entailed upon mankind as much as any other inheritance. In this respect I am no cadet, for you know I have had a double, if not a treble share, and may be rather called the elder brother; but *οἰστέον καὶ ἐπιστέον*, I hope I shall not sink under the burden, but that we shall be both reserved for better days, especially now that the King (with the sun and the spring) makes his approach more and more towards us from the north.

God Almighty (the God of our good old father) still guard you and guide you, that after so long a separation we may meet again with comfort to confer notes, and recount matters passed. For adverse fortune, among other properties, hath this for one, that her present pressures are not so irksome as the remembrance of them being passed are delightsome. — So I remain your most loving brother,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 *May* 1645.

XLII

To Sir L. Dives, in the Tower

AMONG divers other properties that attend a long captivity, one is, that it purgeth the humours, especially it correcteth choler, and attempers it with phlegm, which you know in Spanish is taken for patience. It hath also a chemical kind of quality to refine the dross and feculency of a

corrupt nature, as fire useth to purify metals, and to destroy that *terram Adamicam* in them, as the chemist calls it; for Demogorgon with his vegetables partook of Adam's malediction as well as other creatures, which makes some of them so foul and imperfect, nature having designed them all for gold and silver at first, and it is fire can only rectify and reduce them towards such a perfection. This Fleet hath been such a furnace to me, it hath been a kind of Perillus Bull, or rather, to use the Paracelsian phrase, I have been here in *ventre equino*, in the limbec and crucible of affliction. And whereas the chemist commonly requires but 150 days, *antequam corvus in columbam vertatur*, before the crow turns to a dove, I have been here five times so many days and upward. I have been here time enough, in conscience, to pass all the degrees and effects of fire, as distillation, sublimation, mortification, calcination, solution, discension, dealbation, rubification, and fixation; for I have been fastened to the walls of this prison any time these fifty-five months. I have been here long enough, if I were matter capable thereof to be made the philosopher's stone, to be converted from water to powder, which is the whole magistry. I have been, besides, so long upon the anvil that methinks I am grown malleable and hammer-proof, I am so habituated to hardship. But indeed you, that are made of choicer mould, are fitter to be turned into the elixir than I, who have so much dross and corruption in me that it will

require more pains and much more expense to be purged and defecated. God send us both patience to bear the brunt of this fiery trial, and grace to turn these decoctions into *aquae vitae*, to make sovereign treacle of this viper. The Trojan prince was forced to pass over Phlegethon, and pay Charon his freight, before he could get into the Elysian Fields. You know the moral, that we must pass through hell to heaven, and why not as well through a prison to Paradise? Such may the Tower prove to you, and the Fleet to me, who am your humble and hearty servant,

J. H.

From the Fleet, 23 *February* 1645.

XLIII

To the Right Honourable the Lord R.

MY LORD,

SURE there is some angry planet hath lowered long upon the Catholic King; and though one of his titles to pagan princes be that he wears the sun for his helmet, because it never sets upon all his dominions in regard some part of them lie on the other side of the hemisphere among the antipodes, yet methinks that neither that great star, or any of the rest, are now propitious unto him. They cast, it seems, more benign fluxes upon the fleur-de-lys, which thrives wonderfully, but how long these favourable aspects will last I

will not presume to judge. This, among divers others of late, hath been a fatal year to the said king, for westward he hath lost Dunkirk. Dunkirk, which was the terror of this part of the world, the scourge of the Occidental seas, whose name was grown to be a bugbear for so many years, hath now changed her master, and thrown away the ragged staff. Doubtless a great exploit it was to take this town. But whether this be advantageous to Holland (as I am sure it is not to England) time will show. It is more than probable that it may make him careless at sea, and in the building and arming of his ships, having now no enemy near him. Besides, I believe it cannot much benefit Hans to have the French so contiguous to him. The old saying was, "*Ayez le François pour ton amy, non pas pour ton voisin*" (Have the Frenchman for thy friend, not for thy neighbour).

Touching England, I believe these distractions of ours have been one of the greatest advantages that ever could befall France. And they happened in the most favourable conjuncture of time that might be, else I believe he would never have as much as attempted Dunkirk, for England, in true reason of state, had reason to prevent nothing more in regard no one place could have added more to the naval power of France. This will make his sails swell bigger, and I fear make him claim in time as much regality in these narrow seas as England herself.

In Italy the Spaniard hath also had ill successes at Piombino and Porto Longone. Besides, they write that he hath lost "Il prete et il medico" (The priest and the physician), to wit, the Pope and the Duke of Florence (the House of Medici), who appear rather for the French than for him.

Add to these disasters that he hath lost within the revolution of the same year the Prince of Spain, his unique son, in the very flower of his age, being but seventeen years old. These, with the falling off of Catalonia and Portugal, with the death of his queen not above forty, are heavy losses to the Catholic king, and must needs much enfeeble the great bulk of his monarchy, falling in so short a compass of time one upon the neck of another, and we are not to enter into the secret councils of God Almighty for a reason. I have read it was the sensuality of the flesh that drove the kings out of Rome, the French out of Sicily, and brought the Moors into Spain, where they kept firm footing above seven hundred years. I could tell you how, not long before her death, the late Queen of Spain took off one of her chapines and clowted Olivarez about the noddle with it because he had accompanied the King to a lady of pleasure, telling him that he should know she was sister to a King of France as well as wife to a King of Spain. For my part, France and Spain is all one to me in point of affection. I am one of those indifferent men that would have the

state of power in Europe kept even. I am also
 a Philosopher, a lover of peace, and I could wish
 the French were more inclinable to it now that
 the common enemy hath invaded the territories
 of Saint Mark. Nor can I but admire that at the
 same time the French should assail Italy at one
 side when the Turk was doing it on the other.
 But had that great naval power of Christians
 which were this summer upon the coasts of Tus-
 cany gone against the Mahomedan fleet, which
 was the same time setting upon Candia, they
 might in all likelihood have achieved a glorious
 exploit and driven the Turk into the Hellespont.
 Nor is poor Christendom torn thus in pieces by
 the German, Spaniard, French and Swedes, but
 our three kingdoms have also most pitifully
 scratched her face, wasted her spirits, and let out
 some of her illustrious blood by our late horrid
 distractions, whereby it may be inferred that the
 Mufti and the Pope seem to thrive in their devo-
 tion one way, a chief part of the prayers of the
 one being that discord should still continue
 betwixt Christian princes; of the other that divi-
 sion should still increase between the Protestants.
 This poor island is a woeful example thereof.

I hear the peace betwixt Spain and Holland is
 absolutely concluded by the plenipotentiary minis-
 ters at Münster, who have beat their heads so
 many years about it. But they write that the
 French and Swede do mainly endeavour, and set
 all the wheels of policy a-going to puzzle and

prevent it. If it take effect, as I do not see how the Hollander in common honesty can evade it, I hope it will conduce much to a universal peace, which God grant, for war is a fire struck in the devil's tinder-box. No more now, but that I am, my lord, your most humble servitor, J. H.

Fleet, 1 *December* 1643.

XLIV

To Mr E. O., Councillor at Gray's Inn

THE sad tidings of my dear friend Doctor Pritchard's death sunk deep into me, and the more I ruminate upon it the more I resent it. But when I contemplate the order and those adamantine laws which nature put in such strict execution throughout this elementary world; when I consider that up and down this frail globe of earth we are but strangers or sojourners at best, being designed for an infinitely better country; when I think that our egress out of this life is as natural to us as our ingress (all which he knew as much as any), these thoughts in a checking way turn my melancholy to a counter passion, they beget another spirit within me. You know that in the disposing of all sublunary things, nature is God's handmaid, fate His commissioner, time His instrument, and death His executioner. By the first we have generation; by the second, successes good or bad; and the two last bring us to our end.

Time with his vast scythe mows down all things, and death sweeps away these mowings. Well, he was a rare and a complete judicious scholar as any that I have known born under our meridian. He was both solid and acute, nor do I remember to have seen soundness and quaintness with such sweet strains of morality concur so in any. I should think that he fell sick of the times, but that I knew him to be so good a divine and philosopher, and to have studied the theory of this world so much, that nothing could take impression in him to hurt himself, therefore I am content to believe that his glass ran out without any jogging. I know you loved him dearly well, which shall make me the more your most affectionate servitor,

Fleet, 3 *August*.

J. H.

XLV

To J. W., Esq., at Gray's Inn

I VALUE at a high rate the fair respects you show me, by the late ingenious expressions of your letter, but the merit you ascribe unto me in the superlative, might have very well served in the positive, and it is well if I deserve in that degree. You write that you have singular contentment and profit in the perusal of some things of mine. I am heartily glad they afforded any entertainment to a gentleman of so choice a judgment as yourself.

I have a foolish working brain of mine own, in

labour still with something, and I can hardly keep it from superfetations, though oft-times it produce a mouse in lieu of a mountain. I must confess its best productions are but homely and hard-favoured, yet in regard they appear handsome in your eyes, I shall like them the better.—So I am, sir, yours most obliged to serve you, J. H.

Fleet, 3 *January* 1644.

XLVI

To Mr Tho. H.

THOUGH the times abound with schisms more than ever (the more is our misery), yet, I hope, you will not suffer any to creep into our friendship, though I apprehend some fears thereof by your long silence, and cessation of literal correspondence. You know there is a peculiar religion attends friendship; there is according to the etymology of the word, a ligation and solemn tie, the rescinding whereof may be truly called a schism, or a *piacle*, which is more. There belong to this religion of friendship certain due rites and decent ceremonies, as visits, messages and missives. Though I am content to believe that you are firm in the fundamentals, yet I find, under favour, that you have lately fallen short of performing these exterior offices, as if the ceremonial law were quite abrogated with you in all things. Friendship also allows of merits and works of supererogation some-

times, to make her capable of eternity. You know that pair which were taken up into the heaven, and placed amongst the brightest stars for their rare constancy and fidelity one to the other; you know also they are put among the fixed stars, not the erratics, to show there must be no inconstancy in love. Navigators steer their course by them, and they are their best friends in working seas, dark nights, and distresses of weather, whence may be inferred that true friends should shine clearest in adversity, in cloudy and doubtful time. On my part this ancient friendship is still pure, orthodox and incorrupted; and though I have not the opportunity (as you have) to perform all the rites thereof in regard of this recluse life, yet I shall never err in the essentials. I am still yours κτήσῃ, though I cannot be χρήσῃ, for *in statu quo nunc* I am grown useless and good for nothing, yet in point of possession I am as much as ever, your firm unalterable servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 7 November 1643.

XLVII

*To Mr S. B., Merchant, at his house in the
Old Jury*

I RETURN you those two famous speeches of the late Queen Elizabeth, with the addition of another from Baudius at an embassy here from

Holland. It is with languages as it is with liquors which by transfusion use to take wind from one vessel to another, so things translated into another tongue lose of their primitive vigour and strength, unless a paraphrastical version be permitted, and then the traduct may exceed the original, not otherwise, though the version be ever so punctual, especially in these orations which are framed with such art, that like Vitruvius his palace, there is no place left to add one stone more without defacing, or to take any out without hazard of destroying the whole fabric.

Certainly she was a princess of rare endowments for learning and languages. She was blessed with a long life, and triumphant reign attended with various sorts of admirable successes, which will be taken for some romance a thousand winters hence, if the world lasts so long. She freed the Scot from the French, and gave her successor a royal pension to maintain his court. She helped to settle the crown on Henry the Great's head; she gave essence to the State of Holland; she civilised Ireland, and suppressed divers insurrections there; she preserved the dominion of the narrow seas in greater glory than ever. She maintained open war against Spain when Spain was in her highest flourish for divers years together, yet she left a mighty treasure behind, which shows that she was a notable good housewife. Yet I have read divers censures of her abroad, that she was ungrateful to her brother of Spain, who had been the chiefest instrument under

God to preserve her from the block, and had left her all Queen Mary's jewels without diminution, accusing her that afterwards she should first infringe the peace with him by intercepting his treasure in the narrow seas, by suffering her Drake to swim to his Indies and rob him there, by fomenting and supporting his Belgian subjects against him then when he had an ambassador resident at her court; but this was the censure of a Spanish author, and Spain had little reason to speak well of her. The French handle her worse by terming her, among other contumelies, *l'Haquenée de ses propres vassaux*.

Sir, I must much value the frequent respects you have shown me, and am very covetous of the improvement of this acquaintance, for I do not remember at home or abroad to have seen in the person of any, a gentleman and a merchant so equally met as in you, which makes me style myself your most affectionate friend to serve you,

Fleet, 3 May 1645.

J. H.

XLVIII

To Dr D. Featly

I RECEIVED your answer to that futilous pamphlet, with your desire of my opinion touching it. Truly, sir, I must tell you that never poor cur was tossed in a blanket, as you have tossed that poor coxcomb in the sheet you pleased to send me.

For whereas a fillip might have felled him, you have knocked him down with a kind of Herculean club *sans resource*. These times (more is the pity) labour with the same disease that France did during the Ligue, as a famous author hath it, “*Prurigo scripturientium erat scabies temporum*” (The itching of scribblers was the scab of the time). It is just so now that any triobolatory Pasquiller, every *tressis agaso*, any sterquilinous rascal is licensed to throw dirt in the faces of sovereign princes in open printed language. But I hope the times will mend and your man also if he hath any grace: you have so well corrected him. So I rest yours to serve and reverence you,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 *August* 1644.

XLIX

To Captain T. L., in Westchester

CAPTAIN L.,

I COULD wish that I had the same advantage of speed to send unto you at this time, that they have in Alexandretta, now called Scanderoon, when upon the arrival of any ships into the bay or any other important occasion they used to send their letters by pigeons, trained up purposely for that use, to Aleppo and other places. Such an airy messenger, such a volatile postillion would I desire now to acquaint you with the sickness of your mother-in-law, who I believe will be in another

world (and I wish it may be heaven) before this paper comes to your hands, for the physicians have forsaken her, and Dr Burton told me it is a miracle if she lasts a natural day to an end, therefore you shall do well to post up as soon as you can, to look to your own affairs, for I believe you will be no more sick of the mother. Master Davies in the mean time told me he will be very careful and circumspect that you be not wronged. I received yours of the tenth current and return a thousand thanks for the warm and melting sweet expressions you make of your respects unto me. All that I can say at present in answer is that I extremely please myself in loving you and I like my own affections the better, because they tell me that I am your entirely devoted friend, J. H.

Westminster, 10 *December* 1631.

L

To my Honourable Friend Sir C. C.

I WAS upon point of going abroad to steal a solitary walk, when yours of the twelfth current came to hand ; the high researches and choice abstracted notions I found therein seemed to heighten my spirits and make my fancy fitter for my intended retirement and meditation ; add hereunto, that the countenance of the weather invited me, for it was a still evening, it was also a clear open sky, not a speck or the least wrinkle appeared

in the whole face of heaven, it was such a pure deep azure all the hemisphere over that I wondered what was become of the three regions of the air with their meteors. So having got into a close field, I cast my face upward, and fell to consider what a rare prerogative the optic virtue of the eye hath, much more the intuitive virtue of the thought, that the one in a moment can reach heaven and the other go beyond it. Therefore sure that philosopher was but a kind of frantic fool, that would have plucked out both his eyes because they were a hindrance to his speculations. Moreover, I began to contemplate as I was in this posture the vast magnitude of the universe and what proportion this poor globe of earth might bear with it, for if those numberless bodies which stick in the vast roof of heaven, though they appear to us but as spangles, be some of them thousands of times bigger than the earth — take the sea with it to boot, for they both make but one sphere, surely the astronomers had reason to term this sphere an indivisible point and a thing of no dimension at all being compared to the whole world. I fell then to think that at the second general destruction, it is no more for God Almighty to fire this earth than for us to blow up a small squib or rather one small grain of gunpowder. As I was musing thus, I spied a swarm of gnats waving up and down the air about me which I knew to be part of the universe as well as I; and methought it was a strange opinion of our Aristotle

It is not that the least of those small invisible creatures which are there more than the soul. I feel as though I had a sensitive soul in it. I feel as though the same proportion which those creatures bear with me in point of degrees, the same I feel with those glorious spirits which are near the Throne of the Almighty, when we should we think of the magnitude of the Great Himself: nothing is beyond the reach of any human imagination to conceive it. In my private devotions I presume to compare Him to a great number of light, and my soul seems to discern some glorious form therein, but suddenly as she would fix her eyes upon the object, her sight is presently dazzled and disengaged with the refringency and coruscations thereof.

Walking a little farther I espied a young boisterous bull breaking over hedge and ditch to a herd of kine in the next pasture, which made me think that if that fierce strong animal with others of that kind knew their own strength, they would never suffer man to be their master. Then looking upon them quietly grazing up and down, I fell to consider that the flesh which is daily dished upon our tables is but concocted grass, which is recarnified in our stomachs and transmuted to another flesh. I fell also to think what advantage those innocent animals had of man, which, as soon as nature cast them into the world, find their meat dressed, the cloth laid, and the table covered; they find their drink brewed and the but-

tery open, their beds made and their clothes ready; and though man hath the faculty of reason to make him a compensation for the want of those advantages, yet this reason brings with it a thousand perturbations of mind and perplexities of spirit, griping cares and anguishes of thought, which those harmless silly creatures were exempted from. Going on, I came to repose myself upon the trunk of a tree, and I fell to consider further what advantage that dull vegetable had of those feeding animals, as not to be so troublesome and beholding to nature, nor to be so subject to starving, to diseases, to the inclemency of the weather, and to be far longer lived. I then espied a great stone, and sitting a while upon it, I fell to weigh in my thoughts that that stone was in a happier condition in some respects than either those sensitive creatures or vegetables I saw before, in regard that that stone, which propagates by assimilation, as the philosophers say, needed neither grass nor hay, or any aliment for restoration of nature, nor water to refresh its roots or the heat of the sun to attract the moisture upwards to increase growth as the other did. As I directed my pace homeward, I espied a kite soaring high in the air, and gently gliding up and down the clear region so far above my head, that I fell to envy the bird extremely and repine at his happiness that he should have a privilege to make a nearer approach to heaven than I.

Excuse me that I trouble you thus with these

rambling meditations, they are to correspond with you in some part for those accurate fancies of yours you lately sent me. So I rest your entire and true servitor,

J. H.

Holborn, 17 *March* 1639.

LI

To Master Sergeant D., at Lincoln's Inn

I UNDERSTAND, with a deep sense of sorrow, of the indisposition of your son. I fear he hath too much mind for his body, and that superabounds with fancy, which brings him to these fits of distemper, proceeding from the black humour, melancholy. Moreover, I have observed that he is too much given to his study and self-society, especially to converse with dead men, I mean books. You know anything in excess is naught. Now, sir, were I worthy to give you advice, I could wish he were well married, and it may wean him from that bookish and thoughtful humour. Women were created for the comfort of men, and I have known that to some they have proved the best helleborum against melancholy. As this course may beget new spirits in him, so it must needs add also to your comfort. I am thus bold with you, because I love the gentleman dearly well, and honour you, as being your humble obliged servant,

J. H.

Westminster, 13 *June* 1632.

LII

To my Noble Lady, the Lady M. A.

THERE is not anything wherein I take more pleasure than in the accomplishment of your commands, nor had ever any queen more power over her vassals than you have over my intellectuals. I find by my inclinations that it is as natural for me to do your will as it is for fire to fly upward, or any body else to tend to his centre; but touching the last command your ladyship was pleased to lay upon me (which is the following hymn), if I answer not the fulness of your expectation it must be imputed to the suddenness of the command and the shortness of time.

A HYMN TO THE BLESSED TRINITY

To the First Person

To Thee, dread Sovereign and dear Lord,
Which out of nought didst me afford
Essence and life, who mad'st me man,
And, oh! much more, a Christian,
Lo! from the centre of my heart
All laud and glory I impart.
Hallelujah.

To the Second

To Thee, blessed Saviour, who didst free
My soul from Satan's tyranny,
And mad'st her capable to be

An angel of Thy hierarchy,
 From the same centre I do raise
 All honour and immortal praise.
 Hallelujah.

To the Third

To Thee, sweet Spirit, I return
 That love wherewith my heart doth burn,
 And these blessed notions of my brain
 I now breathe up to Thee again :
 O let them redescend, and still
 My soul with holy raptures fill.
 Hallelujah.

They are of the same measure, cadence and air
 as was that angelical hymn your ladyship pleased
 to touch upon your instrument, which, as it so en-
 charmed me then that my soul was ready to come out
 at my ears, so your voice took such impressions
 in me that methinks the sound still remains fresh
 with your ladyship's most devoted servitor,
 J. H.

Westminster, 1 *April* 1637.

LIII

To Master P. W., at Westminster

THE fear of God is the beginning of wis-
 dom, and the love of God is the end of
 the law." The former saying was spoken by no
 meaner man than Solomon, but the latter hath no
 meaner author than our Saviour Himself. Touch-
 ing this beginning and this end, there is near re-

lation between them, so near, that the one begets the other. A harsh mother may bring forth sometimes a mild daughter, so fear begets love, but it begets knowledge first; for "*Ignoti nulla cupido*," we cannot love God unless we know Him before. Both fear and love are necessary to bring us to heaven; the one is the fruit of the law, the other of the Gospel. When the clouds of fear have vanished, the beams of love then begin to glance upon the heart, and of all the members of the body, which are in a manner numberless, this is that which God desires, because it is the centre of love, the source of our affections, and the cistern that holds the most illustrious blood; and in a sweet and well-devoted harmonious soul, *Cor* is no other than *Camera Omnipotentis Regis*; it is one of God's closets, and indeed nothing can fill the heart of man, whose desires are infinite, but God, who is infinity itself. Love, therefore, must be a necessary attendant to bring us to Him; but besides love there must be two other guides that are required in this journey, which are faith and hope. Now, that fear which the law enjoins us, turns to faith in the Gospel, and knowledge is the scope and subject of both, yet these last two bring us only towards the haven, but love goes along with us to heaven, and so remains an inseparable sempiternal companion of the soul. Love, therefore, is the most acceptable sacrifice which we can offer our Creator, and he who doth not study the theory of it here, is never like to come to the practice of

it hereafter. It was a high hyperphysical expression of St Austin when he fell into this rapture, "That if he were King of Heaven and God Almighty Bishop of Hippo, he would exchange places with Him because he loved Him so well." This vote did so take me, that I have turned it to a paraphrastical hymn, which I send you for your viol, having observed often that you have a harmonious soul within you.

THE VOTE

O God, who can those passions tell
 Wherewith my heart to Thee doth swell :
 I cannot better them declare,
 Than by the wish made by that rare
 Aurelian bishop, who of old
 Thy oracles in Hippo told.

If I were Thou, and Thou wert I,
 I would resign the Deity ;
 Thou should'st be God, I would be man ;
 Is 't possible that love more can ?
 Oh pardon that my soul hath ta'en
 So high a flight, and grows profane.

For myself, my dear Phil, because I love you so dearly well, I will display my very intrinsics to you in this point. When I examine the motions of my heart, I find that I love my Creator a thousand degrees more than I fear Him. Methinks I feel the little needle of my soul touched with a kind of magnetical attractive virtue, that it always moves towards Him as being her *summum bonum*, the true centre of her happiness. For

matter of fear, there is none that I fear more than myself, I mean those frailties which lodge within me, and the extravagances of my affections and thoughts; in this particular I may say that I fear myself more than I fear the Devil, or Death, who is the king of fears. God guard us all, and guide us to our last home through the briars of this cumbersome life. In this prayer I rest, your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Holborn, 21 *March* 1639.

LIV

To the Right Honourable the Lord Cliff.

MY LORD,

SINCE among other passages of entertainment we had lately at the Italian ordinary (where your Lordship was pleased to honour us with your presence) there happened a large discourse of wines, and of other drinks that were used by several nations of the earth, and that your Lordship desired me to deliver what I observed therein abroad, I am bold now to confirm and amplify in this letter what I then let drop *ex tempore* from me, having made a recollection of myself for that purpose.

It is without controversy that in the nonage of the world, men and beasts had but one buttery, which was the fountain and river; nor do we read of any vines or wines till two hundred years after

the Flood; but now I do not know or hear of any nation that hath water only for their drink, except the Japanese, and they drink it hot, too. But we may say, that what beverage soever we make, either by brewing, by distillation, decoction, percolation, or pressing, it is but water at first, nay, wine itself is but water sublimed, being nothing else but that moisture and sap which is caused either by rain or other kind of irrigations, about the roots of the vine, and drawn up to the branches and berries by the virtual attractive heat of the sun, the bowels of the earth serving as a limbec to that end, which made the Italian vineyard man (after a long drought and an extremely hot summer which had parched up all his grapes) to complain that "*Per mancamento d'acqua, bevo dell' acqua, se io havessi acqua, beverei el vino*" (For want of water I am forced to drink water; if I had water I would drink wine). It may be also applied to the miller when he hath no water to drive his mills.

The vine doth so abhor cold that it cannot grow beyond the 49th degree to any purpose. Therefore God and nature hath furnished the northwest nations with other inventions of beverage. In this island the old drink was ale, noble ale, than which, as I heard a great foreign doctor affirm, there is no liquor that more increaseth the radical moisture and preserves the natural heat, which are the two pillars that support the life of man. But since beer hath hopped in amongst us, ale is thought to be much

adulterated and nothing so good as Sir John Oldcastle and Smugg the smith was used to drink. Besides ale and beer, the natural drink of part of this isle may be said to be metheglin, braggot and mead, which differ in strength according to the three degrees of comparison. The first of the three, which is strong in the superlative, if taken immoderately, doth stupefy more than any other liquor and keeps a-humming in the brain, which made one say that he loved not metheglin, because he was used to speak too much of the house he came from, meaning the hive. Cider and perry are also the natural drinks of part of this isle. But I have read in some old authors of a famous drink the ancient nation of the Picts, who lived betwixt Trent and Tweed and were utterly extinguished by the overpowering of the Scot, were used to make of decoction of flowers, the receipt whereof they kept as a secret and a thing sacred to themselves, for it perished with them. These are all the common drinks of this isle and of Ireland also, where they are more given to milk and strong waters of all colours. The prime is usquebagh, which cannot be made anywhere in that perfection, and whereas we drink it here in *aqua-vitae* measures, it goes down there by beer-glassfuls, being more natural to the nation.

In the seventeen provinces hard by, and all Low Germany, beer is the common natural drink and nothing else; so is it in Westphalia and all the lower circuit of Saxony, in Denmark, Sweden, and

Norway. The Prussian hath a beer as thick as honey. In the Duke of Saxe's country there is beer as yellow as gold made of wheat, and it inebriates as soon as sack. In some parts of Germany they used to spice their beer, which will keep many years, so that at some weddings there will be a butt of beer drunk out as old as the bride. Poland also is a beer country; but in Russia, Muscovy and Tartary they use mead, which is the naturalest drink of the country, being made of the decoction of water and honey. This is that which the ancients called hydromel. Mare's milk is a great drink with the Tartar, which may be a cause why they are bigger than ordinary, for the physicians hold that milk enlargeth the bones, beer strengtheneth the nerves, and wine breeds blood sooner than any other liquor. The Turk when he hath his tripe full of pelaw, or of mutton and rice, will go to nature's cellar, either to the next well or river to drink water, which is his natural common drink, for Mahommed taught them that there was a devil in every berry of the grape, and so made a strict inhibition to all his sect from drinking of wine as a thing profane. He had also a reach of policy therein, because they should not be encumbered with luggage when they went to war as other nations do, who are so troubled with the carriage of their wine and beverages. Yet hath the Turk peculiar drinks to himself besides, as sherbet made of juice of lemon, sugar, amber and other ingredients. He hath also a drink called cauphé, which

is made of a brown berry, and it may be called their clubbing drink between meals, which, though it be not very gustful to the palate, yet it is very comfortable to the stomach and good for the sight. But notwithstanding their prophet's anathema, thousands of them will venture to drink wine, and they will make a precedent prayer to their souls to depart from their bodies in the interim for fear she partake of the same pollution. Nay, the last Turk died of excess of wine, for he had at one time swallowed three and thirty okes, which is a measure near upon the bigness of our quart, and that which brought him to this was the company of a Persian lord that had given him his daughter for a present, and came with him from Bagdad. Besides one accident that happened to him was that he had a eunuch who was used to be drunk, and whom he had commanded twice upon pain of life to refrain, swearing by Mahommed that he would cause him to be strangled if he found him the third time so; yet the eunuch still continued in his drunkenness. Hereupon the Turk, conceiving with himself that there must needs be some extraordinary delight in drunkenness, because this man preferred it before his life, fell to it himself and so drank himself to death.

In Asia there is no beer drunk at all, but water, wine and an incredible variety of other drinks made of dates, dried raisins, rice, divers sorts of nuts, fruits and roots. In the Oriental countries, as Cambay, Calicut, Narsingha, there is a drink called

banque, which is rare and precious, and it is the height of entertainment they give their guests before they go to sleep, like that nepenthe which the poets speak so much of, for it provokes pleasing dreams and delightful fantasies. It will accommodate itself to the humour of the sleeper: as if he be a soldier, he will dream of victories and taking of towns; if he be in love, he will think to enjoy his mistress; if he be covetous, he will dream of mountains of gold, etc. In the Moluccas and Philippines there is a curious drink called tampoy, made of a kind of gillyflowers, and another drink called otraqua, that comes from a nut, and is the more general drink. In China they have a holy kind of liquor made of such sort of flowers for ratifying and binding of bargains, and having drunk thereof, they hold it no less than perjury to break what they promise, as they write of a river in Bithynia, whose water hath a peculiar virtue to discover a perjurer, for if he drink thereof, it will presently boil in his stomach, and put him to visible tortures; this makes me think of the river Styx among the poets which the gods were used to swear by, and it was the greatest oath for performance of anything.

Nubila promissi Styx mihi testis erit.

It puts me in mind also of that which some write of the river of Rhine for trying the legitimation of a child being thrown in. If he be a bastard he will sink, if otherwise he will not.

In China they speak of a tree called maguais, which affords not only good drink, being pierced, but all things else that belong to the subsistence of man ; they bore the trunk with an auger and there issueth out sweet potable liquor ; betwixt the rind and the tree there is a cotton or hempy kind of moss which they wear for their clothing. It bears huge nuts which have excellent food in them. It shoots out hard prickles above a fathom long, and those arm them ; with the bark they make tents, and the dotard trees serve for firing.

Africa also hath a great diversity of drinks, as having more need of them, being a hotter country far. In Guinea of the Lower Ethiopia there is a famous drink called mingol, which issueth out of a tree much like the palm, being bored. But in the Upper Ethiopia or the Abyssinian's country, they drink mead decocted in a different manner ; there is also much wine there. The common drink of Barbary after water is that which is made of dates. But in Egypt in times past there was beer drunk called *zicbus* in Latin, which was no other than a decoction of barley and water ; they had also a famous composition (and they use it to this day) called chiffi, made of divers cordials and provocative ingredients, which they throw into water to make it gustful ; they use it also for fumigation. But now the general drink of Egypt is Nile water, which of all waters may be said to be the best, insomuch that Pindar's words might be more applicable to that than to any other ἀριστὸν μὲν

ὕδωρ. It doth not only fertilise and extremely fatten the soil which it covers, but it helps to impregnate barren women, for there is no place on earth where people increase and multiply faster. It is yellowish and thick, but if one cast a few almonds into a potful of it, it will become as clear as rock water; it is also in a degree of lukewarmness as Martial's boy,

Tolle puer calices tepidique toreumata Nili.

In the New World they have a world of drinks, for there is no root, flower, fruit or pulse but is reducible to a potable liquor, as in the Barbados Island the common drink among the English is mobbi, made of potato roots. In Mexico and Peru, which is in the great continent of America, with other parts, it is prohibited to make wines under great penalties for fear of starving of trade, so that all the wines they have are sent from Spain.

Now for the pure wine countries, Greece with all her islands, Italy, Spain, France, one part of four of Germany, Hungary, with divers countries thereabouts, all the islands in the Mediterranean and Atlantic sea are wine countries.

The most generous wines of Spain grow in the midland parts of the continent, and Saint Martin bears the bell, which is near the Court. Now as in Spain so in all other wine countries, one cannot pass a day's journey but he will find a differing race of wine. Those kinds that our merchants

carry over are those only that grow upon the sea-side, as Malagas, Sherries, Tents and Aligants; of this last there is little comes over right, therefore the vintners make Tent (which is a name for all wines in Spain, except white) to supply the place of it. There is a gentle kind of white wine grows among the mountains of Galicia, but not of body enough to bear the sea, called Ribadavia. Portugal affords no wines worth the transporting. They have an odd stone we call yef, which they use to throw into their wines, which clarifieth it, and makes it more lasting. There is also a drink in Spain called Alosa, which they drink between meals in hot weather, and it is a hydromel made of water and honey; much of the taste of our mead. In the Court of Spain there is a German or two that brews beer; but for that ancient drink of Spain which Pliny speaks of, composed of flowers, the receipt thereof is utterly lost.

In Greece there are no wines that have bodies enough to bear the sea for long voyages: some few muscadels and malmsies are brought over in small casks; nor is there in Italy any wine transported to England but in bottles, as verde and others, for the length of the voyage makes them subject to pricking and to lose colour, by reason of their delicacy.

France, participating of the climes of all the countries about her, affords wines of quality accordingly, as towards the Alps and Italy she hath a luscious rich wine called Frontiniac. In the

country of Provence toward the Pyrenees in Languedoc, there are wines conglustable with those of Spain ; one of the prime sort of white wines is that of Beaume, and of clarets that of Orleans, though it be interdicted to wine the King's cellar with it, in regard of the corrosiveness it carries with it. As in France, so in all other wine countries, the white is called the female, and the claret or red wine is called the male, because commonly it hath more sulphur, body and heat in it. The wines that our merchants bring over grow upon the river of Gironde near Bordeaux in Gascony, which is the greatest mart for wines in all France, the Scot, because he hath always been a useful confederate to France against England, hath (among other privileges) right of pre-emption of first choice of wines in Bordeaux ; he is also permitted to carry his ordnance to the very walls of the town, whereas the English are forced to leave them at Blay a good way distant down the river. There is a hard green wine that grows about Rochelle and the islands thereabouts, which the cunning Hollander sometimes used to fetch, and he hath a trick to put a bag of herbs or some other infusions into it (as he doth brimstone in Rhenish) to give it a whiter tincture and more sweetness ; then they re-embark it for England, where it passeth for good bachrag, and this is called stooming of wines. In Normandy there is little or no wine at all grows, therefore the common drink of that country is cider, especially in Low Normandy. There are

also many beer-houses in Paris and elsewhere, but though their barley and water be better than ours or that of Germany, and though they have English and Dutch brewers among them, yet they cannot make beer in that perfection.

The prime wines of Germany grow about the Rhine, especially in the Psalts or Lower Palatinate about Bachrag, which hath its etymology from Bachiara, for in ancient times there was an altar erected there to the honour of Bacchus, in regard of the richness of the wines. Here and all France over it is held a great part of incivility for maidens to drink wine until they are married, as it is in Spain for them to wear high shoes or to paint till then. The German mothers, to make their sons fall into hatred of wine, do use when they are little to put some owls' eggs into a cup of Rhenish and sometimes a little living eel, which, twingling in the wine while the child is drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor and have an antipathy to wine all their lives after. From Bachrag the first stocks of vines which grow now in the Grand Canary Island were brought, which, with the heat of the sun and the soil, is grown now to that height of perfection that the wines which they afford are accounted the richest, the most firm, and the best bodied and lastingest wines, and the most defecated from all earthly grossness of any other whatsoever; it hath little or no sulphur at all in it, and leaves less dregs behind though one drink it to excess. French wines may be said but

to pickle meat in the stomach, but this is the wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutritieth also, being a glutinous, substantial liquor: of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction, that good wine makes good blood, good blood causeth good humours, good humours cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to heaven; *ergo*, good wine carrieth a man to heaven. If this be true, surely more English go to heaven this way than any other, for I think there is more canary brought into England than to all the world besides; I think also there is a hundred times more drunk under the name of canary wine than there is brought in, for sherries and malagas well mingled pass for canaries in most taverns more often than canary itself, else I do not see how it were possible for the vintner to save by it or to live by his calling unless he were permitted sometimes to be a brewer. When sacks and canaries were brought in first among us they were used to be drunk in *aqua-vitae* measures, and it was held fit only for those to drink of them who used to carry their legs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses, and an almanac in their bones; but now they go down every one's throat, both young and old, like milk.

The countries that are freest from excess of drinking are Spain and Italy. If a woman can prove her husband to have been twice drunk, by the ancient laws of Spain she may plead for a di-

vorce from him. Nor indeed can the Spaniard, being hot brained, bear much drink, yet I have heard that Gondamar was once too hard for the King of Denmark when he was here in England. But the Spanish soldiers that have been in the wars of Flanders will take their cups freely and the Italians also. When I lived on the other side of the Alps, a gentleman told me a merry tale of a Ligurian soldier who had got drunk in Genoa, and Prince Doria going a-horseback to walk the round one night, the soldier took his horse by the bridle and asked what the price of him was, for he wanted a horse. The Prince, seeing in what humour he was, caused him to be taken into a house and put to sleep. In the morning he sent for him and asked him what he would give for his horse. "Sir," said the recovered soldier, "the merchant that would have bought him yesternight of your highness went away betimes in the morning." The boonest companions for drinking are the Greeks and Germans, but the Greek is the merrier of the two, for he will sing and dance and kiss his next companion, but the other will drink as deep as he. If the Greek will drink as many glasses as there be letters in his mistress's name, the other will drink the number of his years, and though he be not apt to break out into singing, being not of so airy a constitution, yet he will drink often musically a health to every one of these six notes, Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, which, with this reason, are all comprehended in this hexameter:

UT RElevet MIserum FAtum SOLitosque LABores.

The fewest draughts he drinks are three, the first to quench the thirst past, the second to quench the present thirst, the third to prevent the future. I heard of a company of Low Dutchmen that had drunk so deep that, beginning to stagger and their heads turning round, they thought verily they were at sea, and that the upper chamber where they were was a ship, inso-much that, it being foul windy weather, they fell to throwing the stools and other things out of the window, to lighten the vessel, for fear of suffering shipwreck.

Thus have I sent your Lordship a dry discourse upon a fluent subject, yet I hope your lordship will please to take all in good part, because it proceeds from your most humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 17 October 1634.

LV

To the R. H. the E. R.

MY LORD,

YOUR desires have been always to me as commands, and your commands as binding as Acts of Parliament. Nor do I take pleasure to employ head or hand in anything more than in the exact performance of them. Therefore, if in this crabbed, difficult task you have been pleased

to impose upon me about languages I come short of your Lordship's expectation, I hope my obedience will apologise for my disability. But whereas your Lordship desires to know what were the original mother tongues of the countries of Europe, and how these modern speeches that are now in use were first introduced, I may answer hereunto that it is almost as easy a thing to discover the source of the Nile as to find out the original of some languages, yet I will attempt it as well as I can, and I will take my first rise in these islands of Great Britain and Ireland: for to be curious and eagle-eyed abroad, and to be blind and ignorant at home (as many of our travellers are nowadays), is a curiosity that carrieth with it more of affectation than anything else.

Touching the isle of Albion or Great Britain, the Cambrian or Cymrican tongue, commonly called Welsh (and Italian also is so called by the Dutch), is without controversy the prime maternal tongue of this island, and co-natural with it, nor could any of the four conquests that have been made of it by Roman, Saxon, Dane, or Norman ever extinguish her, but she remains still pure and incorrupt, of which language there is as exact and methodical a grammar, with as regular precepts, rules and institutions, both for prose and verse, compiled by Dr David Rice, as I have read in any tongue whatsoever. Some of the authenticest annalists report that the old Gauls (now the French) and the Britons understood one

another, for they came thence very frequently to be instructed here by the British Druids, who were the philosophers and divines of those times, and this was long before the Latin tongue came on this side the Alps, or books written, and there is no meaner man than Cæsar himself records this.

This is one of the fourteen vernacular and independent tongues of Europe, and she hath divers dialects. The first is the Cornish, the second the Armoricans', or the inhabitants of Brittany in France, whither a colony was sent over hence in the time of the Romans. There was also another dialect of the British language among the Picts, who kept in the north parts in Northumberland, Westmorland, Cumberland, and some parts beyond the Tweed, until the whole nation of the Scot poured upon them with such multitudes that they utterly extinguished both them and their language. There are some who have been curious in the comparison of tongues, who believe that the Irish is but a dialect of the ancient British, and the learnedest of that nation, in a private discourse I happened to have with him, seemed to incline to this opinion; but this I can assure your Lordship of, that at my being in that country I observed, by a private collection which I made, that a great multitude of their radical words are the same with the Welsh, both for sense and sound. The tone also of both the nations is consonant, for when I first walked up and down

Dublin markets, methought verily I was in Wales, when I listened unto their speech ; but I found that the Irish tone is a little more querulous and whining than the British, which, I conjectured with myself, proceeded from their often being subjugated by the English. But, my lord, you would think it strange that divers pure Welsh words should be found in the new-found world in the West Indies, yet it is verified by some navigators, as *grando* (hark), *nef* (heaven), *lluynog* (a fox), *penguin* (a bird with a white head), with sundry others, which are pure British ; nay, I have read a Welsh epitaph which was found there upon one Madoc, a British prince, who, some years before the Norman Conquest, not agreeing with his brother, then Prince of South Wales, went to try his fortunes at sea, embarking himself at Milford Haven, and so carried on those coasts. This if well proved might well entitle our crown to America, if first discovery may claim a right to any country.

The Romans, though they continued here constantly above 300 years, yet could they not do as they did in France, Spain and other provinces, plant their language as a mark of conquest, but the Saxons did, coming in far greater numbers under Hengist from Holstein land, in the lower circuit of Saxony, which people resemble the English more than any other men upon earth, so that it is more than probable that they came first from thence ; besides, there is a town there called

Lunden, and another place named Angles, whence it may be presumed that they took their new denomination here. Now the English, though, as Saxons (by which name the Welsh and Irish call them to this day) they and their language are ancient, yet in reference to this island they are the modernest nation in Europe, both for habitation, speech and denomination ; which makes me smile at Mr Fox's error in the very front of his epistle before the "Book of Martyrs," where he calls Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, the son of Helen, an Englishwoman, whereas she was purely British, and that there was no such nation upon earth called English at that time, nor above 100 years after, till Hengist invaded this island, and settling himself in it, the Saxons who came with him took the appellation of Englishmen.

Now the English speech, though it be rich, copious and significant, and that there be divers dictionaries of it, yet under favour, I cannot call it a regular language, in regard, though often attempted by some choice wits, there could never any grammar or exact syntaxes be made of it, yet hath she divers sub-dialects, as the western and northern English, but her chiefest is the Scottish, which took footing beyond Tweed about the last conquest ; but the ancient language of Scotland is Irish, which the mountaineers and divers of the plain retain to this day. Thus, my lord, according to my small model of observation, have I endeavoured to satisfy you in part. I shall in

my next go on, for in the pursuance of any command from your Lordship my mind is like a stone thrown into deep water, which never rests till it goes to the bottom, so for this time and always, I rest, my lord, your most humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 9 *August* 1630.

LVI

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

MY LORD,

IN my last I fulfilled your Lordship's commands, as far as my reading and knowledge could extend, to inform you what were the radical primitive languages of those dominions that belong to the Crown of Great Britain, and how the English, which is now predominant, entered in first. I will now hoist sail for the Netherlands, whose language is the same dialect with the English, and was so from the beginning, being both of them derived from the High Dutch. The Danish also is but a branch of the same tree, no more is the Swedish, and the speech of them of Norway and Iceland. Now the High Dutch or Teutonic tongue is one of the prime and most spacious maternal languages of Europe, for besides the vast extent of Germany itself with the countries and kingdoms before mentioned, whereof England and Scotland are two, it was the language

of the Goths and Vandals, and continueth yet of the greatest part of Poland and Hungary, who have a dialect of hers for their vulgar tongue, yet though so many dialects and sub-dialects be derived from her, she remains a strong sinewy language pure and incorrupt in her first centre towards the heart of Germany. Some of her writers would make the world believe that she was the language spoken in Paradise, for they produce many words and proper names in the five books of Moses which fetch their etymology from her, as also in Persia to this day divers radical words are the same with her, as fader, moeder, broder, and star. And a German gentleman, speaking hereof one day to an Italian, that she was the language of Paradise, "Sure," said the Italian (alluding to her roughness), "then it was the tongue that God Almighty chid Adam in." "It may be so," replied the German, "but the devil had tempted Eve in Italian before." A full-mouthed language she is, and pronounced with that strength as if one had bones in his tongue instead of nerves.

Those countries that border upon Germany, as Bohemia, Silesia, Poland and those vast countries north-eastward, as Russia and Muscovy, speak the Slavonic language. And it is incredible what I have heard some travellers report of the vast extent of that language, for beside Slavonia itself, which properly is Dalmatia and Liburnia, it is the vulgar speech of the Macedonians, Epirots,

Bosnians, Servians, Bulgarians, Moldavians, Russians and Podolians, nay it spreads itself over all the eastern parts of Europe, Hungary and Walachia excepted, as far as Constantinople, and is frequently spoken in the seraglio among the Janizaries; nor doth she rest there, but crossing the Hellespont, divers nations in Asia have her for their popular tongue, as the Circassians, Mongrelians and Gazurites. Southward, neither in Europe nor Asia doth she extend herself farther than the north parallel of forty degrees. But those nations who celebrate divine service after the Greek ceremony, and profess obedience to the Patriarch of Constantinople, as the Russ, the Muscovite, the Moldavian, Russian, Bosnian, Servian and Bulgarian, with divers other eastern and north-east people that speak Slavonic, have her in a different character from the Dalmatian, Croatian, Istrian, Polonian, Bohemian, Silesian and other nations towards the west. These last have the Illyrian character, and the invention of it is attributed to St Jerome; the other is of Cyril's devising, and is called the Servian character. Now, although there be above threescore several nations that have this vast extended language for their vulgar speech, yet the pure primitive Slavonic dialect is spoken only in Dalmatia, Croatia, Liburnia and the countries adjacent, where the ancient Slavonians yet dwell; and they must needs be very ancient, for there is in a church in Prague an old charter yet extant, given them by

Alexander the Great, which I thought not amiss to insert here. "We, Alexander the Great, son of King Philip, founder of the Grecian Empire, conqueror of the Persians, Medes, etc., and of the whole world from east to west, from north to south, son of Great Jupiter by, etc., so called. To you, the noble stock of Slavonians, and to your language, because you have been unto us a help, true in faith, and valiant in war, we confirm all that tract of earth from the north to the south of Italy, from us and our successors, to you and your posterity for ever. And if any other nation be found there, let them be your slaves. Dated at Alexandria the 12 of the goddess Minerva, witness Ethra and the eleven princes whom we appoint our successors." With this rare and one of the ancientest records in Europe I will put a period to this second account I send your Lordship touching languages. My next shall be of Greece, Italy, France and Spain, and so I shall shake hands with Europe, till when, I humbly kiss your hands, and rest, my Lord, your most obliged servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 2 August 1630.

LVII

To the Right Hon. E. R.

MY LORD,

HAVING in my last rambled through High and Low Germany, Bohemia, Denmark, Poland, Russia, and those vast north-east regions, and given your Lordship a touch of their languages (for it was no treatise I intended at first, but a cursory, short, literal account), I will now pass to Greece, and speak something of that large and learned language, for it is she indeed upon whom the beams of all scientific knowledge did first shine in Europe, which she afterwards diffused through all the western world.

The Greek tongue was first peculiar to Hellas alone, but in tract of time the kingdom of Macedonia and Epirus had her; then she arrived on the isles of the Ægean Sea, which are interjacent, and divide Asia and Europe that way: then she got into the fifty-three isles of the Cyclades that lie betwixt Negropont and Candia, and so got up the Hellespont to Constantinople. She then crossed over to Anatolia, where, though she prevailed by introducing multitudes of colonies, yet she came not to be the sole vulgar speech anywhere there as far as to extinguish the former languages. Now Anatolia is the most populous part of the whole earth, for Strabo speaks of sixteen several nations

that slept in her bosom, and it is thought the two and twenty languages which Mithridates, the great polyglot King of Pontus, did speak, were all within the circumference of Anatolia in regard his dominions extended but a little farther. She glided then along the maritime coasts of Thrace, and passing Byzantium got into the outlets of Danube, and beyond her also to Taurica, yea, beyond that to the river Phasis, and thence compassing to Trebizond she took footing on all the circumference of the Euxine Sea. This was her course from east to north, whence we will return to Candia, Cyprus and Sicily; thence crossing the Phare of Messina, she got all along the maritime coast of the Tyrrhenian Sea to Calabria; she rested herself also a great while in Apulia. There was a populous colony of Greeks also in Marseilles in France, and along the sea-coasts of Savoy. In Africa likewise Cyrene, Alexandria and Egypt, with divers others, were peopled with Greeks; and three causes may be alleged why the Greek tongue did so expand herself. First, it may be imputed to the conquests of Alexander the Great, and the captains he left behind him for successors. Then the love the people had to the sciences, speculative learning and civility, whereof the Greeks accounted themselves to be the grand masters, accounting all other nations barbarians besides themselves. Thirdly, the natural inclination and dexterity the Greeks had to commerce, whereunto they employed themselves more than any other nation,

except the Phœnician and Armenian, which may be a reason why in all places most commonly they colonised the maritime parts, for I do not find they did penetrate far into the bowels of any country, but lived on the seaside in obvious mercantile places and accessible ports.

Now many ages since the Greek tongue is not only impaired, and pitifully degenerated in her purity and eloquence, but extremely decayed in her amplitude and vulgarness. For first, there is no trace at all left her in France or Italy, the Slavonic tongue hath abolished her in Epirus and Macedon, the Turkish hath ousted her from most parts of Anatolia, and the Arabian hath extinguished her in Syria, Palestine, Egypt and sundry other places. Now touching her degeneration from her primitive suavity and elegance, it is not altogether so much as the deviation and declension of the Italian from the Latin, yet it is so far that I could set foot on no place, nor hear of any people where either the Attic, Doric, Æolic or Bucolic ancient Greek is vulgarly spoken; only in some places near Heraclea in Anatolia and Peloponnesus (now called the Morea) they speak of some towns called the Lacones which retain yet and vulgarly speak the old Greek, but incongruously; yet though they cannot themselves speak according to rules, they understand those that do. Nor is this corruption happened to the Greek language as it useth to happen to others, either by the law of the conqueror or inundation of strangers, but it

has insensibly crept in by their own supine negligence and fantasticness, especially by that common fatality and changes which attend time and all other sublunary things; nor is this ancient scientific language decayed only, but the nation of the Greeks itself is as it were mouldered away and brought in a manner to the same condition and to as contemptible a pass as the Jew is; insomuch that there cannot be two more pregnant instances of the lubricity and unstableness of mankind as the decay of these two ancient nations; the one the select people of God, the other the most famous that ever was for arts, arms, civility and government; so that *in statu quo nunc* they who termed all the world barbarians in comparison of themselves in former times, may be now termed (more than any other) barbarians themselves, as having quite lost not only all inclination and aspirings to knowledge and virtue, but likewise all courage and bravery of mind to recover their ancient freedom and honour.

Thus have you, my Lord, as much of the Greek tongue as I could comprehend within the bounds of a letter, a tongue that both for knowledge, for commerce and for copiousness was the principalest that ever was. In my next I will return nearer home and give your Lordship account of the Latin tongue, and of her three daughters the French, Italian and Spanish; in the interim you find that I am still, my Lord, your most obedient servitor,

Westminster, 25 July 1630.

J. H.

LVIII

To the Right Honourable E. R.

MY LORD,

MY last was a pursuit of my endeavour to comply with your Lordship's desires touching languages; and I spent more oil and labour than ordinary in displaying the Greek tongue, because we are more beholden to her for all philosophical and theoric knowledge, as also for rules of commerce and commutative justice than unto any other. I will now proceed to the Latin tongue, which had her source in Italy, in Latium, called now Campagna di Roma, and received her growth with the monstrous increase of the city and empire. Touching the one, she came from poor mud walls at Mount Palatine, which were scarce a mile about at first, to be afterwards fifty miles' compass (as she was in the reign of Aurelianus), and her territories, which were hardly a day's journey's extent, came by favourable successes and fortune of war to be above three thousand in length, from the banks of Rhine, or rather from the shores of this island to Euphrates, and sometimes to the river Tigris. With this vast expansion of Roman territories the tongue also did spread; yet I do not find by those researches I have made into antiquity that she was vulgarly spoken by any nation or in any entire country but Italy itself. For notwithstanding that

it was the practice of the Roman with the lance to usher in his laws and language as marks of conquest, yet I believe his tongue never took such firm impression anywhere as to become the vulgar epidemic speech of any people else, or that she was able to null and extinguish the native languages she found in those places where she planted her standard ; nor can there be a more pregnant instance thereof than this island, for notwithstanding that she remained a Roman province four hundred years together, yet the Latin tongue could never have the vogue here so far as to abolish the British or Cambrian tongue.

It is true that in France and Spain she made deeper impressions ; the reason may be in regard there were far more Roman colonies planted there, for whereas there were but four in this isle, there were nine-and-twenty in France and fifty-seven in Spain, and the greatest entertainment the Latin tongue found out of Italy herself was in these two kingdoms ; yet I am of opinion that the pure, congruous, grammatical Latin was never spoken in either of them as a vulgar, vernacular language, common amongst women and children ; no, nor in all Italy itself except Latium. In Africa, though there were sixty Roman colonies dispersed upon that continent, yet the Latin tongue made not such deep impressions there, nor in Asia either ; nor is it to be thought that in those colonies themselves did the common soldier speak in that congruity as the flamins, the judges, the magistrates, and chief commanders did.

When the Romans sent legions and planted colonies abroad, it was for divers political considerations, partly to secure their new conquests, partly to abate the superfluous numbers and redundancy of Rome; then by this way they found means to employ and reward men of worth, and to heighten their minds, for the Roman spirit did rise up, and take growth with his good successes, conquests, commands and employments.

But the reason that the Latin tongue found not such entertainment in the Oriental parts was that the Greek had forestalled her, which was of more esteem among them, because of the learning that was couched in her, and that she was more useful for negotiation and traffic, whereunto the Greeks were more addicted than any people; therefore, though the Romans had an ambition to make those foreign nations that were under their yoke to speak, as well as to do what pleased them, and that all orders, edicts, letters and the laws themselves, civil as well as martial, were published and executed in Latin; yet I believe this Latin was spoken no otherwise among those nations than the Spanish or Castilian tongue is now in the Netherlands, in Sicily, Sardinia, Naples, the two Indies, and other provincial countries which are under that king. Nor did the pure Latin tongue continue long at a stand of perfection in Rome and Latium itself among all sorts of people, but she received changes and corruption; neither do I believe that she was born a perfect language at first, but she received

nutriment and degrees of perfection with time, which matures, refines and finisheth all things. The verses of the Salii composed by Numa Pompilius were scarcely intelligible by the flamins and judges themselves in the wane of the Roman commonwealth, nor the laws of the Decemviri. And if that Latin wherein were couched the capitulations of peace betwixt Rome and Carthage a little after the expulsion of the kings, which are yet extant upon a pillar in Rome, were compared to that which was spoken in Cæsar's reign, 140 years after, at which time the Latin tongue was mounted to the meridian of her perfection, she would be found as differing as Spanish now differeth from the Latin. After Cæsar and Cicero's time the Latin tongue continued in Rome and Italy in her purity four hundred years together, until the Goths rushed into Italy first under Alaric, then the Huns under Attila, then the Vandals under Gensericus, and the Heruli under Odoacer, who was proclaimed King of Italy. But the Goths a little after, under Theodoric, thrust out the Heruli, whose Theodoric was by Zeno, the Emperor, formally invested King of Italy, who with his successor reigned there peaceably sixty years and upwards ; so that in all probability the Goths cohabiting so long among the Italians must adulterate their language as well as their women.

The last barbarous people that invaded Italy, about the year 570, were the Lombards, who, having taken firm rooting in the very bowels of

the country above 200 years without interruption, during the reign of twenty kings, must of necessity alter and deprave the general speech of the natural inhabitants, and among others one argument may be that the best and midland part of Italy changed its name and took its appellation from these last invaders, calling itself Lombardy, which name it retains to this day. Yet before the intrusions of these wandering and warlike people into Italy, there may be a precedent cause of some corruption that might creep into the Latin tongue in point of vulgarity: first, the incredible confluence of foreigners that came daily far and near, from the colonised provinces to Rome; then the infinite number of slaves, which surpassed the number of free citizens, might much impair the purity of the Latin tongue; and lastly, those inconstancies and humour of novelty, which is naturally inherent in man, who, according to those frail elementary principles and ingredients whereof he is composed, is subject to insensible alterations and apt to receive impressions of any change.

Thus, my Lord, as succinctly as I could digest it into the narrow bounds of an epistle, have I sent your Lordship this small survey of the Latin, or first Roman tongue. In my next I shall fall aboard of her three daughters, viz., the Italian, the Spanish and the French, with a diligent investigation what might be the original native languages of those countries from the beginning before the Latin gave them the law; in the interim I crave

a candid interpretation of what is past, and of my studiousness in executing your Lordship's instructions.— So I am, my Lord, your most humble and obedient servant,

J. H.

Westminster, July 16, 1630.

LIX

To the Right Honourable the E. R.

MY LORD,

MY last was a discourse of the Latin or primitive Roman tongue, which may be said to be expired in the market, though living yet in the schools ; I mean she may be said to be defunct in point of vulgarity any time these 1000 years past. Out of her urine have sprung up the Italian, the Spanish and the French, whereof I am now to treat, but I think it not improper to make a research first what the radical prime mother tongues of these countries were before the Roman eagle planted her talons upon them.

Concerning Italy, doubtless there were divers before the Latin did spread all over that country. The Calabrian and Apulian spoke Greek, whereof some relics are to be found to this day, but it was an adventitious, no mother language to them. It is confessed that Latium itself and all the territories about Rome had the Latin for its maternal and common first vernacular tongue, but Tuscany and Liguria had others quite discrepant, viz., the

Etruscan and Mesapian, whereof though there be some records yet extant, yet there are none alive that can understand them. The Oscan, the Sabine and Tusculan, are thought to be but dialects to these.

Now the Latin tongue, with the coincidence of the Goths' language and other northern people, who like waves tumbled off one another, did more in Italy than anywhere else, for she utterly abolished (upon that part of the continent) all other maternal tongues as ancient as herself, and thereby their eldest daughter, the Italian, came to be the vulgar universal tongue to the whole country; yet the Latin tongue had not the sole hand in doing this, but the Goths and other septentrional nations who rushed into the Roman diction had a share in it as I said before, and pegged in some words which have been ever since irremovable, not only in the Italian, but also in her two younger sisters, the Spanish and the French, who felt also the fury of those people. Now the Italian is the smoothest and softest running language that is, for there is not a word except some few monosyllables, conjunctions and prepositions, that ends with a consonant in the whole language, nor is there any vulgar speech which hath more subdialects in so small a tract of ground, for Italy itself affords above eight. There you have the Roman, the Tuscan, the Venetian, the Milanese, the Neapolitan, the Calabreze, the Genoese, the Piedmontese; you have the Corsican, Sicilian,



with divers other neighbouring islands; and as the cause why from the beginning there were so many differing dialects in the Greek tongue was because it was sliced into so many islands, so the reason why there be so many sub-dialects in the Italian is the diversity of governments that the country is squandered into, there being in Italy at this day two kingdoms, viz., those of Naples and Calabria; three republics, viz., Venice, Genoa and Lucca, and divers other absolute princes.

Concerning the original language of Spain, it was without any controversy the Basque or Cantabrian, which tongue and territory neither Roman, Goth (whence this king hath his pedigree, with divers of the nobles) nor Moor could ever conquer, though they had overrun and taken firm footing in all the rest for many ages; therefore as the remnant of the old Britons here, so are the Biscayners accounted the ancientest and unquestionablest gentry of Spain, insomuch that when any of them is to be dubbed knight, there is no need of any scrutiny to be made whether he be clear of the blood of the Moriscos, who had mingled and incorporated with the rest of the Spaniards about 700 years; and as the Arcadians and Atticans in Greece for their immemorial antiquity are said to vaunt of themselves, that the one are Προσέληνοι, before the moon, the other αὐτόχθονες, issued of the earth itself, so the Biscayner hath such like rodomontades.

The Spanish or Castilian language hath but few

sub-dialects; the Portuguese is most considerable. Touching the Catalan and Valencian; they are rather dialects of the French, Gascon or Aquitanian. The purest dialect of the Castilian tongue is held to be in the town of Toledo, which above other cities of Spain hath this privilege to be arbiters in the decision of any controversy that may arise touching the interpretation of any Castilian word.

It is an infallible rule, to find out the mother and ancientest tongue of any country, to go among those who inhabit the barrenest and most mountainous places, which are posts of security and fastness, whereof divers instances could be produced; but let the Biscayner in Spain, the Welsh in Great Britain, and the mountaineers in Epirus serve the turn, who yet retain their ancient unmixed mother tongues, being extinguished in all the country besides.

Touching France, it is not only doubtful, but left yet undecided what the true genuine Gallic tongue was; some would have it to be the German, some the Greek, some the old British or Welsh, and the last opinion carrieth away with it the most judicious antiquaries. Now all Gallia is not meant by it, but the country of the Celtæ that inhabit the middle part of France, who are the true Gauls. Cæsar and Tacitus tell us that these Celtæ and the old Britons (whereof I gave a touch in my first letter) did mutually understand one another, and some do hold that this island was tied to France, as Sicily was to Calabria and Denmark to Germany,

by an isthmus or neck of land betwixt Dover and Boulogne, for if one do well observe the rocks of the one and the cliffs of the other he will judge them to be one homogeneous piece, and that they were cut and shivered asunder by some act of violence.

The French or Gallic tongue hath divers dialects: the Picard, that of Jersey and Guernsey (appanages once to the Duchy of Normandy); the Provençal, the Gascon or speech of Languedoc, which Scaliger would etymologise from Languedoc, whereas it comes rather from Langue de Got, for the Saracens and Goths, who, by their incursions and long stay in Aquitaine corrupted the language of that part of Gallia. Touching the Breton and they of Bearn, the one is a dialect of the Welsh, the other of the Basque. The Wallon, who is under the King of Spain, and the Liègois, is also a dialect of the French, which in their own country they call Roman. The Spaniard also terms his Castilian Roman, whence it may be inferred that the first rise and derivation of the Spanish and French were from the Roman tongue, not from the Latin, which makes me think that the language of Rome might be degenerated and become a dialect to our own mother tongue (the Latin) before she brought her language to France and Spain.

There is, besides these sub-dialects of the Italian, Spanish and French, another speech that hath a great stroke in Greece and Turkey called Frank,

which may be said to be composed of all the three, and is at this day the greatest language of commerce and negotiation in the Levant.

Thus have I given your Lordship the best account I could of the sister-dialects of the Italian, Spanish and French. In my next I shall cross the Mediterranean to Africa, and the Hellespont to Asia, where I shall observe the generallest languages of those vast continents where such numberless swarms and differing sorts of nations do crawl up and down this earthly globe, therefore it cannot be expected that I should be so punctual there as in Europe. — So I am still, my Lord, your obedient servitor, J. H.

Westminster, 7 July 1630.

LX

To the Right Hon. the E. R.

MY LORD,

HAVING in my former letters made a flying progress through the European world, and taken a view of the several languages, dialects and sub-dialects whereby people converse one with another, and being now wind-bound for Africa, I held it not altogether supervacaneous to take a review of them, and inform your Lordship what languages are original independent mother tongues of Christendom, and what are dialects, derivations or degenerations from their originals.

The mother tongues of Europe are thirteen, though Scaliger would have but eleven. There is the Greek, 1, the Latin, 2, the Dutch, 3, the Slavonian, 4, the Welsh or Cambrian, 5, the Basque or Cantabrian, 6, the Irish, 7, the Albanian in the mountains of Epirus, 8, the Tartarian, 9, the old Illyrian, 10, remaining yet in Liburnia, the Jazygian, 11, on the north of Hungary, the Cauchian, 12, in East Friezeland, the Finnic, 13, which I put last with good reason, because they are the only heathens of Europe, all which were known to be in Europe in the time of the Roman Empire. There is a learned antiquary that makes the Arabic to be one of the mother tongues of Europe, because it was spoken in some of the mountains of South Spain. It is true it was spoken for divers hundred years all Spain over after the conquest of the Moors, but yet it could not be called a mother tongue, but an adventitious tongue in reference to that part of Europe.

And now that I am to pass to Afric, which is far bigger than Europe, and to Asia, which is far bigger than Afric, and to America, which is thought to be as big as all the three, if Europe herself hath so many mother languages quite discrepant one from the other, besides secondary tongues and dialects which exceed the number of their mothers, what shall we think of the other three huge continents in point of differing languages? Your Lordship knows that there be divers meridians and climes in the heavens whence

influxes of differing qualities fall upon the inhabitants of the earth, and as they make men to differ in the ideas and conceptions of the mind, so in the motion of the tongue, in the tune and tones of the voice, they come to differ one from the other. Now, all languages at first were imperfect confused sounds, then came they to be syllables, then words, then speeches and sentences, which by practice, by tradition and a kind of natural instinct from parents to children grew to be fixed. Now to attempt a survey of all the languages in the other three parts of the habitable earth were rather a madness than a presumption, it being a thing of impossibility, and not only above the capacity, but beyond the search of the activest and knowingest man upon earth. Let it therefore suffice while I behold these nations that read and write from right to left, from the liver to the heart, I mean the Africans and Asians, that I take a short view of the Arabic in the one, and the Hebrew or Syriac in the other, for touching the Turkish language it is but a dialect of the Tartarian, though it have received a late mixture of the Armenian, the Persian and Greek tongues, but especially of the Arabic, which was the mother tongue of their prophet, and is now the sole language of their Alcoran, it being strictly inhibited and held to be a prophaneness to translate it to any other, which they say preserves them from the encroachment of schisms.

Now the Arabic is a tongue of vast expansion,

for besides the three Arabias it is become the vulgar speech of Syria, Mesopotamia, Palestine and Egypt ; from whence she stretches herself to the Straits of Gibraltar, through all that vast tract of earth which lieth betwixt the mountain Atlas and the Mediterranean Sea, which is now called Barbary, where Christianity and the Latin tongue, with divers famous bishops, once flourished. She is spoken likewise in all the northern parts of the Turkish Empire, as also in Petty Tartary ; and she above all others hath reason to learn Arabic, for she is in hope one day to have the Crescent and the whole Ottoman Empire, it being entailed upon her in case the present race should fail, which is now in more danger than ever ; in fine, wherever the Mahommedan religion is professed, the Arabic is either spoken or taught.

My last view shall be of the first language of the earth, the ancient language of Paradise, the language wherein God Almighty Himself pleased to pronounce and publish the tables of the law, the language that had a benediction promised her, because she would not consent to the building of the Babylonish tower. Yet this holy tongue hath had also her eclipses, and is now degenerated to many dialects, nor is she spoken purely by any nation upon the earth, a fate also which is befallen the Greek and Latin. The most spacious dialect of the Hebrew is the Syriac, which had her beginning in the time of the captivity of the Jews at Babylon, while they cohabited and were mingled

with the Chaldeans, in which tract of seventy years' time the vulgar sort of Jews, neglecting their own maternal tongue (the Hebrew), began to speak the Chaldee, but not having the right accent of it, and fashioning that newly learned language to their own innovation of points, affixes and conjugations, out of that intermixture of Hebrew and Chaldee resulted a third language called to this day the Syriac, which also after the time of our Saviour began to be more adulterated by admission of Greek, Roman and Arabic. In this language is the Talmud and Targum couched, and all their rabbins, as Rabbi Jonathan, and Rabbi Onkelos, with others, have written in it, insomuch that, as I said before, the ancient Hebrew had the same fortune that the Greek and Latin tongues had to fall from being naturally spoken anywhere, to lose their general communicableness and vulgarity, and to become only school and book languages.

Thus we see, that as all other sublunary things are subject to corruption and decay, as the potentest monarchies, the proudest republics, the opulentest cities have their growth, declinings and periods; as all other elementary bodies likewise, by reason of the frailty of their principles, come by insensible degrees to alter and perish, and cannot continue long at a stand of perfection, so the learnedest and more eloquent languages are not free from this common fatality, but they are liable to those alterations and revolutions, to those fits

of inconstancy, and other destructive contingencies which are unavoidably incident to all earthly things.

Thus, my noble lord, have I eviscerated myself, and stretched all my sinews; I have put all my small knowledge, observations and reading upon the tenter to satisfy your Lordship's desires touching this subject. If it afford you any contentment I have hit the white I aimed at, and hold myself abundantly rewarded for my oil and labour. — So I am, my Lord, your most humble and ever obedient servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 1 July 1630.

LXI

To the Hon. Master Car. Ra.

YOURS of the 7th current was brought me, whereby I find that you did put yourself to the penance of perusing some epistles that go imprinted lately in my name. I am bound to you for your pains and patience (for you write you read them all through), much more for your candid opinion of them, being right glad that they should give entertainment to such a choice and judicious gentleman as yourself. But whereas you seem to except against something in one letter that reflects upon Sir Walter Raleigh's voyage to Guiana, because I term the gold mine he went to discover an "airy and supposititious mine," and so

infer that it toucheth his honour, truly, sir, I will deal clearly with you in that point that I never harboured in my brain the least thought to expose to the world anything that might prejudice, much less traduce in the least degree that could be, that rare and renowned knight whose fame shall contend in longevity with this island itself, yea, with that great world which he historiseth so gallantly. I was a youth about the town when he undertook that expedition, and I remember most men suspected that mine then to be but an imaginary politic thing ; but at his return, and missing of the enterprise, these suspicions turned in most to real beliefs that it was no other. And King James in that declaration, which he commanded to be printed and published afterwards touching the circumstances of this action (upon which my letter is grounded, and which I have still by me), terms it no less. And if we may not give faith to such public regal instruments, what shall we credit? Besides there goes another printed kind of remonstrance annexed to that declaration which intimates as much. And there is a worthy captain in this town, who was co-adventurer in that expedition, who, upon the storming of St Thomas, heard young Mr Raleigh encouraging his men in these words, "Come on, my noble hearts, this is the mine we come for, and they who think there is any other are fools." Add hereunto that Sir Richard Baker in his last historical collections intimates so much. Therefore, it was far from being any opinion

broached by myself, or bottomed upon weak grounds ; for I was careful of nothing more, than that those letters, being to breathe open air, should relate nothing but what should be derived from good fountains. And truly, sir, touching that apology of Sir Walter Raleigh's you write of, I never saw it, and I am very sorry I did not, for it had let in more light upon me of the carriage of that great action, and then you might have been assured that I would have done that noble knight all the right that could be.

But, sir, the several arguments that you urge in your letters are of that strength, I confess, that they are able to rectify any indifferent man in this point, and induce him to believe that it was no chimera, but a real mine ; for you write of divers pieces of gold brought thence by Sir Walter himself and Captain Kemys, and of some ingots that were found in the governor's closet at St Thomas's, with divers crucibles, and other refining instruments ; yet, under favour, that might be, and the benefit not countervail the charge, for the richest mines that the King of Spain hath upon the whole continent of America, which are the mines of Potosi, yield him but six in the hundred, all expenses defrayed. You write how King James sent privately to Sir Walter, being yet in the Tower, to intreat and command him, that he would impart his whole design unto him under his hand, promising upon the word of a king to keep it secret, which being done accordingly by Sir Walter Raleigh, that very

original paper was found in the said Spanish governor's closet at St Thomas's; whereat, as you have just cause to wonder, and admire the activeness of the Spanish agents about our Court at that time, so I wonder no less at the miscarriage of some of his late Majesty's ministers, who, notwithstanding that he had passed his royal word to the contrary, yet they did help Count Gondomar to that paper, so that the reproach lieth more upon the English than the Spanish ministers in this particular. Whereas you allege that the dangerous sickness of Sir Walter being arrived near the place, and the death of (that rare spark of courage) your brother upon the first landing, with other circumstances, discouraged Captain Kemys from discovering the mine, but would reserve it for another time, I am content to give as much credit to this as any man can; as also that Sir Walter, if the rest of the fleet, according to his earnest motion, had gone with him to revictual in Virginia (a country where he had reason to be welcome unto, being of his own discovery), he had a purpose to return to Guiana the spring following to pursue his first design. I am also very willing to believe that it cost Sir Walter Raleigh much more to put himself in equipage for that long intended voyage, than would have paid for his liberty, if he had gone about to purchase it for reward of money at home, though I am not ignorant that many of the co-adventurers made large contributions, and the fortunes of some of them suffer for it at this very day. But although

Gondomar, as my letter mentions, calls Sir Walter pirate, I, for my part, am far from thinking so, because, as you give an unanswerable reason, the plundering of St Thomas was an act done beyond the equator, where the articles of peace betwixt the two kings do not extend. Yet, under favour, though he broke not the peace, he was said to break his patent by exceeding the bounds of his commission, as the foresaid declaration relates, for King James had made strong promises to Count Gondomar, that this fleet should commit no outrages upon the King of Spain's subjects by land, unless they began first, and I believe that was the main cause of his death, though I think if they had proceeded that way against him in a legal course of trial, he might have defended himself well enough.

Whereas you allege that if that action had succeeded, and afterwards been well prosecuted, it might have brought Gondomar's great Catholic master to have been begged for at the church doors by friars, as he was once brought in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's days, I believe it had much damnified him, and interrupted him in the possession of his West Indies, but not brought him under favour to so low an ebb. I have observed that it is an ordinary thing in your Popish countries for princes to borrow from the altar when they are reduced to any straits, for they say, "The riches of the Church are to serve as anchors in time of a storm." Divers of our kings

have done worse, by pawning their plate and jewels. Whereas my letter makes mention that Sir Walter Raleigh mainly laboured for his pardon before he went but could not compass it, this is also a passage in the foresaid printed relation ; but I could have wished with all my heart he had obtained it, for I believe that neither the transgression of his commission, nor anything that he did beyond the Line, could have shortened the line of his life otherwise, but in all probability we might have been happy in him to this very day, having such a heroic heart as he had, and other rare helps by his great knowledge, for the preservation of health. I believe without any scruple what you write that Sir William St John made an overture unto him of procuring his pardon for £1500, but whether he could have effected it I doubt a little, when he had come to negotiate it really. But I extremely wonder how that old sentence which had lain dormant above sixteen years against Sir Walter Raleigh could have been made use of to take off his head afterwards, considering that the Lord Chancellor Verulam, as you write, told him positively (as Sir Walter was acquainting him with that proffer of Sir William St John for a pecuniary pardon) in these words, "Sir, the knee timber of your voyage is money ; spare your purse in this particular, for upon my life you have a sufficient pardon for all that is passed already, the King having under his broad seal made you admiral of your fleet, and given you power of the

martial law over your officers and soldiers." One would think that by this Royal Patent, which gave him power of life and death over the King's liege people, Sir Walter Raleigh should become *rectus in curia*, and free from all old convictions. But, sir, to tell you the plain truth, Count Gondomar at that time had a great stroke in our Court, because there was more than a mere overture of a match with Spain, which makes me apt to believe that that great wise knight, being such an anti-Spaniard, was made a sacrifice to advance the matrimonial treaty. But I must needs wonder, as you justly do, that one and the same man should be condemned for being a friend to the Spaniard (which was the ground of his first condemnation), and afterwards lose his head for being their enemy by the same sentence. Touching his return, I must confess I was utterly ignorant that those two noble earls, Thomas of Arundel and William of Pembroke, were engaged for him in this particular, nor doth the printed relation make any mention of them at all, therefore I must say that envy herself must pronounce that return of his, for the acquitting of his fiduciary pledges, to be a most noble act, and waiving that of King Alphonso's Moor, I may more properly compare it to the act of that famous Roman commander (Regulus, as I take it), who to keep his promise and faith, returned to his enemies where he had been prisoner, though he knew he went to an inevitable death. But well did that faithless,

cunning knight who betrayed Sir Walter Raleigh in his intended escape, being come ashore, fall to that contemptible end, as to die a poor distracted beggar in the Isle of Lundey, having for a bag of money falsified his faith, confirmed by the tie of the Holy Sacrament, as you write, as also before the year came about to be found clipping the same coin in the King's own house at Whitehall, which he had received as a reward for his perfidiousness, for which being condemned to be hanged, he was driven to sell himself to his shirt to purchase his pardon of two knights.

And now, sir, let that glorious and gallant cavalier Sir Walter Raleigh (who lived long enough for his own honour, though not for his country, as it was said of a Roman consul) rest quietly in his grave, and his virtues live in his posterity, as I find they do strongly and very eminently in you. I have heard his enemies confess that he was one of the weightiest and wisest men that this island ever bred. Mr Nath. Carpenter, a learned and judicious author, was not in the wrong when he gave this discreet character of him : "Who hath not known or read of this prodigy of wit and fortune, Sir Walter Raleigh, a man unfortunate in nothing else but in the greatness of his wit and advancement, whose eminent worth was such, both in domestic policy, foreign expeditions and discoveries, in arts and literature, both practical and contemplative, that it might seem at once to conquer both example and imitation?"

Now, sir, hoping to be rectified in your judgment touching my opinion of that illustrious knight your father, give me leave to kiss your hands very affectionately for the respectful mention you please to make of my brother, once your neighbour. He suffers, good soul, as well as I, though in a differing manner. I also much value that favourable censure you give of those rambling letters of mine, which indeed are nought else than a legend of the cumbersome life and various fortunes of a cadet ; but whereas you please to say, that the world of learned men is much beholden to me for them, and that some of them are freighted with many excellent and quaint passages, delivered in a masculine and solid style, adorned with much eloquence, and stuck with the choicest flowers picked from the Muses' garden ; whereas you also please to write that you admire my great travels, my strenuous endeavours, at all times and in all places, to accumulate knowledge, my active laying hold upon all occasions, and on every handle that might (with reputation) advantage either my wit or fortune — these high gallant strains of expressions, I confess, transcend my merit, and are a garment too gaudy for me to put on, yet I will lay it up among my best relics, whereof I have divers sent me of this kind. And whereas, in publishing these epistles at this time you please to say that I have done like Hezekiah when he showed his treasures to the Babylonians, that I have discovered my riches to thieves who will bind

mè fast and share my goods: to this I answer that if those innocent letters (for I know none of them but is such) fall among such thieves they will have no great prize to carry away, it will be but petty larceny. I am already, God wot, bound fast enough, having been a long time cooped up between these walls, bereft of all my means of subsistence and employment. Nor do I know wherefore I am here unless it be for my sins. For I bear as upright a heart to my King and country, I am as conformable and well affected to the government of this land, especially to the High Court of Parliament, as any one whatsoever that breathes air under this meridian: I will except none. And for my religion I defy any creature betwixt heaven and earth that will say that I am not a true English Protestant. I have from time to time employed divers of my best friends to get my liberty, at leastwise leave to go abroad upon bail (for I do not expect, as you please also to believe in your letter, to be delivered hence, as St Peter was, by miracle), but nothing will yet prevail.

To conclude, I do acknowledge in the highest way of recognition the free and noble proffer you please to make me of your endeavours to pull me out of this doleful sepulchre, wherein you say I am entombed alive. I am no less obliged to you for the opinion I find you have of my weak abilities, which you pleased to wish heartily may be no longer eclipsed. I am not in despair, but a day

will shine that may afford me opportunity to improve this good opinion of yours (which I value at a high rate) and let the world know how much I am, sir, your real and ready servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 5 May 1645.

LXII

To Mr T. V., at Brussels

MY DEAR TOM,

WHO would have thought poor England had been brought to this pass? Could it ever have entered into the imagination of man that the scheme and whole frame of so ancient and well-moulded a government should be so suddenly struck off the hinges, quite out of joint, and tumbled into such a horrid confusion? Who would have held it possible that to fly from Babylon we should fall into such a babel? That to avoid superstition some people should be brought to belch out such horrid profaneness as to call the temples of God the tabernacles of Satan? the Lord's Supper a two-penny ordinary? to make the communion table a manger and the font a trough to water their horses in? to term the white decent robe of the presbyter the whore's smock? the pipes, through which nothing came but holy anthems and hymns the devil's bagpipes? the liturgy of the Church, though extracted most

of it out of the sacred text, called by some another kind of Alcoran; by others raw porridge; by some a piece forged in hell? Who would have thought to have seen in England the churches shut and the shops open upon Christmas Day? Could any soul have imagined that this isle would have produced such monsters as to rejoice at the Turk's good successes against Christians, and wish he were in the midst of Rome? Who would have dreamt ten years since, when Archbishop Laud did ride in state through London streets accompanying my Lord of London to be sworn Lord High Treasurer of England, that the mitre should have now come to such a scorn, to such a national kind of hatred, as to put the whole island in a combustion, which makes me call to memory a saying of the Earl of Kildare in Ireland, in the reign of Henry VIII, which earl, having a deadly feud with the Bishop of Cassiles, burnt a church belonging to that diocese, and being asked, upon his examination before the Lord Deputy at the Castle of Dublin, why he had committed such a horrid sacrilege as to burn God's church, he answered, "I had never burnt the church unless I had thought the bishop had been in it." Lastly, who would have imagined that the excise would have taken footing here? A word I remember in the last Parliament save one, so odious, that when Sir D. Carleton, then Secretary of State, did but name it in the House of Commons, he was like to be sent to the Tower, although he named it to no

ill sense but to show what advantage of happiness the people of England had over nations, having neither the gabells of Italy, the taillics of France, or the excise of Holland laid upon them, yet upon this he was suddenly interrupted, and called to the bar. Such a strange metamorphosis poor England is now come unto, and I am afraid our miseries are not come to their height, but the longest shadows stay till the evening.

The freshest news that I can write unto you is that the Kentish knight of your acquaintance who I wrote in my last had an apostasy in his brain, died suddenly this week of an imposthume in his breast, as he was reading a pamphlet of his own that came from the press, wherein he showed a great mind to be nibbling with my trees ; but he only showed his teeth, for he could not bite them to any purpose.

William Roe is returned from the wars, but he is grown lame in one of his arms, so he hath no mind to bear arms any more. He confesseth himself to be an egregious fool to leave his mercership and go to be a musketeer. It made me think upon the tale of the Gallego in Spain, who in the civil wars against Arragon, being in the field he was shot in the forehead, and being carried away to a tent, the surgeon searched his wound and found it mortal, so he advised him to send for his confessor, for he was no man for this world, in regard the brain was touched. The soldier wished him to search it again, which he did, and told him

that he found he was hurt in the brain and could not possibly escape ; whereupon the Gallego fell into a chafe, and said he lied ; for he had no brain at all, *porque se tuviera sesso, nunca buiera venido a esta guerra*, for if I had had any brain, I would never have come to this war. All your friends here are well, except the maimed soldier, and remember you often, especially Sir J. Brown, a good gallant gentleman, who never forgets any who deserve to have a place in his memory. Farewell, my dear Tom, and God send you better days than we have here, for I wish you as much happiness as possibly man can have. I wish your mornings may be good, your noons better, your evenings and nights best of all. I wish your sorrows may be short, your joys lasting, and all your desires end in success. Let me hear once more from you before you remove thence, and tell me how the squares go in Flanders. — So I rest, your entirely affectionate servitor, J. H.

Fleet, 3 August 1644.

LXIII

To His Majesty, at Oxon

I PROSTRATE this paper at Your Majesty's feet, hoping it may find way thence to your eyes, and so descend to your royal heart.

The foreign Minister of State, by whose conveyance this comes, did lately intimate unto me,

that among divers things which go abroad under my name reflecting upon the times, there are some which are not so well taken, Your Majesty being informed that they discover a spirit of indifference and lukewarmness in the author. This added much to the weight of my present sufferances, and exceedingly embittered the sense of them unto me, being no other than a corrosive to one already in a hectic condition. I must confess that some of them were more moderate than others; yet (most humbly under favour) there were none of them but displayed the heart of a constant, true, loyal subject, and as divers of those who are most zealous to Your Majesty's service told me, they had the good success to rectify multitudes of people in their opinion of some things; insomuch that I am not only conscious, but most confident that none of them could tend to Your Majesty's disservice any way imaginable. Therefore I humbly beseech that Your Majesty would vouchsafe to conceive of me accordingly, and of one who by this recluse, passive condition hath his share of this hideous storm; yet he is in assurance, rather than hopes, that though divers cross winds have blown, these times will bring in better at last. There have been divers of your royal progenitors who have had as shrewd shocks; and it is well known how the next transmarine kings have been brought to lower ebbs. At this very day he of Spain is in a far worse condition, being in the midst of two sorts of people (the

Catalain and Portuguese), which were lately his vassals, but now have torn his seals, renounced all bonds of allegiance, and are in actual hostility against him. This great city I may say is like a chessboard, chequered, inlaid with white and black spots, though I believe the white are more in number; and Your Majesty's countenance by returning to your great Council and your Court at Whitehall would quickly turn them all white. That Almighty Majesty who useth to draw light out of darkness, and strength out of weakness, making man's extremity His opportunity, preserve and prosper Your Majesty according to the prayers early and late of Your Majesty's most loyal subject, servant and martyr,

HOWEL.

Fleet, 3 *September* 1644.

LXIV

*To E. Benlowes, Esq., upon the Receipt of a
Table of Exquisite Latin Poems*

I THANK you in a very high degree for that precious table of poems you pleased to send me. When I had well viewed them, I thought upon that famous table of proportion which Ptolemy is recorded by Aristæus to have sent Eliezar to Jerusalem, which was counted a stupendous piece of art and the wonderment of those times. What the curiosity of that table was I have not read, but I believe it consisted in extern mechan-

ical artifice only. The beauty of your table is of a far more noble extraction, being a pure spiritual work, so that it may be called the table of your soul, in confirmation of the opinion of that divine, though pagan philosopher, the high-winged Plato, who fancied that our souls at the first infusion were as so many tables, they were *abrasae tabulae*, and that all our future knowledge was but a reminiscence. But under favour, the rich and elaborate poems which so loudly echo out your worth and ingenuity deserve a far more lasting monument to preserve them from the injury of time than such a slender board, they deserve to be engraven in such durable dainty stuff that may be fit to hang up in the Temple of Apollo. Your "Echo" deserves to dwell in some marble or porphyry grotto cut about Parnassus Mount near the source of Helicon, rather than upon such a slight superficies.

I much thank you for your visits, and other fair respects you show me, especially that you have enlarged my quarters among these melancholy walls by sending me a whole isle to walk in, I mean that delicate purple island I received from you, where I met with Apollo himself and all his daughters, with other excellent society. I stumble also there often upon myself, and grow better acquainted with what I have within me and without me, insomuch that you could not make choice of a fitter ground for a prisoner, as I am, to pass over, than of that "purple isle," that "isle of man"

you sent me, which, as the ingenious author hath made it is a far more dainty soil than that Scarlet Island which lies near the Baltic Sea.

I remain still wind-bound in this Fleet ; when the weather mends and the wind sits that I may launch forth, I will repay you your visits, and be ready to correspond with you in the reciprocation of any other offices of friendship, for I am, sir, your affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 25 August 1645.

LXV

To my Honourable Lady the Lady A. Smith

WHEREAS you were pleased lately to ask leave, you may now take authority to command me. And did I know any of the faculties of my mind or limbs of my body that were not willing to serve you, I would utterly renounce them ; they should be no more mine, at least, I should not like them near so well ; but I shall not be put to that, for I sensibly find that by a natural propensity they are all most ready to obey you, and to stir at the least beck of your commands as iron moves towards the loadstone. Therefore, madam, if you bid me go I will run, if you bid me run, I'll fly (if I can) upon your errand. But I must stay till I can get my heels at liberty from among these walls, till when, I am as perfectly as

man can be, madam, your most obedient humble
servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 5 *May* 1645.

LXVI

To Master G. Stone

I HEARTILY rejoice with the rest of your friends that you are safely returned from your travels, especially that you have made so good returns of the time of your travel, being, as I understand, come home freighted with observations and languages. Your father tells me that he finds you are so wedded to the Italian and French that you utterly neglect the Latin tongue. That's not well; though you have learned to play at backgammon you must not forget Irish, which is a more serious and solid game. But I know you are so discreet in the course and method of your studies, that you will make the daughters to wait upon their mother, and love still your old friend. To truck the Latin for any other vulgar language is but an ill barter, it is as bad as that which Glaucus made with Diomedes when he parted with his golden arms for brazen ones. The proceeds of this exchange will come far short of any gentleman's expectations, though happily it may prove advantageous to a merchant, to whom common languages are more useful. I am big with desire to meet you, and to mingle a day's discourse with you, if not two: how

you escaped the claws of the Inquisition, whereunto I understand you were like to fall, and of other traverses of your peregrination. Farewell, my very precious Stone, and believe it, the least grain of those high respects you please to profess unto me is not lost, but answered with so many carats. So I rest, your most affectionate servitor, J. H.

Westminster, 30 *November* 1635.

LXVII

To Mr J. J., Esq.

I RECEIVED those sparkles of piety you pleased to send me in a manuscript, and whereas you favour me with a desire of my opinion concerning the publishing of them, sir, I must confess that I found among them many most fervent and flexanimous strains of devotion. I found some prayers so piercing and powerful that they are able to invade heaven, and take it by violence, if the heart doth its office as well as the tongue. But, sir, you must give me leave (and for this leave you shall have authority to deal with me in such a case) to tell you that whereas they consist only of requests, being all supplicatory prayers, you should do well to intersperse among them some eucharistical ejaculations and doxologies, some oblations of thankfulness; we should not be always whining in a puling, petitionary way (which is the tone of the time now in fashion) before

the gates of heaven with our fingers in our eyes, but we should lay our hands upon our hearts, and break into raptures of joy and praise. A soul thus elevated is the most pleasing sacrifice that can be offered to God Almighty ; it is the best sort of incense. Prayer causeth the first shower of rain, but praise brings down the second ; the one fructifieth the earth, the other makes the hills to skip. All prayers aim at our own ends and interests, but praise proceeds from the pure motions of love and gratitude, having no other object but the glory of God ; that soul which rightly dischargeth this part of devotion may be said to do the duty of an angel upon earth. Among other attributes of God, prescience or foreknowledge is one, for He knows our thoughts, our desires, our wants, long before we propound them. And this is not only one of His attributes, but prerogative royal, therefore, to use so many iterations, inculcatings and tautologies, as it is no good manners in moral philosophy, no more is it in divinity ; it argues a pusillanimous and mistrustful soul. Of the two, I had rather be over-long in praise than prayer ; yet I would be careful it should be free from any pharisaical babbling. Prayer compared with praise is but a fuliginous smoke issuing from the sense of sin and human infirmities ; praises are the true clear sparkles of piety, and sooner fly upwards.

Thus have I been free with you in delivering my opinion touching that piece of devotion you sent me, whereunto I add my humble thanks to

you for the perusal of it. — So I am yours most ready to be commanded,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 *September* 1645.

LXVIII

To Captain William Bridges, in Amsterdam

MY NOBLE CAPTAIN,

I HAD yours of the tenth current, and besides your avisos, I must thank you for those rich flourishes wherewith your letter was embroidered everywhere. The news under this clime is, that they have mutinied lately in divers places about the excise, a bird that was first hatched there amongst you; here in London the tumult came to that height that they burnt down to the ground the excise house in Smithfield, but now all is quiet again. God grant our excise here have not the same fortune as yours there, to become perpetual; or as that new gabell of Orleans, which began in the time of the League, which continueth to this day, notwithstanding the cause ceased about threescore years since. Touching this, I remember a pleasant tale that is recorded of Henry the Great, who some years after peace was established throughout all the whole body of France, going to his own town of Orleans, the citizens petitioned him that His Majesty would be pleased to abolish that new tax. The King asked

who had imposed it upon them. They answered, Monsieur de la Chatre (during the civil wars of the League, who was now dead. The King replied, "Monsieur de la Chatre vous a ligue, qu'il vous desligue" (Monsieur de la Chatre leagued you, let him then unleague you for my part). Now that we have a kind of peace the gaols are full of soldiers, and some gentlemen's sons of quality suffer daily. The last week Judge Rives condemned four in your country at Maidstone Assizes, but he went out of the world before them though they were executed four days after. You know the saying in France, that "*la guerre fait les latrons, et la paix les amene au gibet*" (War makes thieves, and peace brings them to the gallows). I lie still here in limbo, *in limbo innocentium*, though not *in limbo infantum*, and I know not upon what star to cast this misfortune. Others are here for their good conditions, but I am here for my good qualities, as your cousin Fortescue jeered me not long since. I know none I have, unless it be to love you, which I would continue to do, though I tugged at an oar in a galley, much more as I walk in the galleries of this Fleet. In this resolution I rest your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 2 September 1645.

LXIX

To Mr W. B., at Grundesburgh

GENTLE SIR,

YOURS of the seventh I received yesternight, and read over with no vulgar delight ; in the perusal of it methought to have discerned a gentle strife betwixt the fair respects you pleased to show me therein, and your ingenuity in expressing them, which should have superiority ; so that I knew not to which of the two I should adjudge the palm.

If you continue to wrap up our young acquaintance, which you say is but yet *in fasciis*, in such warm choice swaddlings, it will quickly grow up to maturity, and for my part I shall not be wanting to contribute that reciprocal nourishment which is due from me.

Whereas you please to magnify some pieces of mine, and that you seem to spy the Muses perching upon my trees, I fear it is but *deceptio visus*, for they are but satyrs, or happily some of the homelier sort of wood-nymphs ; the Muses have choicer walks for their recreation.

Sir, I must thank you for the visit you vouchsafed me in this simple cell, and whereas you please to call it the cabinet that holds the jewel of our times, you may rather term it a wicker casket that keeps a jet ring, or a horn lantern that holds a small taper of coarse wax. I hope this taper shall

not distinguish here, and if it may hurt you any
 way, either from hence or hereafter, I should be
 glad to impart it in a friendly proportion, because
 I am, sir, your most affectionate friend to serve
 you,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 Jan: 1645.

LXX

To J. W., of Gray's Inn, Esquire

I WAS yours before in a high degree of affection,
 but now I am much more yours since I perused
 that parcel of choice epistles you sent me; they
 discover in you a knowing and a candid clear soul,
 for familiar letters are the keys of the mind; they
 open all the boxes of one's breast, all the cells of
 the brain, and truly set forth the inward man; nor
 can the pencil so lively represent the face, as the
 pen can do the fancy. I much thank you that you
 would please to impart them unto your most faith-
 ful servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 April 1645.

LXXI

To Captain T. P.; from Madrid

CAPTAIN DON TOMAS,

COULD I write my love unto you, with a ray of the sun, as once Aurelius, the Roman Emperor, wished to a friend of his, you know this clear horizon of Spain could afford me plenty, which cannot be had so constantly all the seasons of the year in your cloudy clime of England. Apollo with you makes not himself so common, he keeps more state, and doth not show his face and shoot his beams so frequently as he doth here, where it is Sunday all the year. I thank you a thousand times for what you sent by Mr Gresley, and that you let me know how the pulse of the times beats with you. I find you cast not your eyes so much southward as you were used to do towards us here, and when you look this way you cast a cloudy countenance with threatening looks, which makes me apprehend some fear that it will not be safe for me to be longer under this meridian. Before I part I will be careful to send you those things you write for by some of my Lord Ambassador Aston's gentlemen. I cannot yet get that grammar which was made for the Constable of Castile, who you know was born dumb, wherein an art is invented to speak with the hands only, to carry the alphabet upon one's joints and at his fingers' ends, which

may be learned without any great difficulty by any mean capacity, and whereby one may discourse and deliver the conceptions of his mind without ever wagging of his tongue, provided there be a reciprocal knowledge and co-understanding of the art betwixt the parties, and it is a very ingenious piece of invention. I thank you for the copy of verses you sent me glancing upon the times. I was lately perusing some of the Spanish poets here, and lighted upon two epigrams, or epitaphs more properly, upon our Henry the Eighth, and upon his daughter Queen Elizabeth, which in requital I thought worth the sending you.

A HENRIQUE OCTAVO, REY DE INGALATIERRA

Mas de esta losa fria
Cubre, Henrique, tu valor,
De una muger el amor,
Y de un error la porfia;

Como cupo en tu grandeza,
Dezidme enganado Ingles,
Querer una muger a los pies,
Ser de la yglesia cabeza ?

Prosed thus in English, for I had no time to put it on feet:

“O Henry, more than this cold pavement covers thy worth, the love of a woman and the pertinacy of error. How could it subsist with thy greatness, tell me, O cozened Englishman, to cast thyself at a woman’s feet, and yet to be head of the Church?” That upon Queen Elizabeth was this :

DE ISABELA, REYNA DE INGALATIERRA

Aqui yaze Iesabel,
Aquila nueva Athalia,
Del oro Antartico harpia,
Del mar incendio cruel :

Aqui el ingenio, mas dino
De loor que ha tenido el suelo,
Si para llegar al cielo
No huiera errado el camino.

“ Here lies Jezabel, here lies the new Athalia, the harpy of the western gold, the cruel firebrand of the sea : here lies a wit the most worthy of fame which the earth had, if to arrive to heaven she had not missed her way.”

You cannot blame the Spaniard to be satirical against Queen Elizabeth, for he never speaks of her but he fetcheth a shrink in the shoulder. Since I have begun, I will go on with as witty an anagram as I have heard or read, which a gentleman lately made upon his own name Tomas and a nun called Maria, for she was his devotee. The occasion was, that going one evening to discourse with her at the grate, he wrung her by the hand, and joined both their names in this anagram, “ To Maria mas ” (I would take more). I know I shall not need to expound it to you. Hereunto I will add a strong and deep-fetched character, as I think you will confess when you have read it, that one made in this court of a courtesan :

Eres puta tan artera
 Qu'en el vientre de tu madre,
 Tu tuuistes de manera
 Que te cavalgue el padre.

To this I will join that which was made of de Vaca, husband to Jusepe de Vaca, the famous comedian, who came upon the stage with a cloak lined with black plush and a great chain about his neck, whereupon the Duke of Medina broke into these witty lines :

Con tant felpa en la capa
 Y tanta cadena de oro,
 El marido de la Vaca
 Que puede ser sino toro ?

The conclusion of this rambling letter shall be a rhyme of certain hard throaty words which I was taught lately, and they are accounted the difficultest in all the whole Castilian language, insomuch that he who is able to pronounce them is accounted "buen Romancista" (a good speaker of Spanish) : "Abeia y oueia y piedra que rabeia, pendola tras oreia, y lugar en la ygreia, dessea a su hijo la vieia" (A bee and a sheep, a mill, a jewel in the ear, and a place in the Church, the old woman desires her son). No more now, but that I am, and will ever be, my noble captain, in the front of your most affectionate servitors,

J. H.

Madrid, 1 *August* 1622.

LXXII

To Sir Tho. Luke, Knight

HAD you traversed all the world over, especially those large continents and Christian countries which you have so exactly surveyed, and whence you have brought over with you such useful observations and languages, you could not have lighted upon a choicer piece of womankind for your wife. The earth could not have afforded a lady, that by her discretion and sweetness, could better quadrate with your disposition. As I heartily congratulate your happiness in this particular, so I would desire you to know that I did no ill offices towards the advancement of the work upon occasion of some discourse with my Lord George of Rutland not long before at Hambleton.

My thoughts are now puzzled about my voyage to the Baltic Sea upon the King's service, otherwise I would have ventured upon an epithalamium, for there is matter rich enough to work upon; and now that you have made an end of wooing, I could wish you had made an end of wrangling. I mean of lawing, especially with your mother, who hath such resolution where she once takes. Law is not only a pickpurse, but a purgatory. You know the saying they have in France: "Les plaideurs sont les oyseaux, le palais

le Champ, les juges les rets, les avocats les rats, les procureurs les souris de l'estat" (The poor clients are the birds, Westminster Hall the field, the judge the net, the lawyer the rats, the attorneys the mice of the commonwealth). I believe this saying was spoken by an angry client. For my part, I like his resolution who said he would never use lawyer nor physician but upon urgent necessity. I will conclude with this rhyme —

Pouvre playdeur,
J'ay gran pitié de ta douleur.

Your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 1 *May* 1629.

LXXIII

To Mr R. K.

YOU and I are upon a journey, though bound for several places — I for Hamburg, you for your last home, as I understand by Doctor Baskervill, who tells me, much to my grief, that this hectic disease will not suffer you to be long amongst us. I know by some experiments which I have had of you, you have such a noble soul within you that will not be daunted by those natural apprehensions which death doth usually carry along with it among vulgar spirits. I do not think that you fear death as much now, though it

be to some (*φοβερῶν φοβερότατον*), as you did to go in the dark when you were a child. You have had a fair time to prepare yourself. God give you a boon voyage to the haven you are bound for (which I doubt not will be heaven) and me the grace to follow, when I have passed the boisterous sea and swelling billows of this tumultuary life, wherein I have already shot divers dangerous gulfs, passed over some quicksands, rocks and sundry ill-favoured reaches. While others sail in the sleeve of fortune you and I have eaten a great deal of salt together, and spent much oil in the communication of our studies by literal correspondence and otherwise, both in verse and prose. Therefore I will take my last leave of you now in these few stanzas.

1. Weak, crazy mortal, why dost fear
To leave this earthly hemisphere?
Where all delights away do pass
Like thy effigies in a glass.
Each thing beneath the moon is frail and fickle,
Death sweeps away what time cuts with his sickle.
2. This life, at best, is but an inn,
And we the passengers, wherein
The cloth is laid to some before
They peep out of dame nature's door,
And warm lodgings left; others there are
Must trudge to find a room, and shift for fare.
3. This life's, at longest, but one day;
He who in youth posts hence away,
Leaves us i' the morn; he who hath run
His race till manhood, parts at noon;

And who at seventy odd forsakes this light,
He may be said to take his leave at night.

4. One past maketh up the prince and peasant,
Though one eat roots, the other pheasant,
They nothing differ in the stuff,
But both extinguish like a snuff:
Why then, fond man, should thy soul take dismay,
To sally out of these gross walls of clay?

And now my dear friend, adieu, and live eternally
in that world of endless bliss, where you shall have
knowledge as well as all things else commensurate
to your desires, where you shall clearly see the real
causes and perfect truth of what we argue with that
incertitude, and beat our brains about here below.
Yet though you be gone hence, you shall never die
in the memory of your

J. H.

Westminster, 15 *August* 1630.

LXXIV

To Sir R. G., Knight and Bar.

NOBLE SIR,

I HAD yours upon Maundy Thursday late,
and the reason that suspended my answer till
now was, that the season engaged me to sequester
my thoughts from my wonted negotiations to con-
template the work of man's redemption, so great,
that were it cast in counter-balance with his creation,

it would outpoise it: for I summoned all my intellectuals to meditate upon those passions, upon those pangs, upon that despicable and most dolorous death, upon that cross whereon my Saviour suffered, which was the first Christian altar that ever was, and I doubt that he will never have benefit of the sacrifice who hates the harmless remembrance of the altar whereon it was offered. I applied my memory to fasten upon it, my understanding to comprehend it, my will to embrace it: from these three faculties methought I found by the mediation of the fancy some beams of love gently gliding down from the head to the heart, and inflaming all my affections. If the human soul had far more powers than the philosophers afford her, if she had as many faculties within the head as there be hairs without, the speculation of this mystery would find work enough for them all. Truly, the more I screw up my spirits to reach it the more I am swallowed in a gulf of admiration, and of a thousand imperfect notions, which makes me ever and anon to quarrel with my soul that she cannot lay hold on her Saviour, much more my heart, that my purest affections cannot hug him as much as I would.

They have a custom beyond the seas (and I could wish it were the worst custom they had) that during the Passion Week divers of their greatest princes and ladies will betake themselves to some convent or reclused house to wean themselves from all worldly encumbrances, and converse only with

heaven, with performance of some kind of penances, all the week long. A worthy gentleman that came lately from Italy told me that the Count of Byron, now marshal of France, having been long persecuted by Cardinal Richelieu, put himself so into a monastery, and the next day news was brought him of the cardinal's death, which I believe made him spend the rest of the week with the more devotion in that way. France brags that our Saviour had His face turned towards her when He was upon the cross; there is more cause to think that it was towards this island, in regard the rays of Christianity first reverberated upon her, her King being Christian 400 years before him of France (as all historians concur), notwithstanding that he arrogates to himself the title of the First Son of the Church.

Let this serve for part of my apology. The day following, my Saviour being in the grave, I had no list to look much abroad, but continued my retiredness; there was another reason also why, because I intended to take the holy sacrament the Sunday ensuing; which is an act of the greatest consolation and consequence that possibly a Christian can be capable of: it imports him so much that he is made or marred by it; it tends to his damnation or salvation to help him up to heaven, or tumble him down headlong to hell. Therefore it behoves a man to prepare and recollect himself, to winnow his thoughts from the chaff and tares of the world beforehand. This then took up a

good part of that day to provide myself a wedding garment, that I might be a fit guest at so precious a banquet, so precious that manna and angels' food are but coarse viands in comparison of it.

I hope that this excuse will be of such validity that it may procure my pardon for not corresponding with you this last week. I am now as freely as formerly, your most ready and humble servitor,
J. H.

Fleet, 30 *April* 1646.

LXXV

To Mr R. Howard

THERE is a saying that carrieth with it a great deal of caution, "From him whom I trust God defend me, for from him whom I trust not, I will defend myself." There be sundry sorts of trusts, but that of a secret is one of the greatest; I trusted T. P. with a weighty one, conjuring him that it should not take air and go abroad, which was not done according to the rules and religion of friendship, but it went out of him the very next day. Though the inconvenience may be mine, yet the reproach is his, nor would I exchange my damage for his disgrace; I would wish you take heed of him, for he is such as the comic poet speaks of, *plenus rimarum*, he is full of chinks, he can hold nothing. You know a secret is too much for one, too little for three, and enough for

two, but Tom must be none of those two, unless there were a trick to solder up his mouth. If he had committed a secret to me, and enjoined me silence, and I had promised it, though I had been shut up in Perillus' brazen bull, I should not have bellowed it out; I find it now true, that he who discovers his secrets to another sells him his liberty and becomes his slave. Well, I shall be warier hereafter and learn more wit. In the interim the best satisfaction I can give myself is to expunge him quite *ex albo amicorum*, to raze him out of the catalogue of my friends (though I cannot of my acquaintance), where your name is inserted in great golden characters. I will endeavour to lose the memory of him, and that my thoughts may never run more upon the fashion of his face, which you know he hath no cause to brag of. I hate such blateroons

Odi illos seu claustra Erebi —

I thought good to give you this little mot of advice, because the times are ticklish, of committing secrets to any, though not to your most affectionate friend to serve you,

J. H.

From the Fleet, 14 *February* 1647.

LXXVI

To my Hon. Friend, Mr E. P., at Paris

LET me never sally hence, from among these disconsolate walls, if the literal correspondence you please to hold so punctually with me be not one of the greatest solaces I have had in this sad condition. For I find so much salt, such endearments and flourishes, such a gallantry and neatness in your lines, that you may give the law of lettering to all the world. I had this week a twin of yours, of the 10th and 15th current. I am sorry to hear of your aches, and so often indisposition there. It may be very well (as you say) that the air of that dirty town doth not agree with you because you speak Spanish, which language you know is used to be breathed out under a clearer clime. I am sure it agrees not with the sweet breezes of peace, for it is you there that would keep poor Christendom in perpetual whirlwinds of wars. But I fear that while France sets all wheels a-going, and stirs all the cacodæmons of hell to pull down the House of Austria, she may chance at last to pull it upon her own head. I am sorry to understand what they write from Venice this week, that there is a discovery made in Italy how France had a hand to bring in the Turk to invade the territories of St Mark and puzzle the peace of Italy. I want faith to believe

it yet. Nor can I entertain in my breast any such conceit of the Most Christian King, and First Son of the Church as he terms himself. Yet I pray in your next to pull this thorn out of my thoughts, and tell me whether one may give any credit to this report.

We are now Scot-free as touching the northern army, for our dear brethren have trussed up their baggage, and put the Tweed betwixt us and them once again. Dear indeed, for they have cost us first and last above nineteen hundred thousand pounds sterling, which amounts to near eight millions of crowns with you there. Yet if reports be true they left behind them more than they lost, if you go to number of men, which will be a brave race of mestisos hereafter, who may chance meet their fathers in the field and kill them unwittingly. He will be a wise child that knows his right father. Here we are like to have four-and-twenty seas emptied shortly, and some do hope to find abundance of treasure in the bottom of them, as no doubt they will, but many doubt that it will prove but *aurum Tolosanum* to the finders. God grant that from Acreans we turn not to be Arians. The Earl of Strafford was accounted by his very enemies to have an extraordinary talent of judgment and parts (though they say he wanted moderation), and one of the prime precepts he left his son upon the scaffold was that he should not meddle with Church-lands, for they would prove a canker to his estate. Here are started up some great knowing

men lately that can show the very track by which our Saviour went to hell. They will tell you precisely whose names are written in the Book of Life, whose not. God deliver us from spiritual pride, which of all sorts is the most dangerous. Here are also notable star-gazers, who obtrude on the world such confident bold predictions, and are so familiar with heavenly bodies that Ptolemy and Tycho Brahe were ninnies to them. We have likewise multitudes of witches among us, for in Essex and Suffolk there were above two hundred indicted within these two years, and above the one-half of them executed, more, I may well say, than ever this island bred since the Creation. I speak it with horror. God guard us from the devil, for I think he was never so busy upon any part of the earth that was enlightened with the beams of Christianity. Nor do I wonder at it, for there is never a cross left to frighten him away. Edinburgh, I hear, is fallen into a relapse of the plague. The last they had raged so violently that the fortieth man or woman lives not of those that dwelt there four years since. But it is all peopled with new faces. Don and Hans, I hear, are absolutely accorded. Nor do I believe that all the artifices of policy that you use there can hinder the peace, though they may puzzle it for a while. If it be so the people which button their doublets upward will be better able to deal with you there.

Much notice is taken that you go on there too fast in your acquests, and now that the eagle's

wings are pretty well clipped, it is time to look that your *fleur-de-lys* grow not too rank, and spread too wide. Whereas you desire to know how it fares with your master, I must tell you that like the glorious sun, he is still in his own orb, though clouded for a time that he cannot show the beams of majesty with that lustre he was wont to do. Never did cavalier woo fair lady as he woos the Parliament to a peace; it is much the head should so stoop to the members.

Farewell, my noble friend, cheer up, and reserve yourself for better days; take our royal master for your pattern, who for his longanimity, patience, courage and constancy is admired of all the world, and in a passive way of fortitude hath outgone all the nine worthies. If the cedar be so weather-beaten, we poor shrubs must not murmur to bear part of the storm. I have had my share and I know you want not yours. The stars may change their aspects, and we may live to see the sun again in his full meridian. In the interim come what will, I am, entirely yours,

J. H.

Fleet, *February* 3, 1646.

LXXVII

To Sir K. D., at Rome

THOUGH you know well that in the carriage and course of my rambling life I had occasion to be, as the Dutchman saith, a landloper, and to see much of the world abroad, yet methinks I have travelled more since I have been immured and martyred betwixt these walls than ever I did before, for I have travelled the Isle of Man, I mean this little world, which I have carried about me and within me so many years, for, as the wisest of pagan philosophers said, that the greatest learning was the knowledge of one's self, to be his own geometrician. If one do so he need not gad abroad to see fashions; he shall find enough at home; he shall hourly meet with new fancies, new humours, new passions within doors.

This travelling over of one's self is one of the paths that lead a man to Paradise. It is true that it is a dirty and dangerous one, for it is thick set with extravagant desires, irregular affections and concupiscences, which are but odd comrades, and oftentimes do lie in ambush to cut our throats; there are also some melancholy companions in the way, which are our thoughts, but they turn many times to be good fellows and the best company; which makes me, that among these disconsolate walls, I am never less alone than when

I am alone, I am oftentimes sole, but seldom solitary; some there are who are over-pestered with these companions, and have too much mind for their bodies, but I am none of those.

There have been (since you shook hands with England) many strange things happened here, which posterity must have a strong faith to believe; but for my part I wonder not at anything, I have seen such monstrous things. You know there is nothing that can be casual, there is no success, good or bad, but is contingent to man sometimes or other, nor are there any contingencies, present or future, but they have their parallels from times past; for the great wheel of fortune, upon whose rim (as the twelve signs upon the zodiac) all worldly chances are embossed, turns round perpetually, and the spokes of that wheel, which points at all human actions, return exactly to the same place after such a time of revolution, which makes me little marvel at any of the strange traverses of these distracted times, in regard there hath been the like, or such like formerly. If the liturgy is now suppressed, the missal and the Roman breviary was used so a hundred years since; if crosses, church-windows, organs and fonts are now battered down I little wonder at it, for chapels, monasteries, hermitages, nunneries and other religious houses, were used so in the time of old King Henry; if bishops and deans are now in danger to be demolished, I little wonder at it, for abbots, priors, and the Pope

himself had that fortune here an age since. That our King is reduced to this pass, I do not wonder much at it, for the first time I travelled France, Louis the Thirteenth (afterwards a most triumphant king as ever that country had) in a dangerous civil war was brought to such straits, for he was brought to dispense with part of his coronation oath, to remove from his court of justice, from the council table, from his very bed-chamber, his greatest favourites. He was driven to be content to pay the expense of the war, to reward those that took arms against him, and publish a declaration that the ground of their quarrel was good, which was the same in effect with ours, viz., a discontinuance of the assembly of the three estates, and that Spanish counsels did predominate in France.

You know better than I that all events, good or bad, come from the all-disposing high Deity of heaven: if good, He produceth them; if bad, He permits them. He is the Pilot that sits at the stern, and steers the great vessel of the world, and we must not presume to direct Him in His course, for He understands the use of the compass better than we. He commands also the winds and the weather, and after a storm He never fails to send us a calm, and to recompense ill times with better, if we can live to see them, which I pray you may do, whatever becomes of your still most faithful humble servitor,

J. H.

From the Fleet, London, 3 *March* 1646.

LXXVIII

*To Sir K. D., at his House in Saint Martin's
Lane*

THAT poem which you pleased to approve of so highly in a manuscript is now manumitted, and made free denizen of the world. It hath gone from my study to the stall, from the pen to the press, and I send one of the maiden copies herewith to attend you. It was your judgment, which all the world holds to be sound and sterling, induced me hereunto ; therefore, if there be any, you are to bear your part in the blame. Your most entirely devoted servitor,

J. H.

Holborn, 3 *January* 1641.

EPILOGUE¹

To the INTELLIGENT READER

AMONGST other reasons which make the English language of so small extent, and put strangers out of conceit to learn it, one is that we do not pronounce as we write, which proceeds from divers superfluous letters that occur in many of our words, which adds to the difficulty of the language. Therefore the author hath taken pains to retrench such redundant, unnecessary letters in this work (though the printer hath not been so careful as he should have been), as amongst multitudes of other words may appear in these few, "done," "some," "come." Which, though we, to whom the speech is connatural, pronounce as monosyllables, yet when strangers come to read them, they are apt to make them dissyllables, as "do-ne," "so-me," "co-me," therefore such an *e* is superfluous.

Moreover, those words that have the Latin for their original, the author prefers that orthography, rather than the French, whereby divers letters are

¹ This Epilogue was attached to the first edition of the *Letters*. Because of the conservative force of printer's "style" Howell's suggestions were not uniformly adopted in his own text.

spared, as “physic,” “logic,” “Afric,” not “physique,” “logique,” “Afrique ;” “favor,” “honor,” “labor,” not “favour,” “honour,” “labour,” and very many more ; as also he omits the Dutch *k* in most words. Here you shall read “peeple” not “pe-ople,” “tresure” not “treasure,” “tounge” not “tongue,” etc. “Parlement” not “Parliament,” “busines,” “witnes,” “sicknes,” not “businessse,” “witnessse,” “sicknessse ;” “star,” “war,” “far,” not “starre,” “warre,” “farre ;” and multitudes of such words, wherein the two last letters may well be spared. Here you shall also read “pity,” “piety,” “witty,” not “piti-e,” “pieti-e,” “witti-e,” as strangers at first sight pronounce them, and abundance of suchlike words.

The new academy of wits, called l'Académie des Beaux Esprits, which the late Cardinal de Richelieu founded in Paris, is now in hand to reform the French language in this particular, and to weed it of all superfluous letters, which makes the tongue differ so much from the pen, that they have exposed themselves to this contumelious proverb: “The Frenchman doth neither pronounce as he writes, nor speak as he thinks, nor sing as he pricks.”

Aristotle hath a topic axiom, that “Frustra fit per plura, quod fieri potest per pauciora” (When fewer may serve the turn, more is in vain). And as this rule holds in all things else, so it may be very well observed in orthography.

EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ

SECTION VIII

FAMILIAR LETTERS OF A FRESHER DATE

BOOK III

SECTION VIII

I

*To the Right Hon. Edward Earl of Dorset
(Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's House-
hold, etc.), at Knowles*

MY LORD,

HAVING so advantageous a hand as Doctor S. Turner, I am bold to send your Lordship a new tract of French philosophy called "L'Usage de Passions," which is cried up to be a choice piece. It is a moral discourse of the right use of passions, the conduct whereof, as it is the principal employment of virtue, so the conquest of them is the difficultest part of valour. To know one's self is much, but to conquer one's self is more. We need not pick quarrels and seek enemies without doors, we have too many inmates at home to exercise our prowess upon; and there is no man, let him have his humours never so well balanced and in subjection unto him, but like Muscovy wives, they will oftentimes insult, unless they be checked, yet we should make them our servants not our slaves. Touching the occurrences of the times, since the King was snatched

away from the Parliament, the army, they say, use him with more civility and freedom; but for the main work of restoring him, he is yet, as one may say, but tantalised, being brought often within the sight of London, and so off again. There are hopes that something will be done to his advantage speedily, because the gregarian soldiers and gross of the army is well affected to him, though some of the chiefest commanders be still adverse.

For foreign news, they say St Mark bears up stoutly against Mahommed both by land and sea. In Dalmatia he hath of late shaken him by the turban ill-favouredly. I could heartily wish that our army here were there to help the republic and combat the common enemy, for then one might be sure to die in the bed of honour. The commotions in Sicily are quashed, but those of Naples increase, and it is like to be a more raging and voracious fire than Vesuvius or any of the sulphurous mountains about her did ever belch out. The Catalan and Portuguese bait the Spaniard on both sides, but the first hath shrewder teeth than the other, and the French and Hollander find him work in Flanders. And now, my lord, to take all nations in a lump, I think God Almighty hath a quarrel lately with all mankind, and given the reins to the ill spirit to compass the whole earth, for within these twelve years there have the strangest revolutions and horridest things happened, not only in Europe, but all the world over, that have befallen mankind, I dare boldly say, since Adam

fell, in so short a revolution of time. There is a kind of popular planet reigns everywhere. I will begin with the hottest parts, with Africa, where the Emperor of Ethiopia (with two of his sons) was encountered and killed in open field by the groom of his camels and dromedaries, who had levied an army out of the dregs of the people against him, and is like to hold that ancient empire. In Asia the Tartar broke over the four hundred miled wall, and rushed into the heart of China as far as Quinzay and beleaguered the very palace of the Emperor, who rather than become captive to the base Tartar burnt his castle and did make away himself, his thirty wives and children. The great Turk hath been lately strangled in the seraglio, his own house. The Emperor of Muscovy, going in a solemn procession upon the Sabbath day, the rabble broke in, knocked down, and cut in pieces divers of his chiefest councillors, favourites and officers before his face, and dragging their bodies to the market-place, their heads were chopped off, thrown into vessels of hot water, and so set upon poles to burn more bright before the court gate. In Naples a common fruiterer hath raised such an insurrection, that they say above sixty men have been slain already upon the streets of that city alone. Catalonia and Portugal have quite revolted from Spain. Your Lordship knows what knocks have been betwixt the Pope and Parma. The Pole and the Cossacks are hard at it; Venice wrestleth with the Turk, and is like to

lose her maidenhead unto him, unless other Christian princes look to it in time; and touching these three kingdoms, there is none more capable than your Lordship to judge what monstrous things have happened; so that it seems the whole earth is off the hinges, and (which is the more wonderful) all these prodigious passages have fallen out in less than the compass of twelve years. But now that all the world is together by the ears, the States of Holland would be quiet, for advice is come that the peace is concluded, and interchangeably ratified betwixt them and Spain, but they defer the publishing of it yet, till they have collected all the contribution money for the army. The Spaniard hopes that one day this peace may tend to his advantage more than all his wars have done these fourscore years, relying upon the old prophecy —

Marte triumphabis, Batavia, Pace peribis.

The King of Denmark hath buried lately his eldest son Christian, so that he hath now but one living, viz. Frederic, who is Archbishop of Breme, and is shortly to be king-elect.

My Lord, this letter runs upon universals, because I know your Lordship hath a public great soul, and a spacious understanding, which comprehends the whole world; so in a due posture of humility I kiss your hands, being, my Lord, your most obedient and most faithful servitor,

J. H.

From the Fleet, this 20 of *January* 1646.

II

To Mr En. P., at Paris

SINCE we have both agreed to truck intelligence, and that you are contented to barter French for English, I shall be careful to send you hence from time to time the currentest and most staple stuff I can find, with weight and good measure to boot. I know in that more subtle air of yours, tinsel sometimes passes for tissue, Venice beads for pearl, and demicastors for beavers; but I know you have so discerning a judgment that you will not suffer yourself to be so cheated—they must rise betimes that can put tricks upon you, and make you take semblances for realities, probabilities for certainties, or spurious for true things. To hold this literal correspondence I desire but the parings of your time, that you may have something to do when you have nothing else to do, while I make a business of it to be punctual in my answers to you, let our letters be as echoes, let them bound back and make mutual repercussions. I know you that breathe upon the Continent have clearer echoes there: witness that in the Tuileries, especially that at Charenton Bridge, which quivers and renders the voice ten times when it is open weather, and it were a virtuous curiosity to try it.

For news, the world is here turned upside down,

and it hath been long agoing so. You know, a good while since we have had leather caps and beaver shoes, but now the arms are come to be legs, for bishops' lawn sleeves are worn for boot-hose tops ; the waist is come to the knee, for the points that were used to be about the middle are now dangling there ; boots and shoes are so long snouted that one can hardly kneel in God's house, where all genuflection and postures of devotion and decency are quite out of use. The devil may walk freely up and down the streets of London now, for there is not a cross to frighten him anywhere, and it seems he was never so busy in any country upon earth, for there have been more witches arraigned and executed here lately than ever were in this island since the Creation.

I have no more to communicate unto you at this time, and this is too much unless it were better. God Almighty send us patience, you in your banishment, me in my captivity, and give us heaven for our last country, where desires turn to fruition, doubts to certitudes, and dark thoughts to clear contemplations. Truly, my dear Don Antonio, as the times are, I take little contentment to live among the elements, and (were it my Maker's pleasure) I could willingly, had I quit scores with the world, make my last account with nature, and return this small skinful of bones to my common mother. If I chance to do so before you, I love you so entirely well that my spirit shall visit you, to bring you some tidings from the

other world ; and if you precede me, I shall expect the like from you, which you may do without affrighting me, for I know your spirit will be a *bonus genius*. So, desiring to know what is become of my manuscript, I kiss your hand, and rest most passionately your faithful servitor, J. H.

The Fleet, 20 *February* 1646.

III

To Master W. B.

I HAD yours of the last week, and by reason of some sudden encumbrances I could not correspond with you by that carrier. As for your desire to know the pedigree and first rise of those we call Presbyterians, I find that your motion hath as much of piety as curiosity in it, but I must tell you it is a subject fitter for a treatise than a letter, yet I will endeavour to satisfy you in some part.

Touching the word *πρεσβύτερος*, it is as ancient as Christianity itself, and every Churchman completed in holy orders was called presbyter, as being the chiefest name of the function, and so it is used in all Churches, both Eastern and Occidental, to this day. We by contraction call him priest, so that all bishops and archbishops are priests, though not *vice versâ*. These holy titles of bishop and priest are now grown odious among such poor sciolists who scarce know the Hotie's of things, because they savour of antiquity. Though

their minister that officiates in their church be the same thing as priest, and their superintendent the same thing as bishop, but because they are lovers of novelties, they change old Greek words for new Latin ones. The first broacher of the Presbyterian religion, and who made it differ from that of Rome and Luther, was Calvin, who, being once banished Geneva, was revoked, at which time he no less petulantly than profanely applied to himself that text of the holy prophet which was meant of Christ, "The stone which the builders refused is made the headstone of the corner," etc. Thus Geneva Lake swallowed up the Episcopal See, and Church lands were made secular, which was the white they levelled at. This Geneva bird flew thence to France and hatched the Huguenots, which make about the tenth part of that people. It took wing also to Bohemia and Germany, High and Low, as the Palatinate, the land of Hesse, and the confederate provinces of the States of Holland, whence it took flight to Scotland and England. It took first footing in Scotland, when King James was a child in his cradle ; but when he came to understand himself, and was manumitted from Buchanan, he grew cold in it, and being come to England, he utterly disclaimed it, terming it in a public speech of his to the Parliament a sect rather than a religion. To this sect may be imputed all the scissures that have happened in Christianity, with most of the wars that have lacerated poor Europe ever since, and it may be called the source

of the civil distractions that now afflict this poor island.

Thus have I endeavoured to fulfil your desires in part. I shall enlarge myself further when I shall be made happy with your conversation here, till when, and always, I rest yours most affectionately to love and serve you, J. H.

From the Fleet, this 29 of November 1647.

IV

To Sir J. S., Knight, at Rouen

OF all the blessings that ever dropped down from heaven upon man, that of his redemption may be called the blessing paramount; and of all those comforts and exercises of devotion which attend that blessing, the Eucharist or Holy Sacrament may claim the prime place. But as there is devotion, so there is danger in it, and that in the highest degree. It is rank poison to some, though a most sovereign cordial to others, *ad modum recipientis*, as the schoolmen say, whether they take *panem Dominum*, as the Roman Catholic, or *panem Domini*, as the Reformed Churches. The bee and the spider suck honey and poison out of one flower. This, sir, you have divinely expressed in the poem you pleased to send me upon this subject, and whereas you seem to woo my muse to such a task, something you may see she hath done in pure obedience only to your commands.

UPON THE HOLY SACRAMENT

I

Hail, Holy Sacrament,
The world's great wonderment,
Mysterious banquet, much more rare
Than manna, or the angels' fare ;
Each crumb, though sinners on thee feed,
Doth Cleopatra's pearl exceed.
Oh, how my soul doth hunger, thirst and pine
After these cates so precious, so divine!

2

She need not bring her stool
As some unbidden fool ;
The Master of this heavenly feast
Invites and wooes her for His guest ;
Though deaf and lame, forlorn and blind,
Yet welcome here she's sure to find,
So that she bring a vestment for the day,
And her old tattered rags throw quite away.

3

This is Bethesda's pool
That can both cleanse and cool
Poor leprous and diseased souls ;
An angel here keeps and controls,
Descending gently from the heavens above
To stir the waters, may he also move
My mind, and rocky heart so strike and rend,
That tears may thence gush out with them to blend.

This morning-fancy drew on another towards
the evening, as followeth —

As to the pole the lily bends
 In a sea-compass, and still tends
 By a magnetic mystery
 Unto the Arctic point in sky,
 Whereby the wand'ring piloteer,
 His course in gloomy nights doth steer;

So the small needle of my heart
 Moves to her Maker, who doth dart
 Atoms of love, and so attracts
 All my affections, which like sparks
 Fly up, and guide my soul by this
 To the true centre of her bliss.

As one taper lighteth another, so were my spirits enlightened and heated by your late meditations in this kind; and well fare your soul with all her faculties for them. I find you have a great care of her and of the main chance, *prae quo quiesquiliae caetera*. You shall hear further from me within a few days. In the interim be pleased to reserve still in your thoughts some little room for your most entirely affectionate servitor, J. H.

From the Fleet, 10 of December 1647.

V

To Mr. T. W., at P. Castle

MY PRECIOUS TOM,

HE is the happy man who can square his mind to his means, and fit his fancy to his fortune. He who hath a competency to live in the port of

a gentleman, and as he is free from being a head constable, so he cares not for being a justice of peace or sheriff. He who is beforehand with the world, and when he comes to London can whet his knife at the counter-gate and needs not trudge either to a lawyer's study or scrivener's shop to pay fee or squeeze wax. It is conceit chiefly that gives contentment, and he is happy who thinks himself so in any condition, though he have not enough to keep the wolf from the door. Opinion is that great lady which sways the world, and according to the impressions she makes in the mind, renders one contented or discontented. Now touching opinion, so various are the intellectuals of human creatures that one can hardly find out two who jump pat in one. Witness that monster in Scotland in James the Fourth's reign, with two heads, one opposite to the other, and having but one bulk of body throughout. These two heads would often fall into altercations pro and con one with the other, and seldom were they of one opinion, but they would knock one against the other in eager disputes, which shows that the judgment is seated in the animal parts, not in the vital, which are lodged in the heart.

We are still in a turbulent sea of distractions, nor as far as I see is there yet any sight of shore. Mr. T. M. hath had a great loss at sea lately, which, I fear, will light heavily upon him. When I consider his case, I may say that as the philosopher made a question whether the mariner be to

be ranked among the number of the living or dead (being but four inches distant from drowning, only the thickness of a plank), so it is a doubt whether the merchant adventurer be to be numbered betwixt the rich or the poor, his estate being in the mercy of that devouring element the sea, which hath so good a stomach that he seldom casts up what he hath once swallowed. This city hath bred of late years men of monstrous strange opinions, that as all other rich places besides, she may be compared to a fat cheese, which is most subject to engender maggots. God amend all, and me first, who am yours most faithfully to serve you,

Fleet, this St Thos. day.

J. H.

VI

To Mr W. Blois

MY WORTHY ESTEEMED NEPHEW,
I RECEIVED those rich nuptial favours you appointed me for bands and hat, which I wear with very much contentment and respect, most heartily wishing that this late double condition may multiply new blessings upon you, that it may usher in fair and golden days, according to the colour and substance of your bridal riband, that those days may be perfumed with delight and pleasure, as the rich scented gloves I wear for your sake. May such benedictions attend you both, as the epithalamiums of Stella in Statius and Julia in

Catullus speak of. I hope also to be married shortly to a lady whom I have wooed above these five years, but I have found her coy and dainty hitherto, yet I am now like to get her good will in part — I mean the lady liberty.

When you see my N. Brownrigg, I pray tell him that I did not think Suffolk waters had such a lethean quality in them as to cause such an amnesia in him of his friends here upon the Thames, among whom for reality and seriousness I may match among the foremost, but I impute it to some new task that his muse might haply impose upon him, which hath ingrossed all his speculations; I pray present my cordial kind respects unto him.

So, praying that a thousand blisses may attend this confarreation, I rest, my dear nephew, yours most affectionately to love and serve you, J. H.

From the Fleet, this 20 of *March* 1647.

VII

To Henry Hopkins, Esq.

TO usher in again old Janus, I send you a parcel of Indian perfume, which the Spaniard calls the holy herb, in regard of the various virtues it hath, but we call it tobacco. I will not say it grew under the King of Spain's window, but I am told it was gathered near his gold mines of Potosi (where they report that in some places there is more

of that ore than earth), therefore it must needs be precious stuff. If moderately and seasonably taken (as I find you always do), it is good for many things; it helps digestion taken awhile after meat, it makes one void rheume, break wind, and keeps the body open. A leaf or two being steeped overnight in a little white wine is a vomit that never fails in its operation. It is a good companion to one that converseth with dead men, for if one hath been poring long upon a book, or is toiled with the pen and stupefied with study, it quickeneth him, and dispels those clouds that usually overset the brain. The smoke of it is one of the wholesomest scents that is against all contagious airs, for it o'ermasters all other smells, as King James, they say, found true when, being once ahunting, a shower of rain drove him into a pigsty for shelter, where he caused a pipeful to be taken on purpose. It cannot endure a spider or a flea, with such-like vermin, and if your hawk be troubled with any such, being blown into his feathers it frees him. It is good to fortify and preserve the sight, the smoke being let in round about the balls of the eyes once a week, and frees them from all rheums, driving them back by way of repercussion. Being taken backward, it is excellent good against the cholic, and taken into the stomach, it will heat and cleanse it; for I could instance in a great lord (my Lord of Sunderland, President of York), who told me that he taking it downward into his stomach, it made him cast up

an impostume, bag and all, which had been a long time engendering out of a bruise he had received at football, and so preserved his life for many years. Now to descend from the substance of the smoke to the ashes, it is well known that the medicinal virtues thereof are very many but they are so common that I will spare the inserting of them here. But if one would try a petty conclusion how much smoke there is in a pound of tobacco, the ashes will tell him, for let a pound be exactly weighed, and the ashes kept charily and weighed afterward, what wants of a pound weight in the ashes cannot be denied to have been smoke, which evaporated into air. I have been told that Sir Walter Raleigh won a wager of Queen Elizabeth upon this nicety.

The Spaniards and Irish take it most in powder or smutchin, and it mightily refreshes the brain, and I believe there is as much taken this way in Ireland as there is in pipes in England. One shall commonly see the serving-maid upon the washing block, and the swain upon the plough-share, when they, overtired with labour, take out their boxes of smutchin and draw it into their nostrils with a quill, and it will beget new spirits in them, with a fresh vigour to fall to their work again. In Barbary and other parts of Africa it is wonderful what a small pill of tobacco will do, for those who use to ride post through the sandy deserts, where they meet not with anything that is potable or edible sometimes three days together, they use to carry small balls or pills of tobacco, which being

put under the tongue, it affords them a perpetual moisture, and takes off the edge of the appetite for some days.

If you desire to read with pleasure all the virtues of this modern herb, you must read Doctor Thorus' *Poetologia*, an accurate piece couched in a strenuous heroic verse full of matter, and continuing its strength from first to last, insomuch that for the bigness it may be compared to any piece of antiquity, and in my opinion is beyond Βατραχομυομαχία, or γαλεωμυομαχία.

So I conclude these rambling notions, presuming you will accept this small argument of my great respects unto you. If you want paper to light your pipe, this letter may serve the turn, and if it be true what the poets frequently sing, that affection is fire, you shall need no other than the clear flames of the donor's love to make ignition, which is comprehended in this distich—

Ignis amor si fit, tabacum accendere nostrum,
Nulla petenda tibi fax nisi dantis amor.

If love be fire, to light this Indian weed,
The donor's love of fire may stand in stead.

So I wish you, as to myself, a most happy New Year; may the beginning be good, the middle better, and the end best of all. — Your most faithful and truly affectionate servant,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 *January* 1646.

VIII

To the Right Honourable my Lord of D.

MY LORD,

THE subject of this letter may peradventure seem a paradox to some, but not, I know, to your Lordship, when you have pleased to weigh well the reasons. Learning is a thing that hath been much cried up and coveted in all ages, especially in this last century of years, by people of all sorts, though ever so mean and mechanical. Every man strains his fortunes to keep his children at school. The cobbler will clout it till midnight, the porter will carry burdens till his bones crack again, the ploughman will pinch both back and belly to give his son learning, and I find that this ambition reigns nowhere so much as in this island. But under favour, this word learning is taken in a narrower sense among us than among other nations. We seem to restrain it only to the book, whereas, indeed, any artisan whatsoever (if he know the secret and mystery of his trade) may be called a learned man — a good mason, a good shoemaker, that can manage Saint Crispin's lance handsomely, a skilful yeoman, a good shipwright, etc., may be all called learned men, and indeed the usefulest sort of learned men, for without the two first we might go barefoot and lie abroad as beasts, having no other canopy than the wild air, and without the two last

we might starve for bread, have no commerce with other nations, or ever be able to tread upon a continent. These, with such-like dexterous artisans, may be termed learned men, and the more behoveful for the subsistence of a country than those polymathists that stand poring all day in a corner upon a moth-eaten author, and converse only with dead men. The Chinese (who are the next neighbours to the rising sun on this side of the hemisphere, and consequently the acutest) have a wholesome piece of policy, that the son is always of the father's trade, and it is all the learning he aims at, which makes them admirable artisans, for besides the dexterity and propensity of the child, being descended lineally from so many of the same trade, the father is more careful to instruct him, and to discover unto him all the mystery thereof: this general custom or law keeps their heads from running at random after book learning and other vocations. I have read a tale of Rob. Grosthead, Bishop of Lincoln, that, being come to this greatness, he had a brother who was a husbandman, and expected great matters from him in point of preferment, but the Bishop told him that if he wanted money to mend his plough or his cart, or to buy tacklings for his horses, with other things belonging to his husbandry, he should not want what was fitting; but he wished him to aim no higher, for a husbandman he found him and a husbandman he would leave him.

The extravagant humour of our country is not

to be altogether commended, that all men should aspire to book learning. There is not a simpler animal, and a more superfluous member of a state, than a mere scholar, than an only self-pleasing student; he is

Telluris inutile pondus.

The Goths forbore to destroy the libraries of the Greeks and Italians because books should keep them still soft, simple or too cautious in warlike affairs. Archimedes, though an excellent engineer, when Syracuse was lost, was found at his book in his study, intoxicated with speculations. Who would not have thought another great learned philosopher to be a fool or frantic when, being in a bath, he leaped out naked among the people and cried, "I have found it; I have found it," having hit then upon an extraordinary conclusion in geometry! There is a famous tale of Thomas Aquinas, the Angelical Doctor, and of Bonaventure, the Seraphical Doctor, of whom Alex. Hales (our countryman and his master) reports that it appeared not in him whether Adam had sinned: Both these great clerks being invited to dinner by the French King of purpose to observe their humours, and being brought to the room where the table was laid, the first fell a-eating of bread as hard as he could drive. At last, breaking out of a brown study, he cried out, "Conclusum est contra Manichaeos." The other fell a-gazing upon the Queen, and the King asking him how he liked her,

he answered, "Oh, sir, if an earthly queen be so beautiful, what shall we think of the Queen of Heaven?" The latter was the better courtier of the two. Hence we may infer that your mere book-men, your deep clerks, whom we call the only learned men, are not always the civilest or the best moral men, nor is too great a number of them convenient for any state, leading a soft sedentary life, specially those who feed their own fancies only upon the public stock. Therefore it were to be wished that there reigned not among the people of this land such a general itching after book learning, and I believe so many free schools do rather hurt than good. Nor did the art of printing much avail the Christian commonwealth, but may be said to be well near as fatal as gunpowder, which came up in the same age. For, under correction, to this may be partly ascribed that spiritual pride, that variety of dogmatists which swarm among us. Add hereunto that the excessive number of those who converse only with books, and whose profession consists in them, is such that one cannot live for another, according to the dignity of the calling. A physician cannot live for the physicians, a lawyer (civil and common) cannot live for lawyers, nor a divine for divines. Moreover, the multitudes that profess these three best vocations, especially the last, make them of far less esteem. There is an odd opinion among us, that he who is a contemplative man, a man who weds himself to his study, and swallows many books, must needs

be a profound scholar, and a great learned man, though in reality he be such a dolt that he hath neither a retentive faculty to keep what he hath read, nor wit to make any useful application of it in common discourse ; what he draws in lieth upon dead lees, and never grows fit to be broached. Besides, he may want judgment in the choice of his authors, and knows not how to turn his hand either in weighing or winnowing the fondest opinions. There are divers who are cried up for great clerks who want discretion. Others, though they wade deep into the causes and knowledge of things, yet they are subject to screw up their wits, and soar so high that they lose themselves in their own speculations ; for thinking to transcend the ordinary pitch of reason, they come to involve the common principles of philosophy in a mist. Instead of illustrating things, they render them more obscure ; instead of a plainer and shorter way to the palace of knowledge, they lead us through briary odd uncouth paths, and so fall into the fallacy called *notum per ignotius*. Some have the hap to be termed learned men though they have gathered up but the scraps of knowledge here and there, though they be but smatterers and mere sciolists scarce knowing the Hoties of things ; yet like empty casks if they can make a sound, and have a gift to vent with confidence what they have sucked in, they are accounted great scholars. Amongst all book-learned men, except the divine, to whom all learned men should be lackeys, the philosopher

who hath waded through all the mathematics, who hath dived into the secrets of the elementary world, and converseth also with celestial bodies, may be termed a learned man. The critical historian and antiquary may be called also a learned man, who hath conversed with our forefathers, and observed the carriage and contingencies of matters past, whence he draws instances and cautions for the benefit of the times he lives in. The civilian may be called likewise a learned man if the revolving of huge volumes may entitle one so; but touching the authors of the common law, which is peculiar only to this meridian, they "may be all carried in a wheelbarrow," as my countryman Doctor Gwyn told Judge Finch. The physician must needs be a learned man, for he knows himself inward and outward, being well versed in autology, in that lesson "Nosce Teipsum," and as Adrian the Sixth said, he is very necessary to a populous country, for "were it not for the physician, men would live so long and grow so thick, that one could not live for the other, and he makes the earth cover all his faults."

But what Doctor Gwyn said of the common law books, and Pope Adrian of the physician, was spoken, I conceive, in merriment; for my part, I honour those two worthy professions in a high degree. Lastly, a polyglot or good linguist may be also termed a useful learned man, especially if versed in school languages.

My Lord, I know none of this age more capable

to sit in the chair, and censure what is true learning, and what not, than yourself; therefore, in speaking of this subject to your Lordship, I fear to have committed the same error as Phormio did in discoursing of war before Hannibal. No more now, but that I am, my Lord, your most humble and obedient servant,

J. H.

IX

To Doctor J. D.

I HAVE many sorts of civilities to thank you for, but among the rest I thank you a thousand times (twice told) for that delightful fit of society and conference of notes we had lately in this little Fleet cabin of mine upon divers problems, and upon some which are exploded (and that by those who seem to sway most in the commonwealth of learning) for paradoxes merely by an implicit faith without diving at all into the reasons of the assertors. And whereas you promised a further expression of yourself by way of a discursive letter what you thought of Copernicus' opinion touching the movement of the earth which hath so stirred all our modern wits, and whereof Sir J. Brown pleased to oblige himself to do the like touching the philosopher's stone, the powder of projection and potable gold, provided that I would do the same concerning a peopled country, and a species of moving creatures

in the concave of the moon, which I willingly undertook upon those conditions, to acquit myself of this obligation, and to draw on your performances the sooner, I have adventured to send you this following discourse (such as it is) touching the lunary world.

I believe it is a principle which not many will offer to controvert, that as antiquity cannot privilege an error, so novelty cannot prejudice truth. Now, truth hath her degrees of growing and expanding herself as all other things have, and as time begets her, so she doth the obstetricious office of a midwife to bring her forth. Many truths are but embryos or problems, nay, some of them seem to be mere paradoxes at first. The opinion that there were antipodes was exploded when it was first broached, it was held absurd and ridiculous, and the thing itself to be as impossible as it was for men to go upon their heads with their heels upwards, nay, it was adjudged to be so dangerous a tenet, that you know well the bishop's name who in the primitive Church was by sentence of condemnation sent out of this world without a head to go to and dwell amongst his antipodes, because he first hatched and held that opinion. But now our late navigators and East India mariners who use to cross the equator and tropics so often will tell you, that it is as gross a paradox to hold there are no antipodes, and that the negative is now as absurd as the affirmative seemed at first: for man to walk upon the ocean when the surges were at the high-

est, and to make a heavy dull piece of wood to swim, nay fly upon the water was held as impossible a thing at first, as it is now thought impossible for man to fly in the air: sails were held then as uncouth as if one should attempt to make himself wings to mount up to heaven *à la volée*. Two hundred and odd years ago he would have been taken for some frantic fool that would undertake to batter and blow up a castle with a few barrels of a small contemptible black powder.

The great Architect of the world hath been observed not to throw down all gifts and knowledge to mankind confusedly at once, but in a regular, parsimonious method, to dispense them by certain degrees, periods and progress of time, leaving man to make industrious researches and investigations after truth. He left the world to the disputations of men, as the wisest of men saith, who in acquisition of natural truths went from the hyssop to the cedar. One day certifieth another, and one age rectifieth another. The morrow hath more experience than the precedent day, and is oftentimes able to be his schoolmaster. The grandchild laughs at some things that were done in his grandsire's days, insomuch that hence it may be inferred that natural human knowledge is not yet mounted to its meridian and highest point of elevation. I confess it cannot be denied without gross ingratitude but we are infinitely obliged to our forefathers for the fundamentals of sciences; and as the herald hath a rule *Mallem cum patribus, quam*

cum fratribus errare, I had rather err with my fathers than brothers; so it holds in other kinds of knowledge. But those times which we term vulgarly the old world, were indeed the youth or adolescence of it; and though if respect be had to the particular and personal acts of generation, and to the relation of father and son, they who fore-lived and preceded us may be called our ancestors, yet if you go to the age of the world in general, and to the true length and longevity of things, we are more properly the older cosmopolites. In this respect the cadet may be termed more ancient than his elder brother, because the world was older when he entered into it. Moreover, besides truth, time hath also another daughter, which is experience, who holds in her hands the great looking-glass of wisdom and knowledge.

But now to the intended task, touching a habitable world, and a species of living creatures in the orb of the moon, which may bear some analogy with those of this elementary world. Although it be not my purpose to maintain and absolutely assert this problem, yet I will say this, that whosoever crieth it down for a new neoterical opinion, as divers do, commit a grosser error than the opinion may be in its own nature. For it is almost as ancient as philosophy herself; I am sure it is as old as Orpheus, who sings of divers fair cities and castles within the circle of the moon. Moreover, the profoundest clerks and most renowned philosophers in all ages have affirmed it. Towards the

first age of learning among others Pythagoras and Plato avouched it, the first of whom was pronounced the wisest of men by the pagan oracle, as our Solomon is by Holy Writ. In the middle age of learning Plutarch speaks of it, and in these modern times the most speculative and scientificalest men, both in Germany and Italy, seem to adhere to it, insinuating that not only the sphere of the moon is peopled with Selenites or lunar men, but that likewise every star in heaven is a peculiar world of itself, which is colonised and replenished with Astrean inhabitants, as the earth, sea and air are with elementary, the body of the sun not excepted, who hath also his solar creatures, and they are accounted the most sublime, the most pure and perfectest of all. The elementary creatures are held the grossest of all, having more matter than form in them. The solar have more form than matter; the Selenites with other Astrean inhabitants are of a mixed nature, and the nearer they approach the body of the sun, the more pure and spiritual they are. Were it so, there were some ground for his speculation, who thought that human souls, be they never so pious and pure, ascend not immediately after their dissolution from the corrupt mass of flesh before the glorious presence of God, presently to behold the Beatifical Vision, but first into the body of the moon or some other star, according to their degrees of goodness, and actuate some bodies there of a purer composition; when they are refined there

they ascend to some higher star, and so to some higher than that, till at last by these degrees they be made capable to behold the lustre of that glorious Majesty in whose sight no impurity can stand. This is illustrated by a comparison, that if one after he hath been kept close in a dark dungeon a long time, should be taken out, and brought suddenly to look upon the sun in the meridian, it would endanger him to be struck stark blind; so, no human soul suddenly sallying out of a dirty prison as the body is, would be possibly able to appear before the incomprehensible majesty of God, or be susceptible of the brightness of His all-glorious countenance, unless he be fitted thereunto beforehand by certain degrees, which might be done by passing from one star to another, which we are taught differ one from the other in glory and splendour.

Among our modern authors that would furbish this old opinion of lunary creatures, and plant colonies in the orb of the moon with the rest of the celestial bodies, Gasper Galileo Galilei is one, who by artificial prospectives hath brought us to a nearer commerce with heaven, by drawing it sixteen times nearer earth than it was before in ocular appearance by the advantage of the said optic instrument.

Among other arguments which the assertors of Astrean inhabitants do produce for proof of this high point, one is, that it is neither repugnant to reason nor religion to think that the Almighty

Fabricator of the universe, who doth nothing in vain, nor suffers His handmaid nature to do so, when He created the erratic and fixed stars, He did not make those huge immense bodies, whereof most are bigger than the earth and sea, though conglobated, to twinkle only, and to be an ornament to the roof of heaven, but He placed in the convex of every one of those vast capacious spheres some living creatures to glorify His Name, among whom there is in every of them one supereminent like man upon earth, to be lord paramount of all the rest. To this haply may allude the old opinion that there is a peculiar intelligence which guides and governs every orb in heaven.

They that would thus colonise the stars with inhabitants do place in the body of the sun, as was said before, the purest, the most immaterial and refined intellectual creatures, whence the Almighty calls those He will have to be immediately about His person, and to be admitted to the hierarchy of angels. This is far dissonant from the opinion of the Turk, who holds that the sun is a great burning globe designed for the damned.

They who are transported with this high speculation that there are mansions and habitable conveniences for creatures to live within the bodies of the celestial orbs, seem to task man of a high presumption that he should think all things were created principally for him, that the sun and stars are serviceable to him in chief, viz., to measure his days, to distinguish his seasons, to direct him

in his navigations, and pour wholesome influences upon him.

No doubt they were created to be partly useful and comfortable to him, but to imagine that they are solely and chiefly for him is a thought that may be said to be above the pride of Lucifer. They may be beneficial unto him in the generation and increase of all elementary creatures, and yet have peculiar inhabitants of their own besides to concur with the rest of the world in the service of the Creator. It is a fair prerogative for man to be lord of all terrestrial, aquatic and airy creatures; that with his harpooning iron he can draw ashore the great leviathan, that he can make the camel and huge dromedary to kneel unto him, and take up his burden; that he can make the fierce bull, though ten times stronger than himself, to endure his yoke; that he can fetch down the eagle from his nest with such privileges; but let him not presume too far in comparing himself with heavenly bodies, while he is no other thing than a worm crawling upon the surface of this earth. Now the earth is the basest creature which God hath made, therefore it is called His footstool, and though some take it to be the centre, yet it is the very sediment of the elementary world, as they say the moon is of the celestial. It is the very sink of all corruption and frailty, which made Trismegistus say that "*terra non mundus est nequitiae locus*;" The earth, not the world, is the seat of wickedness. And though, it is true, she be susceptible

of light, yet the light terminates only in her superficies, being not able to enlighten anything else as the stars can do.

Thus have I proportioned my short discourse upon this spacious problem to the size of an epistle. I reserve the fullness of my opinion in this point till I receive yours touching Copernicus.

It hath been always my practice in the search and ventilation of natural verities to keep to myself a philosophical freedom, as not to make any one's opinion so magisterial and binding but that I might be at liberty to recede from it upon more pregnant and powerful reasons. For as in theological tenets it is a rule, "*Quicquid non descendit a monte Scripturae, eadem autoritate contemnitur, qua approbatur*" (Whatsoever descends not from the mount of Holy Scripture may be by the same authority rejected as well as received), so in the disquisitions and winnowing of physical truths, "*Quicquid non descendit a monte rationis,*" etc. (Whatsoever descends not from the mount of reason may be as well rejected as approved of).

So, longing after an opportunity to pursue this point by mixture of oral discourse, which hath more elbow-room than a letter, I rest with all candour and cordial affection, your faithful servant,
J. H.

Fleet, this 2 of November 1647.

X

To the Right Honourable the Lady E. D.

THOSE rays of goodness which are diffus-
edly scattered in others are all centred
in you, which, were they divided into equal por-
tions, were enough to complete a whole jury of
ladies. This draws you a mixture of love and
envy, or rather an admiration from all who know
you, especially from me, and that in so high a de-
gree, that if you would suffer yourself to be adored
you should quickly find me religious in that kind.
However, I am bold to send your Ladyship this,
as a kind of homage, or heriot, or tribute, or what
you please to term it, in regard I am a true vassal
to your virtues. And if you please to lay any of
your commands upon me, your will shall be a law
unto me, which I will observe with as much alle-
giance as any branch of Magna Charta; they shall
be as binding to me as Lycurgus' laws were to the
Spartans; and to this I subscribe,

J. H.

Fleet, this 10 of *August* 1647.

XI

To Mr. R. B., Esquire, at Grundesburgh

SIR,

WHEN I overlooked the list of my choicest friends to insert your name, I paused a while, and thought it more proper to begin a new collateral file and put you in the front thereof, where make account you are placed. If anything upon earth partakes of angelic happiness (in civil actions), it is friendship ; it perfumes the thoughts with such sweet ideas and the heart with such melting passions. Such are the effects of yours to me, which makes me please myself much in the speculation of it.

I am glad you are so well returned to your own family, and touching the wheelwright you write of, who from a cart came to be a captain, it made me think of the perpetual rotations of fortune, which you know antiquity seated upon a wheel in a restless, though not violent, volubility ; and truly it was never more verified than now, that those spokes which were formerly but collateral, and some of them quite underneath, are now coming up apace to the top of the wheel. I hope there will be no cause to apply to them the old verse I learned at school—

Asperius nihil est humili, cum surgit in altum.

But there is a transcendent over-ruling Provi-

dence, who cannot only check the rollings of this petty wheel and strike a nail into it that it shall not stir, but stay also when He pleaseth the motions of those vast spheres of heaven, where the stars are always stirring, as likewise the whirlings of the *primum mobile* itself, which the astronomers say draws all the world after it in a rapid revolution. That divine Providence vouchsafe to check the motion of that malevolent planet, which hath so long lowered upon poor England, and send us better days. So, saluting you with no vulgar respects, I rest, my dear nephew, yours most affectionately to serve you,

J. H.

Fleet, this 26 of *July* 1646.

XII

To Mr En. P., at Paris

THAT which the plots of the Jesuits in their dark cells, and the policy of the greatest Roman Catholic princes have driven at these many years, is now done to their hands, which was to divide and break the strength of these three kingdoms, because they held it to be too great a glory and power to be in one heretical prince's hands (as they esteemed the King of Great Britain), because he was in a capacity to be umpire, if not arbiter of this part of the world, as many of our kings have been.

You write thence, that in regard of the sad condition of our queen, their countrywoman, they are sensible of our calamities, but I believe it is the populace only, who see no further than the rind of things ; your cabinet council rather rejoiceth at it, who, or I am much deceived, contributed much in the time of the late sanguine Cardinal, to set afoot these distractions, beginning first with Scotland, who, you know, hath always served that nation for a brand to set England afire for the advancement of their own ends. I am afraid we have seen our best days ; we knew not when we were well, so that the Italian saying may be well applied to poor England, "I was well, I would be better, I took physic and died." No more now, but that I rest still, yours entirely to serve you,

J. H.

Fleet, 20 *January* 1647.

XIII

To John Wroth, Esq., at Petberton Park

I HAD two of yours lately, one in Italian, the other in French (which were answered in the same dialect), and as I read them with singular delight, so I must tell you, they struck an admiration into me, that in so short a revolution of time you should come to be so great a master of those languages, both for the pen and parley. I have known divers, and those of pregnant and ripe

capacities, who had spent more oil and time in those countries, yet could they not arrive to that double perfection which you have, for if they got one, they were commonly defective in the other. Therefore I may say that you have, not *Spartam nactus*, which was but a petty republic, “sed Italiam et Galliam nactus es, has orna” (You have got all Italy and France, adorn these).

Nor is it language that you have only brought home with you, but I find that you have studied the men and the manners of those nations you have conversed withal. Neither have you courted only all their fair cities, castles, houses of pleasure and other places of curiosity, but you have pryed into the very mysteries of their government, as I find by those choice manuscripts and observations you have brought with you. In all these things you have been so curious as if the soul of your great uncle, who was employed ambassador in the Imperial Court, and who held correspondence with the greatest men of Christendom in their own language, had transmigrated into you.

The freshest news here is, that those heart-burnings and fires of civil commotions which you left behind you in France, covered over with thin ashes for the time, are broken out again, and I believe they will be never quite extinguished till there be a peace or truce with Spain, for till then there is no hope of abatement of taxes. And it is feared the Spanish will out-weary the French at last in fighting; for the earth herself, I mean his

mines of Mexico and Peru, afford him a constant and yearly treasure to support his armies, whereas the French King digs his treasure out of the bowels and vital spirits of his own subjects.

I pray let me hear from you by the next opportunity, for I shall hold my time well employed to correspond with a gentleman of such choice and gallant parts. In which desires I rest, your most affectionate and faithful servitor,

J. H.

29 August 1649.

XIV

To Mr W. B.

HOW glad was I, my choice and precious nephew, to receive yours of the 24th current, wherein I was sorry, though satisfied in point of belief, to find the ill fortune of interception which befell my last unto you.

Touching the condition of things here, you shall understand that our miseries lengthen with our days; for though the sun and the spring advance nearer us, yet our times are not grown a whit the more comfortable. I am afraid this city hath fooled herself into a slavery. The army, though forbidden to come within ten miles of her by order of Parliament, quarters now in the bowels of her. They threaten to break her portcullises, posts and chains, to make her pervious upon

all occasions. They have secured also the Tower, with addition of strength for themselves. Besides, a famine doth insensibly creep upon us, and the mint is starved for want of bullion. Trade, which was ever the sinew of this island, doth visibly decay, and the insurance of ships is risen from two to ten in the hundred. Our gold is engrossed in private hands or gone beyond sea to travel without licence, and much, I believe, of it is returned to the earth (whence it first came) to be buried where our late nephews may chance to find it a thousand years hence, if the world lasts so long, so that the exchanging of white earth into red (I mean silver into gold) is now above six in the hundred; and all these, with many more, are the dismal effects and concomitants of a civil war. It is true we have had many such black days in England in former ages, but those paralleled to the present are as the shadow of a mountain compared to the eclipse of the moon. My prayers, early and late, are that God Almighty would please not to turn away His face quite, but cheer us again with the light of His countenance. And I am well assured you will join with me in the same orison to heaven's gate, in which confidence I rest yours most affectionately to serve you,

J. H.

Fleet, 10 *December* 1647.

XV

To Sir K. D., at Paris

NOW that you are returned and fixed a while in France, an old servant of yours takes leave to kiss your hands and salute you in an intense degree of heat and height of passion. It is well you shook hands with this unfortunate isle when you did, and got your liberty by such a royal mediation as the Queen's Regents, for had you stayed you would have taken but little comfort in your life, in regard that ever since there have been the fearfulest distractions here that ever happened upon any part of the earth. A bellowing kind of immanity never raged so among men, insomuch that the whole country might have taken its appellation from the smallest part thereof and be called the Isle of Dogs, for all humanity, common honesty, and that mansuetude, with other moral civilities which should distinguish the rational creature from other animals, have been lost here a good while. Nay, besides this cynical, there is a kind of wolfish humour hath seized upon most of this people, a true lycanthropy, they so worry and seek to devour one another; so that the wild Arab and fiercest Tartar may be called civil men in comparison of us; therefore he is the happiest who is farthest off from this woe-ful island. The King is straitened of that liberty

he formerly had in the Isle of Wight, and as far as I see, may make up the number of Nebuchadnezzar years before he be restored. The Parliament persists in their first propositions and will go nothing less. This is all I have to send at this time, only I will adjoin the true respects of your most faithful humble servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, *this 5 of May* 1647.

XVI

To Mr W. Blois, in Suffolk

YOURS of the seventeenth current came safely to hand and I kiss your hands for it. You mention there two others that came not, which made me condole the loss of such jewels, for I esteem all your letters so, being the precious effects of your love, which I value at a high rate, and please myself much in the contemplation of it, as also in the continuance of this letter correspondence, which is performed on your part with such ingenuous expressions and embroidered still with new flourishes of invention. I am still under hold in this fatal Fleet, and like one in a tempest at sea who hath been often near the shore, yet is still tossed back by contrary winds, so I have had frequent hopes of freedom, but some cross accident or other always intervened, insomuch that I am now in half-despair of an absolute release till a general gaol delivery; yet notwithstanding this

outward captivity, I have inward liberty still. I thank God for it.

The greatest news is that between twenty and thirty thousand well-armed Scots have been utterly routed, rifled and all taken prisoners by less than 8000 English. I must confess it was a great exploit whereof I am not sorry, in regard that the English have regained hereby the honour which they had lost abroad of late years in the opinion of the world, ever since the pacification at Berwick, and divers traverses of war since. What Hamilton's design was is a mystery. Most think that he intended no good either to King or Parliament.

So with my daily more and more endeared affections unto you, I rest yours ever to love and serve you,

J. H.

Fleet, 7 May 1647.

XVII

To Mr R. Baron, at Paris

GENTLE SIR,

I RECEIVED and presently ran over your "Cyprian Academy" with much greediness and no vulgar delight, and, sir, I hold myself much honoured for the dedication you have been pleased to make thereof to me, for it deserved a far higher patronage. Truly, I must tell you without any compliment that I have seldom met with such an ingenious mixture of prose and

verse, interwoven with such varieties of fancy and charming strains of amorous passions, which have made all the ladies of the land in love with you. If you begin already to court the Muses so handsomely and have got such footing on Parnassus, you may in time be lord of the whole hill; and those nice girls, because Apollo is now grown unwieldy and old, may make choice of you to officiate in his room, and preside over them.

I much thank you for the punctual narration you pleased to send me of those commotions in Paris. I believe France will never be in perfect repose while a Spaniard sits at the stern and an Italian steers the rudder. In my opinion Mazarin should do wisely, now that he hath feathered his nest so well, to truss up his baggage and make over the Alps to his own country, lest the same fate betide him as did the Marquis of Ancre, his compatriot. I am glad the treaty goes on betwixt Spain and France, for nothing can portend a greater good to Christendom than a conjunction of those two great luminaries, which if it please God to bring about, I hope the stars will change their aspects and we shall see better days.

I send here enclosed a second bill of exchange in case the first I sent you in my last hath miscarried. So, my dear nephew, I embrace you with both my arms and rest yours most entirely to love and serve you, while

J. H.

Fleet, 20 *June* 1647.

XVIII

To Mr Tho. More, at York

SIR,

I HAVE often partaken of that pleasure which letters use to carry along with them, but I do not remember to have found a greater proportion of delight than yours afford me. Your last of the fourth current came to safe hand, wherein methought each line, each word, each syllable breathed out the passions of a clear and candid soul, of a virtuous and gentle spirit. Truly, sir, as I might perceive by your ingenuous and pathetical expressions therein, that you were transported with the heat of true affection towards me in the writing, so was I in the reading, which wrought upon me with such an energy that a kind of ecstasy possessed me for the time. I pray, sir, go on in this correspondence and you shall find that your lines will not be ill-bestowed upon me, for I love and respect you dearly well. Nor is this love grounded upon vulgar principles, but upon those extraordinary parts of virtue and worth which I have discovered in you, and such a love is the most permanent, as you shall find in your most affectionate uncle,

J. H.

Fleet, 1 of September 1647.

XIX

To Mr W. B., 3 Maii

SIR,

YOUR last lines to me were as delightful as the season. They were as sweet as flowers in May ; nay, they were far more fragrant than those fading vegetables. They did cast a greater suavity than the Arabian spices use to do in the Grand Cairo, where, when the wind is southward, they say the air is as sweet as a perfumed Spanish glove. The air of this city is not so, especially in the heart of the city in and about Paul's Church, where horse-dung is a yard deep, insomuch that to cleanse it would be as hard a task as it was for Hercules to cleanse the Augean stable by drawing a great river through it, which was accounted one of his twelve labours ; but it was a bitter taunt of the Italian, who, passing by Paul's Church and seeing it full of horses, " Now I perceive " (said he) " that in England men and beasts serve God alike." No more now, but that I am your most faithful servant,

J. H.

XX

*To Sir Paul Pindar, Knight, upon the version of
an Italian piece into English, called St Paul's
Progress upon Earth, a new and a notable kind
of Satire*

SIR,

ST PAUL having descended lately to view Italy and other places, as you may trace him in the following discourse, he would not take wing back to heaven before he had given you a special visit, who have so well deserved of his Church here, the goodliest pile of stones in the Christian world of that kind.

Of all the men of our times, you are one of the greatest examples of piety and constant integrity, which discovers a noble soul to dwell within you, and that you are very conversant with heaven; so that methinks I see St Paul saluting and solacing you in these black times, assuring you that those pious works of charity you have done and daily do (and that in such a manner "that the left hand knows not what the right doth") will be as a triumphant chariot to carry you one day up to heaven, to partake of the same beatitude with him. Sir, among those that truly honour you, I am one, and have been so since I first knew you, therefore as a small testimony hereof, I send you this fresh fancy composed by a noble personage in Italian, of which language you are so great a master.

For the first part of the discourse, which consists of a dialogue betwixt the two First Persons of the Holy Trinity, there are examples of that kind in some of the most ancient fathers, as Apollinarius and Nazianzen, and lately Grotius hath the like in his tragedy of *Christ's Passion*, which may serve to free it from all exceptions. — So I most affectionately kiss your hands, and am, sir, your very humble and ready servant,

J. H.

Fleet, 25 *Martii* 1646.

XXI

To Sir Paul Neale, Knight, upon the same subject

SIR,

ST PAUL cannot reascend to heaven before he gives you also a salute, my Lord, your father, having been a star of the greatest magnitude in the firmament of the Church. If you please to observe the manner of his late progress upon earth, which you may do by the guidance of this discourse, you shall discover many things which are not vulgar, by a curious mixture of Church and State affairs: you shall feel herein the pulse of Italy, and how it beats at this time since the beginning of these late wars betwixt the Pope and the Duke of Parma, with the grounds, procedure, and success of the said war, together with the interest and grievances, the pre-

tences and quarrels that most princes there have with Rome.

I must confess, my genius hath often prompted me that I was never cut out for a translator, there being a kind of servility therein. For it must needs be somewhat tedious to one that hath any freeborn thoughts within him and genuine conceptions of his own (whereof I have some, though shallow ones), to enchain himself to a verbal servitude, and the sense of another. Moreover, translations are but as turncoated things at best, especially among languages that have advantages one of the other, as the Italian hath of the English, which may be said to differ one from the other as silk doth from cloth, the common wear of both countries where they are spoken. And as cloth is the more substantial, so the English tongue, by reason it is so knotted with consonants, is the stronger and the more sinewy of the two. But silk is more smooth . . . and slick, and so is the Italian tongue compared to the English. Or I may say translations are like the wrong side of a Turkey carpet, which useth to be full of thrums and knots, and nothing so even as the right side. Or one may say (as I spake elsewhere) that translations are like wines taken off the lees and poured into other vessels, that must needs lose somewhat of their first strength and briskness, which in the pouring or passage rather evaporates into air.

Moreover, touching translations, it is to be observed that every language hath certain idioms,

proverbs and peculiar expressions of its own, which are not renderable in any other but paraphrastically; therefore he overacts the office of an interpreter who doth enslave himself too strictly to words or phrases. I have heard of an excess among limners, called too much to the life, which happens when one aims at similitude more than skill. So in version of languages one may be so over-punctilious in words that he may mar the matter. The greatest fidelity that can be expected in a translator is to keep still afoot and entire the true genuine sense of the author with the main design he drives at; and this was the principal thing which was observed in this version.

Furthermore, let it not be thought strange that there are some Italian words made free denizens of England in this discourse, for by such means our language hath grown from time to time to be copious, and still grows more rich by adopting, or naturalising rather, the choicest foreign words of other nations, as a nosegay is nothing else but a tuft of flowers gathered from divers beds.

Touching this present version of Italian into English, I may say it is a thing I did when I had nothing to do. It was to find something whereby to pass away the slow hours of this sad condition of captivity.

I pray be pleased to take this as a small argument of the great respects I owe you for the sundry rare and high virtues I have discovered in you, as also for the obligations I have to your noble lady,

whose hands I humbly kiss, wishing you both, as the season invites me, a good New Year (for it begins but now in law), as also a holy Lent, and a healthful spring. Your most obliged and ready servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 25 *Martii*.

XXII

To Dr W. Turner

I RETURN you my most thankful acknowledgments for that collection or farrago of prophecies, as you call them (and that very properly in regard there is a mixture of good and bad), you pleased to send me lately ; especially that of Nostredamus, which I shall be very chary to preserve for you. I could requite you with divers predictions more, and of some of the British bards, which were they translated into English would transform the world to wonder.

They sing of a red Parliament and white King, of a race of people which should be called Penguins, of the fall of the Church, and divers other things which glance upon these times. But I am none of those that afford much faith to rambling prophecies, which (as was said elsewhere) are like so many odd grains sown in the vast field of time, whereof not one in a thousand comes up to grow again and appear above ground. But that I may

correspond with you in some part for the like courtesy, I send you these following prophetic verses of Whitehall, which were made above twenty years ago to my knowledge upon a book called "Balaam's Ass," that consisted of some invectives against King James and the Court *in statu quo tunc*. It was composed by one Mr Williams, a Councilor of the Temple, but a Roman Catholic, who was hanged, drawn and quartered at Charing Cross for it, and I believe there be hundreds that have copies of these verses ever since that time about the town yet living. They were these:

Some seven years since Christ rid to Court,
And there He left His ass:
The courtiers kicked him out of doors,
Because they had no grass.* *grace.
The ass went mourning up and down,
And thus I heard him bray,
If that they could not give me grass,
They might have given me hay.
But sixteen hundred forty-three,
Whosoe'er shall see that day,
Will nothing find within that Court
But only grass and hay, etc.

Which was found to happen true in Whitehall, till the soldiers coming to quarter there trampled it down.

Truly, sir, I find all things conspire to make strange mutations in this miserable island. I fear we shall fall from under the sceptre to be under the sword; and since we speak of prophecies, I am afraid among others that which was made since

the Reformation will be verified, "The Churchman was, the Lawyer is, the Soldier shall be." Welcome be the will of God, who transvolves kingdoms and tumbles down monarchies as molehills at His pleasure. — So I rest, my dear doctor, your most faithful servant,

J. H.

Fleet, 9 August 1648.

XXIII

*To the Honourable Sir Edward Spencer, Knight,
at his House, near Branceford*

WE are not so bare of intelligence between these walls, but we can hear of your doings in Branceford: that so general applause whereby you were cried up knight of the shire for Middlesex, sounded round about us upon London streets, and echoed in every corner of the town; nor do I mingle speech with any, though half affected to you, but highly approve of and congratulate the election, being glad that a gentleman of such extraordinary parts and probity, as also of such a mature judgment, should be chosen to serve the public.

I return you the manuscript you lent me of "Daemonology," but the author thereof and I are two in point of opinion that way, for he seems to be on the negative part, and truly he writes as much as can be produced for his purpose. But

there are some men that are of a mere negative genius, like *Johannes ad oppositum*, who will deny, or at least cross and puzzle anything, though never so clear in itself, with their but, yet, if, etc. ; they will flap the lie in truth's teeth, though she visibly stand before their face without any visard. Such perverse, cross-grained spirits are not to be dealt withal by arguments but palpable proofs, as if one should deny that the fire burns or that he hath a nose on his face. There is no way to deal with him but to pull him by the tip of the one and put his finger into the other. I will not say that this gentleman is so perverse ; but to deny there are any witches, to deny that there are not ill spirits which seduce, tamper and converse in divers shapes with human creatures and impel them to actions of malice ; I say that he who denies there are such busy spirits and such poor passive creatures upon whom they work, which commonly are called witches ; I say again, that he who denies there are such spirits shows that he himself hath a spirit of contradiction in him, opposing the current and consentient opinion of all antiquity. We read that both Jews and Romans, with all other nations of Christendom and our ancestors here in England, enacted laws against witches ; sure they were not so silly as to waste their brains in making laws against chimeras, against *non-entia*, or such as Plato's Kteritismata's were. The judicial law is apparent in the holy codex, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

The Roman law which the Decemviri made is yet extant in the twelve tables, "*Qui fruges incantassent poenis danto*" (They who should enchant the fruit of the earth, let them be punished). The imperial law is known by every civilian, "*Hi cum hostes naturae sint, supplicio afficiantur*" (These, meaning witches, because they are enemies to nature, let them be punished). And the Acts of Parliament in England are against those that invoke ill spirits, that take up any dead man, woman or child, or take the skin or bone of any dead body, to apply it to sorcery or charm, whereby any one is lamed or made to pine away, etc.; such shall be guilty of flat felony and not capable of clergy or sanctuary, etc.

What a multitude of examples are there in good authentic authors of divers kinds of fascinations, incantations, prestigiations, of philtres, spells, charms, sorceries, characters and such like, as also of magic, necromancy and divinations. Surely the "*Witch of Endor*" is no fable, the burning of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, in Rouen, and of the Marchioness d'Ancre, of late years in Paris, are no fables. The execution of Nostredamus for a kind of witch, some fourscore years since, is but a modern story, who among other things foretold, "*Le Sénat de Londres tuera son roi*" (The senate of London shall kill their King). The best historians have it upon record how Charlemagne's mistress enchanted him with a ring, which as long as she had about her he would not

suffer her dead carcass to be carried out of his chamber to be buried; and a bishop taking it out of her mouth, the Emperor grew to be as much bewitched with the bishop, but he being cloyed with his excess of favour, threw it into a pond, where the Emperor's chiefest pleasure was to walk till his dying day. The story tells us how the Waldenses in France were by a solemn arrest of Parliament accused and condemned of witchcraft. The Maltese took Saint Paul for a witch. Saint Augustin speaks of women who could turn men to horses and make them carry their burdens. Danaeus writes of an enchanted staff which the Devil, summoner-like, was used to deliver some market-women to ride upon. In some of the northern countries it is as ordinary to buy and sell winds as it is to do wines in other parts; and hereof I could instance in some examples of my own knowledge. Every one knows what Olaus Magnus writes of Eric's (King of Sweden's) cornered cap, who could make the wind shift to any point of the compass, according as he turned it about.

Touching diviners of things to come, which is held a species of witchcraft, we may read they were frequent among the Romans. Yea, they had colleges for their augurs and aruspices, who used to make their predictions sometimes by fire, sometimes by flying of fowls, sometimes by inspection into the entrails of beasts, or invoking the dead, but most frequently by consulting with the oracles,

to whom all nations had recourse except the Jews. But you will say that since Christianity displayed her banner, the Cross hath scared away the Devil and struck the oracles dumb, as Plutarch reports a notable passage of Thamus, an Italian pilot, who a little after the birth of Christ, sailing along the coasts of Calabria in a still silent night, all his passengers being asleep, an airy cold voice came to his ears, saying, "Thamus, Thamus, Thamus, the great god Pan is dead," who was the chiefest oracle of that country. Yet though the light of the Gospel chased away those great owls, there be some bats and little night birds that fly still abroad. I mean petty spirits that by secret pactions, which are made always without witness, enable men and women to do evil. In such compacts beyond the seas the party must first renounce Christ and the extended woman, meaning the Blessed Virgin; he must contemn the sacrament, tread on the cross, spit at the host, etc. There is a famous story of such a paction which Friar Louis made some half a hundred years ago with the Devil in Marseilles, who appeared to him in shape of a goat and promised him the enjoyment of any woman whom he fancied, with other pleasures, for forty-one years; but the Devil being too cunning for him, put the figure of one before, and made it fourteen years in the contract (which is to be seen to this day with the Devil's claw to it), at which time the friar was detected for witchcraft and burnt, and all those children whom he had christened during that term

of fourteen years were rebaptised ; the gentlewomen whom he had abused put themselves into a nunnery by themselves. Hereunto may be added the great rich widow that was burned in Lyons, because it was proved the Devil had lain with her ; as also the history of Lieutenant Jaquette, which stands upon record with the former, but if I should insert them here at large it would make this letter swell too much.

But we need not cross the sea for examples of this kind. We have too too many (God wot) at home. King James a great while was loath to believe there were witches, but that which happened to my Lord Francis of Rutland's children convinced him, who were bewitched by an old woman that was servant at Belvoir Castle ; but being displeased, she contracted with the Devil (who conversed with her in form of a cat, whom she called Rutterkin) to make away those children, out of mere malignity and thirst of revenge.

But since the beginning of these unnatural wars there may be a cloud of witnesses produced for the proof of this black tenet, for within the compass of two years near upon three hundred witches were arraigned, and the major part executed in Essex and Suffolk only. Scotland swarms with them now more than ever, and persons of good quality are executed daily.

Thus, sir, have I huddled together a few arguments touching this subject, because in my last communication with you, methought I found you

somewhat unsatisfied and staggering in your opinion touching the affirmative part of this thesis, the discussing whereof is far fitter for an elaborate large treatise than a loose letter.

Touching the new Commonwealth you intend to establish, now that you have assigned me my part among so many choice legislators, something I shall do to comply with your desires, which shall be always to me as commands, and your commands as laws, because I love and honour you in a very high degree for those gallant freeborn thoughts and sundry parts of virtue which I have discerned in you, which make me entitle myself your most humble and affectionate faithful servant,

J. H.

Fleet, 20 *February* 1647.

XXIV

To Sir William Boswell, at the Hague

THAT black tragedy which was lately acted here, as it hath filled most hearts among us with consternation and horror, so I believe it hath been no less resented abroad. For my own particular, the more I ruminate upon it the more it astonisheth my imagination and shaketh all the cells of my brain, so that sometimes I struggle with my faith and have much ado to believe it yet. I shall give over wondering at anything hereafter, nothing shall seem strange unto me, only I will

attend with patience how England will thrive now that she is let blood in the basilical vein and cured, as they say, of the King's Evil.

I had one of yours by Mr Jacob Boeue, and I much thank you for the account you please to give me of what I sent you by his conveyance. Holland may now be proud, for there is a younger commonwealth in Christendom than herself. No more now but that I always rest, sir, your most humble servitor,

J. H.

Fleet, 20 *March* 1648.

XXV

To Mr. W. B., at Grundsburgh

NEVER credit me if liberty itself be as dear to me as your letters, they come so full of choice and learned applications, with such free, unforced strains of ingenuity, insomuch that when I peruse them methinks they cast such a kind of fragrancy that I cannot more aptly compare them than to the flowers which are now in their prime season, viz., to roses in June. I had two of them lately which methought were like quivers full of barbed arrows pointed with gold that penetrated my breast.

—Tali quis nollet ab ictu

Ridendo tremulas mortis non ire sub umbras?

Your expressions were like those *mucrones* and *melliti globuli* which you so ingeniously apply mine

unto. But these arrows of yours, though they have hit me, they have not hurt me. They had no killing quality, but they were rather as so many cordials, for you know gold is restorative. I am suddenly surprised by an unexpected occasion, therefore I must abruptly break off with you for this time. I will only add, my most dear nephew, that I rest, yours entirely to love and serve you,
J. H.

June 3, 1648.

XXVI

To R. K., Esquire, at St Giles's

DIFFERENCE in opinion, no more than a differing complexion, can be cause enough for me to hate any. A differing fancy is no more to me than a differing face. If another hath a fair countenance, though mine be black, or if I have a fair opinion, though another have a hard-favoured one, yet it shall not break that common league of humanity which should be betwixt rational creatures, provided he correspond with me in the general offices of morality and civil uprightness. This may admit him to my acquaintance and conversation, though I never concur with him in opinion. He bears the image of Adam, and the image of the Almighty as well as I; he had God for his Father, though he hath not the same Church for his mother. The Omniscient Creator, as He is only

kardiognostic, so He is the sole Lord of the whole inward man. It is He who reigns over the faculties of the soul and the affections of the heart. It is He who regulates the will, and rectifies all obliquities in the understanding by special illuminations, and oftentimes reconciles men as opposite in opinions as meridians and parallels are in point of extension, whereof the one draws from east to west, the other from north to south.

Some of the pagan philosophers, especially Themistius, who was prætor of Byzantium, maintained an opinion that as the pulchritude and preservation of the world consisted in varieties and dissimilitudes (as also in eccentric and contrary motions), that as it was replenished with such numberless sorts of several species, and that the individuals of those species differed so much one from the other, especially mankind, amongst whom one shall hardly find two in ten thousand that hath exactly (though twins) the same tone of voice, similitude of face, or ideas of mind — therefore, the God of Nature ordained from the beginning that He should be worshipped in various and sundry forms of adorations, which, nevertheless, like so many lines should tend all to the same centre. But Christian religion prescribes another rule, viz., that there is but *una via*, *una veritas*, there is but one true way to heaven, and that but a narrow one, whereas there be huge large roads that lead to hell.

God Almighty guide us in the first and guard us from the second, as also from all cross and uncouth

by-paths, which use to lead such giddy brains that follow them to a confused labyrinth of errors, where, being entangled, the Devil, as they stand gaping for new lights to lead them out, takes his advantage to seize on them for their spiritual pride and insobriety in the search of more knowledge. — Your most faithful servant,

J. H.

28 *July* 1648.

EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ

SECTION IX

BOOK IV

SECTION IX

I

*To Sir James Crofts, Knight, at his house near
Lemster*

EPISTLES, or (according to the word in use) Familiar Letters, may be called the alarum bells of love; I hope this will prove so to you, and have power to awaken you out of that silence wherein you have slept so long; yet I would not have this alarum make any harsh obstreperous sound, but gently summon you to our former correspondence; your returns to me shall be more than alarum bells, they shall be like silver trumpets to rouse up my spirits, and make me take pen in hand to meet you more than halfway in the old field of friendship.

It is recorded of Galen, one of nature's cabinet clerks, that when he slept his siesta (as the Spaniard calls it), or afternoon sleep, to avoid excess that way, he used to sit in such a posture that having a gold ball in his hand, and a copper vessel underneath, as soon as his senses were shut, and the phantasy began to work, the ball would fall down,

the noise whereof would awake him, and draw the spring-lock back again to set the outward senses at liberty. I have seen in Italy a finger-ring which in the boss thereof had a watch, and there was such a trick of art in it that it might be so wound up that it would make a small pin to prick him who wore it at such an hour as he pleased in the night. Let the pen between us have the virtue of that pin: but the pen hath a thousand virtues more. You know that *anser*, *apis*, *vitulus*, the goose, the bee and the calf, do rule the world, the one affording parchment, the other two sealing-wax and quills to write withal. You know also how the cackling of geese did once preserve the Capitol from being surprised by my countryman Brennus, which was the first foreign force that Rome felt. But the goose-quill doth daily greater things, it conserves empires (and the feathers of it get kingdoms; witness what exploits the English performed by it in France), the quill being the chiefest instrument of intelligence, and the ambassador's prime tool. Nay, the quill is the usefulest thing which preserves that noble virtue, friendship, which else would perish among men for want of practice.

I shall make no more sallies out of London this summer, therefore your letters may be sure where to find me. Matters are still involved here in a strange confusion, but the stars may let down milder influences; therefore cheer up, and reprieve yourself against better times, for the world would be irksome unto me if you were out of it: happen

what will, you shall be sure to find me your ready
and real servant, J. H.

II

To Mr T. Morgan

I RECEIVED two of yours upon Tuesday last, one to your brother, the other to me, but the superscriptions were mistaken, which makes me think on that famous civilian, Doctor Dale, who, being employed to Flanders by Queen Elizabeth, sent in a packet to the Secretary of State two letters, one to the Queen, the other to his wife; but that which was meant for the Queen was superscribed, To his dear wife, and that for his wife, To her Most Excellent Majesty; so that the Queen having opened his letter, she found it beginning with sweetheart, and afterwards with my dear, and dear love, with such expressions, acquainting her with the state of his body, and that he began to want money; you may easily guess what emotions of mirth this mistake raised, but the doctor by this oversight (or cunningness rather) got a supply of money. This perchance may be your policy to endorse me your brother, thereby to endear me the more unto you; but you needed not to have done that, for the name friend goes sometimes further than brother, and there be more examples of friends that did sacrifice their lives for one another than of brothers, which the writer doth think he should do

for you, if the case required. But since I am fallen upon Doctor Dale, who was a witty kind of droll, I will tell you instead of news, for there is little good stirring now, two other facetious tales of his; and familiar tales may become familiar letters well enough. When Queen Elizabeth did first propose unto him that foreign employment to Flanders, among other encouragements she told him that he should have 20s. per diem for his expenses. "Then, madam," said he, "I will spend 19s. a day." "What will you do with the odd shilling?" the Queen replied. "I will reserve that for my Kate, and for Tom and Dick," meaning his wife and children. This induced the Queen to enlarge his allowance. But this that comes last is the best of all, and may be called the superlative of the three, which was, when at the overture of the treaty the other ambassadors came to propose in what language they should treat, the Spanish ambassador answered, that the French was the most proper, because his mistress entitled herself Queen of France. "Nay, then," said Doctor Dale, "let us treat in Hebrew, for your master calls himself King of Jerusalem."

I performed the civilities you enjoined me to your friends here, who return you the like centuplicated, and so doth your entire friend,

J. H.

May 12.

III

To the R. H. the Lady E. D.

MADAM,

THERE is a French saying that courtesies and favours are like flowers, which are sweet only while they are fresh, but afterwards they quickly fade and wither. I cannot deny but your favours to me might be compared to some kind of flowers (and they would make a thick posy), but they should be to the flower called "life everlasting," or that pretty vermilion flower which grows at the foot of the mountain Etna in Sicily, which never loses anything of its first colour and scent. Those favours you did me thirty years ago in the lifetime of your incomparable brother Mr R. Altham (who left us in the flower of his age), methinks are as fresh to me as if they were done yesterday.

Nor were it any danger to compare courtesies done to me to other flowers, as I use them, for I distil them in the limbec of my memory, and so turn them to essences.

But, madam, I honour you not so much for favours as for that precious brood of virtues which shine in you with that brightness, but especially for those high motions whereby your soul soars up so often towards heaven. Insomuch, madam, that if it were safe to call any mortal a saint, you should have that title from me, and I would be

one of your chiefest votaries ; howsoever I may without any superstition subscribe myself your truly devoted servant,

J. H.

April 8.

IV.

To the Lord Marquis of Hertford

MY LORD,

I RECEIVED your Lordship's of the eleventh current, with the commands it carried, whereof I shall give an account in my next.

Foreign parts afford not much matter of intelligence, it being now the dead of winter, and the season unfit for action. But we need not go abroad for news ; there is store enough at home. We see daily mighty things, and they are marvellous in our eyes, but the greatest marvel is that nothing should now be marvelled at, for we are so habituated to wonders that they are grown familiar unto us.

Poor England may be said to be like a ship tossed up and down the surges of a turbulent sea, having lost her old pilot, and God knows when she can get into safe harbour again ; yet doubtless this tempest, according to the usual operations of nature, and the succession of mundane effects by contrary agents, will turn at last into a calm, though many who are yet in their nonage may not live to see it.

Your Lordship knows that the κόσμος, this fair frame of the universe, came out of a chaos, an indigested lump, and that this elementary world was made of millions of ingredients repugnant to themselves in nature (and the whole is still preserved by the reluctancy and restless combatings of these principles). We see how the shipwright doth make use of knee-timber and other cross-grained pieces as well as of straight and even, for framing a goodly vessel to ride on Neptune's back; the printer useth many contrary characters in his art to put forth a fair volume; — as *d* is a *p* reversed, and *n* is a *u* turned upward, with other differing letters which yet concur all to the perfection of the whole work; there go many and various dissonant tones to make an harmonious concert. This puts me in mind of an excellent passage which a noble speculative knight (Sir P. Herbert) hath in his late "Conceptions" to his son: how a holy anchorite, being in a wilderness, among other contemplations he fell to admire the method of Providence, how out of causes which seem bad to us He produceth oftentimes good effects; how He suffers virtuous, loyal and religious men to be oppressed, and others to prosper. As he was transported with these ideas, a goodly young man appeared to him and told him, "Father, I know your thoughts are distracted, and I am sent to quiet them, therefore if you will accompany me a few days, you shall return very well satisfied of those doubts that now encumber

your mind." So, going along with him they were to pass over a deep river, whereon there was a narrow bridge, and meeting there with another passenger the young man jostled him into the water and so drowned him. The old anchorite being much astonished thereat would have left him, but his guide said, "Father, be not amazed, because I shall give you good reasons for what I do, and you shall see stranger things than this before you and I part, but at last I shall settle your judgment and put your mind in full repose." So going that night to lodge in an inn where there was a crew of banditti and debauched ruffians, the young man struck into their company and revelled with them till the morning, while the anchorite spent most of the night in numbering his beads. But as soon as they were departed thence they met with some officers who went to apprehend that crew of banditti they had left behind them. The next day they came to a gentleman's house which was a fair palace, where they received all the courteous hospitality which could be, but in the morning as they parted there was a child in a cradle which was the only son of the gentleman, and the young man, spying his opportunity, strangled the child and so got away. The third day they came to another inn, where the man of the house treated them with all the civility that could be, and gratis, yet the young man embezzled a silver goblet and carried it away in his pocket, which still increased the amazement of

the anchorite. The fourth day in the evening they came to lodge at another inn, where the host was very sullen and uncivil unto them, exacting much more than the value of what they had spent, yet at parting the young man bestowed upon him the silver goblet he had stolen from that host who had used them so kindly. The fifth day, they made towards a great rich town; but some miles before they came at it they met with a merchant at the close of the day, who had a great charge of money about him, and asking the next passage to the town the young man put him in a clean contrary way. The anchorite and his guide being come to the town, at the gate they espied a devil who lay as it were sentinel, but he was asleep; they found also both men and women at sundry kinds of sports, some dancing, others singing, with divers sorts of revellings. They went afterwards to a convent of Capuchins, where about the gate they found legions of devils laying siege to that monastery, yet they got in and lodged there that night. Being awakened the next morning the young man came to that cell where the anchorite was lodged, and told him, "I know your heart is full of horror, and your head full of confusion, astonishments and doubts for what you have seen since the first time of our association. But know that I am an angel sent from heaven to rectify your judgment, as also to correct a little your curiosity in the researches of the ways and acts of Providence too far; for though separately

they seem strange to the shallow apprehension of man, yet conjunctly they all tend to produce good effects.

“That man whom I tumbled into the river was an act of Providence, for he was going upon a most mischievous design that would have damnified not only his own soul, but destroyed the party against whom it was intended. Therefore I prevented it.

“The cause why I conversed all night with that crew of rogues was also an act of Providence, for they intended to go a-robbing all that night, but I kept them there purposely till the next morning that the hand of justice might seize upon them.

“Touching the kind host from whom I took the silver goblet, and the clownish or knavish host to whom I gave it, let this demonstrate unto you that good men are liable to crosses and losses whereof bad men oftentimes reap the benefit, but it commonly produceth patience in the one and pride in the other.

“Concerning that noble gentleman whose child I strangled after so courteous entertainment, know that that also was an act of Providence, for the gentleman was so indulgent and doting on that child that it lessened his love to Heaven, so I took away the cause.

“Touching the merchant whom I misguided in his way, it was likewise an act of Providence, for had he gone the direct way to this town he had been robbed and his throat cut, therefore I preserved him by that deviation.

“Now concerning this great luxurious city, whereas we spied but one devil which lay asleep without the gate, there being so many about this poor convent, you must consider that Lucifer, being already assured of that riotous town by corrupting their manners every day more and more, he needs but one single sentinel to secure it. But for this holy place of retirement, this monastery inhabited by so many devout souls who spend their whole lives in acts of mortification, as exercises of piety and penance, he hath brought so many legions to beleaguer them; yet he can do no good upon them, for they bear up against him most undauntedly, maugre all his infernal power and stratagems.” So the young man, or divine messenger, suddenly disappeared and vanished, yet leaving his fellow-traveller in good hands.

My Lord, I crave your pardon for this extravagancy and the tediousness thereof, but I hope the sublimity of the matter will make some compensation, which, if I am not deceived, will well suit with your genius, for I know your contemplations to be as high as your condition, and as much above the vulgar. This figurative story shows that the ways of Providence are inscrutable, His intention and method of operation not conformable oftentimes to human judgment, the plummet and line whereof is infinitely too short to fathom the depth of His designs; therefore, let us acquiesce in an humble admiration, and with this confidence, that all things co-operate to the best at last as they

relate to His glory and the general good of His creatures, though sometimes they appear to us, by uncouth circumstances, and cross mediums.

So in a due distance and posture of humility I kiss your Lordship's hands, as being my most highly honoured lord, your thrice-obedient and obliged servitor,

J. H.

V

To R. Baker, Esquire

SIR,

NOW that Lent and the spring do make their approach, in my opinion fasting would conduce much to the advantage of soul and body. Though our second institution of observing Lent aimed at civil respects, as to preserve the brood of cattle, and advance the profession of fishermen, yet it concurs with the first institution, viz., a true spiritual end, which was to subdue the flesh, and that being brought under, our other two spiritual enemies, the world and the devil, are the sooner overcome. The naturalists observe that morning spittle kills dragons, so fasting helps to destroy the devil, provided it be accompanied with other acts of devotion. To fast for one day only from about nine in the morning to four in the afternoon, is but a mock fast. The Turks do more than so in their Ramirams and Beirams, and the Jew also,

for he fasts from the dawn in the morning till the stars be up in the night, as you observe in the devout and delicate poem you pleased to communicate unto me lately. I was so taken with the subject, that I presently lighted my candle at your torch, and fell into these stanzas :

1. Now Lent is come, let us refrain
From carnal creatures, quick or slain ;
Let 's fast, and macerate the flesh,
Impound, and keep it in distress
2. For forty days, and then we shall
Have a replevin from the thrall,
By that blessed Prince, who for this fast
Will give us angels' food at last.
3. But to abstain from beef, hog, goose,
And let our appetites go loose
To lobsters, crabs, prawns, or such fish,
We do not fast, but feast in this.
4. Not to let down lamb, kid, or veal,
Hen, plover, turkey-cock, or teal,
And eat botargo, caviar,
Anchovies, oysters and like fare ;
5. Or to forbear from flesh, fowl, fish,
And eat potatoes in a dish
Done o'er with amber, or a mess
Of ringos in a Spanish dress :
6. Or to refrain from each hot thing
Which water, earth, or air doth bring,
And lose a hundred pound at gleck,
Or be a saint when we should sleep.

7. Or to leave play with all high dishes
And feed our thoughts with wanton wishes,
Making the soul like a light wench
Wear patches of concupiscence :
8. This is not to keep Lent aright,
But play the juggling hypocrite :
He truly Lent observes who makes the inward man
To fast, as well as makes the outward feed on bran.

The French Reformists have an odd way of keeping Lent, for I have seen the walls of their temples turned to shambles and flesh hanging upon them on Lent Sundays ; insomuch that he who doth not know their practice would take their churches to be synagogues of Jews, and that the bloody Levitical sacrifices were offered there.

And now that my thoughts are in France, a witty passage of Henry the Great comes into my mind, who being himself in the field, sent to the old Count of Soissons to accompany him with what forces he could make. The Count answered that he was grown decrepit and crazy ; besides, his estate was so, being much exhausted in the former wars, and all that he could do now for His Majesty was to pray for him. " Doth my cousin of Soissons," said the King, " answer me so ? They say that prayer without fasting hath nothing of that efficacy as when they are joined. *Ventre de St Gris*, By the belly of St Gris, I will make him fast as well as pray, for I will not pay him a penny of his ten thousand crowns pension which he hath yearly for these respects."

The Christian Church hath a longer and more solemn way of fasting than any other religion, take Lent and Ember weeks together. In some churches the Christian useth the old way of mortification by sackcloth and ashes to this day, which makes me think on a facetious tale of a Turkish ambassador in Venice, who being returned to Constantinople and asked what he had observed most remarkable in that so rare a city, he answered that among other things the Christian hath a kind of ashes, which thrown upon the head doth presently cure madness, for in Venice I saw the people go up and down the streets (said he) in ugly, antique, strange disguises, as being in the eye of human reason stark mad, but the next day (meaning Ash-Wednesday) they are suddenly cured of that madness by a sort of ashes which they cast upon their heads.

If the said ambassador were here among us, he would think our modern gallants were also all mad or subject to be mad, because they ash and powder their pericraniums all the year long.

So, wishing you meditations suitable to the season, and good thoughts which are best when they are the offsprings of good actions, I rest your ready and real friend,

J. H.

Ash-Wednesday, 1654.

VI

To Mr R. Manwayring

MY DEAR DICK,

IF you are as well when you read this as I was when I wrote it, we are both well. I am certain of the one, but anxious of the other in regard of your so long silence. I pray at the return of this post let your pen pull out this thorn that hath got into my thoughts and let me have often room in yours, for you know I am your perfect friend,
J. H.

VII.

To Sir Edward Spencer, Knight

I FIND by your last of the first current that your thoughts are much busied in forming your new commonwealth, and whereas the province that is allotted to me is to treat of a right way to govern the female sex, I hold my lot to be fallen upon a fair ground, and I will endeavor to husband it accordingly. I find also that for the establishment of this new republic you have culled out the choicest wits in all faculties, therefore I account it an honour that you have put me in the list, though the least of them.

In every species of government, and indeed

among all societies of mankind (reclused orders and other regulars excepted), there must be a special care had of the female kind, for nothing can conduce more to the propagation and perpetuity of a republic than the well managing of that gentle and useful sex, for though they be accounted the weaker vessels, yet are they those in whom the whole mass of mankind is moulded, therefore they must not be used like saffron bags or verde bottles which are thrown into some by-corner when the wine and spice are taken out of them.

It was an opinion truly befitting a Jew to hold, that woman is of an inferior creation to man, being made only for multiplication and pleasure, therefore hath she no admittance into the body of the synagogue. Such another opinion was that of the pagan poet who stuttered out this verse, that there are but two good hours of any woman—
 Τὴν μίαν ἐν θαλάμῳ, τὴν μίαν ἐν θανάτῳ:
 “Unam in thalamo, alteram in tumulo” (One hour in bed, the other in the grave).

Moreover, I hold also that of the orator to be a wild extravagant speech, when he said, that if “women were not conterranean and mingled with men, angels would descend and dwell among us.” But a far wilder speech was that of the Dog-philosopher, who termed women “necessary evils.” Of this cynical sect, it seems, was he who would needs make *orcus* to be the anagram of *uxor* by contracting *c*, *s* into an *x*, “Uxor et orcus—idem.”

Yet I confess, that among this sex, as among

men, there are some good, some bad, some virtuous, some vicious, and some of an indifferent nature in whom virtue makes a compensation for vice. If there was an Empress in Rome so cunning in her lust that she would take in no passenger until the vessel was freighted (for fear the resemblance of the child might discover the true father), there was a Zenobia in Asia who would suffer her husband to know her carnally no longer when once she found herself quick. If there were a Queen of France that poisoned her King, there was a Queen in England who, when her husband had been shot with an envenomed arrow in the Holy Land, sucked out the poison with her own mouth when none else would do it. If the Lady Barbara, wife to Sigismund, the Emperor, being advised by her ghostly father after his death to live like a turtle, having lost such a mate that the world had not the like, made this wanton answer, "Father, since you would have me to lead the life of a bird, why not of a sparrow as well as of a turtle?" (which she did afterwards): I say if there were such a Lady Barbara, there was the Lady Beatrice, who after Henry her Emperor's death lived after like a dove, and immured herself in a monastic cell. But what shall I say of Queen Artemisia, who had an urnful of her husband Mausolus's ashes in her closet, whereof she would take down a dram every morning next her heart, saying that her body was the fittest place to be a sepulchre to her dear husband, notwithstanding that she had erected such a tomb

for the rest of his body, that to this day is one of the wonders of the world?

Moreover, it cannot be denied but some females are of a high and harsh nature, witness those that two of our greatest clerks for law and learning (Lords B. and C.) did meet withal, one of whom was said to have brought back her husband to his hornbook again. As also Moses' and Socrates' wives, who were Zipporah and Xantippe: you may guess at the humour of one in the Holy Code; and for Xantippe, among many instances which might be produced, let this serve for one. After she had scolded her husband one day out of doors, as the poor man was going out, she whipped up into an upper loft and threw a pisspot full upon his sconce, which made the patient philosopher (or "foolosopher") to break into this speech for the venting of his passion, "I thought after so much thunder we should have rain." To this may be added my neighbour Stroud's wife in Westminster, who once ringing him a peal as she was basting his roast (for he was a cook) after he had newly come from the tavern upon Sunday evening, she grew hotter and hotter against him, having hell and the devil in her mouth, to whom she often bequeathed him. The staring husband, having heard her a great while with silence, at last answered, "I prithee, sweetheart, do not talk so much to me of the devil, because I know he will do me no hurt, for I have married his kinswoman." I know there are many that wear horns

and ride daily upon coltstaves, but this proceeds not so often from the fault of the female as the silliness of the husband, who knows not how to manage a wife.

But a thousand such instances are not able to make me a misogynist, a female foe, therefore towards the policing and perpetuating of this your new republic, there must be some special rules for regulating of marriage; for a wife is the best or the worst fortune that can betide a man throughout the whole train of his life. Plato's promiscuous *concubitus* or copulation is more proper for beasts than rational creatures. That incestuous custom they have in China, that one should marry his own sister, and in default of one, the next akin, I utterly dislike. Nor do I approve of that goatish latitude of lust which the Alcoran allows, for one man to have eight wives and as many concubines as he can well maintain. Nor of another branch of their law, that a man should marry after such an age under pain of mortal sin (for then what would become of me?). No, I would have every man left at liberty in this point, for there are men enough besides to people the earth.

But that opinion of a poor shallow-brained puppy, who upon any cause of disaffection would have men to have a privilege to change their wives or repudiate them, deserves to be hissed at rather than confuted; for nothing can tend more to usher in all confusion and beggary throughout

the world. Therefore that wiseacre deserves of all other to wear a toting horn. In this republic one man should be contented with one wife, and he may have work enough to do with her. But whereas in other commonwealths men use to wear invisible horns, it would be a wholesome constitution that they who, upon too much jealousy and restraint or ill-usage of their wives, or indeed not knowing how to use and man them aright (which is one of the prime points of masculine discretion), as also they who, according to that barbarous custom in Russia, do use to beat their wives duly once a week, but especially they who in their absence coop them up and secure their bodies with locks, I say it would be a very fitting ordinance in this new-moulded commonwealth that all such who impel their wives by these means to change their riders, should wear plain visible horns, that passengers may beware of them as they go along, and give warning to others, "*Cornu ferit ille : caveto.*" For indeed nothing doth incite the mass of blood, and muster up libidinous thoughts, more than diffidence and restraint.

Moreover, in coupling women by way of matrimony, it would be a good law, and consentaneous to reason, if out of all dowries exceeding £100 there should be two out of every cent. deducted and put into a common treasury for putting off hard-favoured and poor maids.

Touching virginity and the vestal fire, I could wish it were the worst custom the Roman Church

had, when gentle souls, to endear themselves the more unto their Creator, do immure their bodies within perpetual bounds of chastity, dieting themselves and using austerities accordingly, whereby, bidding a farewell and dying unto the world, they bury themselves alive, as it were, and so pass their time in constant exercises of piety and penance night and day, or in some other employments of virtue, holding idleness to be a mortal sin. Were this cloistered course of life merely spontaneous and unforced, I could well be contented that it were practised in your new republic.

But there are other kinds of cloisters in some commonwealths, and among those who are accounted the wisest and best policied, which cloisters are of a clean contrary nature to the former ; these they call the courtesan cloisters. And, as in others some females shut up themselves to keep the sacred fire of pudicity and continence, so in these latter there are some of the handsomest sorts of females who are connived at to quench the flames of irregular lust, lest they should break into the lawful married bed. It is true, nature hath poured more active and hotter blood into the veins of some men, wherein there are stronger appetites and motions, which motions were not given by nature to be a torment to man, but to be turned into delight, health and propagation. Therefore they to whom the gift of continence is denied, and have not the conveniency to have *debita vasa*, and lawful coolers of their own by way of wedlock,

use to extinguish their fires in these venerean cloisters rather than abuse their neighbours' wives, and break into other men's enclosures. But whether such a custom may be connived at in this your republic, and that such a common may be allowed to them who have no enclosures of their own, I leave to wiser legislators than myself to determine, especially in south-east hot countries, where venerean titillation (which Scaliger held to be a fixed outward sense, but ridiculously) is in a stronger degree; I say, I leave others to judge whether such a rendezvous be to be connived at in hotter climes, where both air, and food, and the blood of the grape do all concur to make one more libidinous. But it is a vulgar error to think that the heat of the clime is the cause of lust. It proceeds rather from adust choler and melancholy that predominate, which humours carry with them a salt and sharp itching quality.

The dull Hollander (with other north-west nations, whose blood may be said to be as buttermilk in their veins) is not so frequently subject to such fits of lust, therefore he hath no such cloisters or houses for ladies of pleasure. Witness the tale of Hans Boobikin, a rich Boer's son, whom his father had sent abroad a-friaring, that is, shroving in our language, and so put him in an equipage accordingly, having a new sword and scarf, with a gold hatband, and money in his purse to visit handsome ladies. But Hans, not knowing where to go else, went to his grandmother's house, where he fell

a-courting and feasting of her. But his father questioning him at his return where he had been a-friaring, and he answering that he had been at his grandmother's, the Boer replied, "God's Sacrament! I hope thou hast not lain with my mother." "Yes," said Boobikin, "why should not I lie with your mother, as you have lain with mine?"

Thus, in conformity to your desires, and the task imposed upon me, have I scribbled out this piece of drollery, which is the way, as I take it, that your design drives at. I reserve some things till I see what others have done in the several provinces they have undertaken towards the settlement of your new republic.

So with a thousand thanks for your last hospitable favours, I rest, as I have reason, and as you know me to be, your own true servant,

J. H.

London, 24 of *January*.

VIII

To Mr T. V., Barrister, at his Chamber in the Temple

COUSIN TOM,

I DID not think it was in the power of passion to have wrought upon you with that violence; for I do not remember to have known any (of so

seasoned a judgment as you are) lost so far after so frail a thing as a female; but you will say Hercules himself stooped hitherto; it is true he did, as appears by this distich,

Lenam non potuit, potuit superare Leænam,
Quem fera non potuit vincere, vicit Hera.

The saying also of the old comic poet makes for you, when he said, "Qui in amorem cecidit pejus agit quam si saxo saliat" (To be tormented with love is worse than to dance upon hot stones). Therefore, partly out of a sense of your suffering, as well as upon the seriousness of your request, but especially understanding that the gentlewoman hath parts and portion accordingly, I have done what you desired me in these lines; which though plain, short and sudden, yet they display the manner how you were surprised, and the depth of your passion :

To Mrs E. B.

Apelles, prince of painters, did
All others in that art exceed,
But you surpass him, for he took
Some pains and time to draw a look ;
You in a trice and moment's space
Have portrayed in my heart your face.

I wish this hexastic may have power to strike her as deep as I find her eyes struck you. The Spaniard saith there are four things required in a woer, viz., to be *savio*, *secreto*, *solo* and *sollicito*, that is, to be solicitous, secret, sole and sage. Ob-

serve these rules, and she may make herself your client, and so employ you to open her case, and recover her portion, which I hear is in hucksters' hands.

So, my dear cousin, I heartily wish you the accomplishment of your desires, and rest upon all occasions at your disposal,

J. H.

IX

To Sir R. Williams, Knight

SIR,

I AM one among many who much rejoice at the fortunate windfall that happened lately, which hath so fairly raised and recruited your fortunes. It is commonly seen that "Ubi est multum phantasiae (viz., ingenii) ibi est parum fortunae, et ubi est multum fortunae ibi est parum phantasiae" (Where there is much of fancy, there is little of fortune, and where there is much of fortune, there is little of fancy). It seems that Recorder Fleetwood reflected upon one part of this saying, when, in his speech to the Londoners, among other passages, whereby he soothed and stroked them, he said, "When I consider your wit, I admire your wealth." But touching the Latin saying, it is quite evinced in you, for you have fancy and fortune (now) in abundance. And a strong argument may be drawn, that fortune is not blind by her carriage

to you, for she saw well enough what she did, when she smiled so lately upon you.

Now, he is the really rich man who can make true use of his riches. He makes not nummum his numen, money his God, but makes himself dominum nummi, but becomes master of his penny. The first is the arrantest beggar and slave that is; nay, he is worse than the Arcadian ass, who, while he carrieth gold on his back, eats thistles.

Now, it is observed to be the nature of covetousness, that when all other sins grow old, covetousness in some sordid souls grows younger and younger, hence I believe sprung the city proverb, "That the son is happy whose father went to the devil." Yet I like the saying Tom Waters hath often in his mouth, "I had rather leave when I die, than lack while I live." But why do I speak of these things to you who have so noble a soul, and so much above the vulgar?

Your friend Mr Watts is still troubled with coughing, and truly I believe he is not to be long among us; for, as the Turk hath it, "A dry cough is the trumpeter of death." He presents his most affectionate respects unto you, and so doth, my most noble knight, your ever obliged servitor,

J. H.

X

To Sir R. Cary, Knight

I HAD yours of the 20th current on St Thomas's Eve, which was most welcome unto me ; and (to make a seasonable comparison) yours are like Christmas, they come but once a year ; yet I made very good cheer with your last, especially with that seraphic hymn which came enclosed therewith to usher in his holy tide ; and to correspond with you in some measure that way, I have returned you another of the same subject. For as I have observed, two lutes being tuned alike, if one of them be played upon, the other, though being a good way distant, will sound of itself, and keep symphony with the first that's played upon (which, whether it proceeds from the mere motion of the air or the emanation of atoms, I will not undertake to determine). So the sound of your muse hath screwed up mine to the same key and tune in these ternaries :

UPON THE NATIVITY OF OUR SAVIOUR

1. Wonder of wonders, earth and sky,
Time mingleth with eternity
And matter with immensity.
2. The sun becomes an atom, and a star
Turns to a candle to light kings from far
To see a spectacle so wondrous rare.

3. A virgin bears a Son, that Son doth bear
A world of sin, acquitting man's arrear
Since guilty Adam fig-tree leaves did wear.
4. A Majesty both infinite and just
Offended was, therefore the offering must
Be such, to expiate frail flesh and dust.
5. When no such victim could be found
Throughout the whole expansive round
Of heaven, of air, of sea, or ground,
6. The Prince of Life Himself descends
To make Astraea full amends,
And human souls from hell defends.
7. Was ever such a love as this,
That the eternal Heir of bliss
Should stoop to such a low abyss?

The muse, confounded with the mystery, according to the subject-matter, ends with a question of admiration.

So, wishing you as heartily as to myself (according to the instant season and the old compliment of England) a merry Christmas, and consequently a happy new year, I subscribe myself, your entirely devoted servant,

J. H.

St Innocent's Day, 1654.

XI

To J. Sutton, Esq.

WHEREAS you desire my opinion of the late history translated by Mr Wad. of the civil wars of Spain in the beginning of Charles the Emperor's reign, I cannot choose but tell you that it is a faithful and pure maiden story, never blown upon before in any language but in Spanish, therefore very worthy your perusal. For among those various kinds of studies that your contemplative soul delights in, I hold history to be the most fitting to your quality.

Now, among those sundry advantages which accrue to a reader of history, one is that no modern accident can seem strange unto him, much less astonish him. He will leave off wondering at anything, in regard he may remember to have read of the same, or much like the same that happened in former times; therefore he doth not stand staring like a child at every unusual spectacle, like that simple American, who, the first time he saw a Spaniard on horseback, thought the man and the beast to be but one creature, and that the horse did chew the rings of his bit and eat them.

Now, indeed, not to be an historian, that is not to know what foreign nations and our forefathers did, *Hoc est semper esse puer*, as Cicero hath it,

this is still to be a child who gazeth at everything. Whence may be inferred there is no knowledge that ripeneth the judgment, and puts one out of his nonage sooner than history.

If I had not formerly read the Barons' Wars in England, I had more admired that of the Leaguers in France. He who had read the near upon four score years' wars in Low Germany, I believe never wondered at the late thirty years' wars in High Germany. I had wondered more that Richard of Bordeaux was knocked down with halberts, had I not read formerly that Edward of Carnarvon was made away by a hot iron thrust up his fundament. It was strange that Murat the Ottoman Emperor should be lately strangled in his own court at Constantinople, yet considering that Osman, his predecessor, had been knocked down by one of his ordinary slaves not many years before, it was not strange at all: the blazing star in Virgo thirty-four years since did not seem strange to him who had read of that which appeared in Cassiopœia and other constellations some years before. Hence may be inferred, that history is the great looking-glass through which we may behold with ancestral eyes, not only the various actions of ages past, and the odd accidents that attend time, but also discern the different humours of men, and feel the pulse of former times.

This history will display the very intrinsics of the Castilian, who goes for the prime Spaniard, and make the opinion a paradox, which cries him

up to be so constant to his principles, so royal to his prince, and so conformable to government, for it will discover as much levity and tumultuary passions in him as in other nations.

Among divers other examples which could be produced out of this story, I will instance one. When Juan de Padillia, an infamous fellow, and of base extraction, was made general of the people, among others there was a priest, that being a great zealot for him, used to pray publicly in the church, "Let us pray for the holy commonalty, and His Majesty Don Juan de Padillia, and for the Lady Donna Maria Pacheco his wife," etc. But a little after some of Juan de Padillia's soldiers having quartered in his house, and pitifully plundered him, the next Sunday the same priest said in the church, "Beloved Christians, you know how Juan de Padillia passing this way, some of his brigade were billeted in my house; truly they have not left me one chicken, they have drunk up a whole barrel of wine, devoured my bacon, and taken away my Catalina, my maid Kate; I charge you therefore to pray no more for him." Divers such traverses as these may be read in that story, which may be the reason why it was suppressed in Spain, that it should not cross the seas, or clamber over the Pyrenees to acquaint other nations with their foolery and baseness; yet Mr Simon Digby, a gentleman of much worth, got a copy, which he brought over with him, out of which this translation is derived, though I must tell you

by-the-bye, that some passages were commanded to be omitted, because they had too near an analogy with our times.

So in a serious way of true friendship, I profess myself your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

London, 15 *January*.

XII

To the Lord Marquis of Dorchester

MY LORD,

THERE is a sentence that carrieth a high sense with it, viz., *Ingenia principum fata temporum* (The fancy of the prince is the fate of the times), so in point of peace or war, oppression or justice, virtue or vice, profaneness or devotion, for *Regis ad exemplum*. But there is another saying which is as true, viz., *Genius plebis est fatum principis* (The happiness of the prince depends upon the humour of the people). There cannot be a more pregnant example hereof, than in that successful and long-lived queen, Queen Elizabeth, who, having come as it were from the scaffold to the throne, enjoyed a wonderful calm (excepting some short gusts of insurrection that happened in the beginning), for near upon forty-five years together. But this, my Lord, may be imputed to the temper of the people, who had

had a boisterous king not long before, with so many revolutions in religion, and a minor king afterward which made them to be governed by their fellow subjects. And the fire and faggot being frequent among them in Queen Mary's days, the humours of the common people were pretty well spent, and so were willing to conform to any government that might preserve them and their estates in quietness. Yet in the reign of that so popular and well-beloved Queen, there were many traverses which trenched as much if not more upon the privileges of Parliament, and the liberties of the people, than any that happened in the reign of the two last kings, yet it was not their fate to be so popular. Touching the first, viz., Parliament, in one of hers, there was a motion made in the House of Commons that there should be a lecture in the morning some days of the week before they sat, whereunto the House was very inclinable. The Queen hearing of it sent them a message that she much wondered at their rashness, that they should offer to introduce such an innovation.

Another Parliament would have proposed ways for the regulation of her Court; but she sent them another such message, that she wondered that being called by her thither to consult of public affairs, they should intermeddle with the government of her ordinary family, and to think her to be so ill a housewife as not to be able to look to her own house herself.

In another Parliament there was a motion made that the Queen should entail the succession of the Crown and declare her next heir ; but Wentworth, who proposed it, was committed to the Tower, where he breathed his last ; and Bromley, upon a less occasion, was clapped in the Fleet.

Another time, the House petitioning that the Lords might join in private committees with the Commoners, she utterly rejected it. You know how Stubbs and Page had their hands cut off with a butcher's knife and a mallet because they writ against the match with the Duke of Anjou ; and Penry was hanged at Tyburn, though Alured, who wrote a bitter invective against the late Spanish match, was but confined for a short time ; how Sir John Heywood was shut up in the Tower for an epistle dedicatory to the Earl of Essex, etc.

Touching her favourites, what a monster of a man was Leicester, who first brought the art of poisoning into England ? How many of her maids of honour did receive claps at Court ? Add hereunto that Privy Seals were common in her days, and pressing of men more frequent, especially for Ireland, where they were sent in handfuls rather to continue a war (by the cunning of the officers) than to conclude it. The three fleets she sent against the Spaniard did hardly make the benefit of the voyages to countervail the charge. How poorly did the English garrison quit Havre de Grace ! and how were we baffled for the arrears that were due unto England (by article) for the

forces sent into France! For buildings, with all kind of braveries else that used to make a nation happy, as riches and commerce inward and outward, it was not the twentieth part so much in the best of her days (as appears by the Custom House book) as it was in the reign of her successors.

Touching the religion of the Court, she seldom came to sermon but in Lent time, nor did there use to be any sermon upon Sundays unless they were festivals; whereas the succeeding kings had duly two every morning, one for the household, the other for themselves, where they were always present, as also at private prayers in the closet; yet it was not their fortune to gain so much upon the affections of city or country. Therefore, my Lord, the felicity of Queen Elizabeth may be much imputed to the rare temper and moderation of men's minds in those days, for the pulse of the common people and Londoners did beat nothing so high as it did afterwards when they grew pampered with so long peace and plenty. Add hereunto that neither Hans, Jocky, nor John Calvin had taken such footing here as they did get afterwards, whose humour is to pry and peep with a kind of malice into the carriage of the Court and mysteries of State, as also to malign nobility, with the wealth and solemnities of the Church.

My Lord, it is far from my meaning hereby to let drop the least aspersion upon the tomb of that rare renowned Queen, but it is only to observe the



differing temper both of time and people. The fame of some princes is like the rose, which, as we find by experience, smells sweeter after it is plucked. The memory of others is like the tulip and poppy, which make a gay show and fair flourish while they stand upon the stalk, but being cut down, they give an ill-favoured scent. It was the happiness of that great long-lived Queen to cast a pleasing odour among her people both while she stood and after she was cut off by the common stroke of mortality ; and the older the world grows the fresher her fame will be. Yet she is little beholden to any foreign writers, unless it be the Hollanders, and good reason they had to speak well of her, for she was the chiefest instrument who, though with the expense of much English blood and bullion, raised them to a republic, by casting that fatal bone for the Spaniard to gnaw upon, which shook his teeth so ill-favouredly for fourscore years together. Other writers speak bitterly of her for her carriage to her sister the Queen of Scots, for her ingratitude to her brother Philip of Spain, for giving advice by her ambassador with the Great Turk to expel the Jesuits, who had got a college in Pera, as also that her secretary Walsingham should project the poisoning of the waters of Douay ; and lastly, how she suffered the Festival of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary in September to be turned to the celebration of her own birthday, etc. But these stains are cast upon her by her enemies ;

and the aspersions of an enemy used to be like the dirt of oysters, which doth rather cleanse than contaminate.

Thus, my Lord, have I pointed at some remarks, to show how various and discrepant the humours of a nation may be, and the genius of the times, from what it was; which doubtless must proceed from a high all-disposing Power — a speculation that may become the greatest and knowingest spirits, among whom your Lordship doth shine as a star of the first magnitude, for your house may be called a true academy, and your head the Capitol of knowledge, or rather an exchequer, wherein there is treasure enough to give pensions to all the wits of the time. With these thoughts I rest, my most highly honoured Lord, your very obedient and ever obliged servitor,

J. H.

London, 15 *August*.

XIII

To Mr R. Floyd

COUSIN FLOYD,

THE first part of wisdom is to give good counsel, the second to take it, and the third to follow it. Though you be young, yet you may be already capable of the two latter parts of wisdom, and it is the only way to attain the first. Therefore I wish you to follow the good counsel of

your Uncle J., for I know him to be a very discreet well-weighed gentleman, and I can judge something of men, for I have studied many. Therefore if you steer by his compass in this great business you have undertaken you need not fear shipwreck. This is the advice of your truly affectionate cousin,

J. H.

London, 6 *April*.

XIV

*To my Reverend and Learned Countryman,
Mr R. Jones*

IT is, among many others, one of my imperfections that I am not versed in my maternal tongue so exactly as I should be. The reason is that languages and words (which are the chief creatures of man, and the keys of knowledge) may be said to stick in the memory like nails or pegs in a wainscot door, which used to thrust out one another oftentimes. Yet the old British is not so driven out of mine (for the cask savours still of the liquor it first took in) but I can say something of this elaborate and ingenious piece of yours which you please to communicate unto me so early. I cannot compare it more properly than to a basket of posies gathered in the best garden of flowers, the Sacred Scriptures, and bound up with such art that every flower directs us where his bed may be found. Whence I infer that this work will much conduce

to the advancement of Βίβλιοσοφία or Scripture knowledge, and consequently to the public good. It will also tend to the honour of our whole country, and to your own particular repute. Therefore I wish you good success to make this child of your brain free denizen of the world.

J. H.

London, 17 *September*.

XV

To J. S., Esq., at Whitefriars

THIS new piece of philosophy comes to usher in the New Year unto you, dropped from the brain of the subtlest spirits of France, and the great personage (the Duke of Espernon), though heterodoxal and cross-grained to the old philosophers. Among divers other tenets he holds that *Privatio* is unworthy to be one of the three principles of natural things, and would put Love in the place of it. But you know, sir, that among other infirmities which Nature hath entailed upon man while he gropes here for truth among the elements, discrepancy of notions and desire of novelty are none of the least.

Now, touching this critical tract there is not any more capable to censure it than yourself, whose judgment is known to be so sound and magisterial. Let the pettiness of the gift be supplied by the pregnancy of the will, which swells with

mountains of desires to serve you, and to show in action, as well as in words, how ready I would be at your disposing,

J. H.

London, 2 *January*.

XVI

*To the Earl of Lindsey, Great Chamberlain
of England, at Ricot*

MY LORD,

I MOST humbly thank your Lordship for the noble present you commanded to be sent me from Grimthorpe, where, without disparagement to any, I may say you live as much like a prince as any grandee in Christendom. Among those many heroic parts (which appeared so much in that tough battle of Kinton, where having all your officers killed, yet you kept the field and preserved your wounded father from the fury of the soldier and from death for the time; as also for being the inseparablest cubicular companion the King took comfort in in the height of his troubles), I say, among other high parts to speak you noble, you are cried up, my Lord, to be an excellent horseman, huntsman, forester. This makes me bold to make your Lordship the judge of a small discourse, which upon a critical dispute touching the vocal forest that goes abroad in my name, was imposed upon me to satisfy them who thought

I knew something more than ordinary, what belonged to a true forest.

There be three places for venery or venatical pleasure in England, viz., a forest, a chase, and a park. They all three agree in one thing, which is that they are habitations for wild beasts. The two first lie open, the last enclosed. The forest is the most noble of all, for it is a franchise of so princely a tenure, that, according to our laws, none but the King can have a forest. If he chance to pass one over to a subject it is no more forest but frank chase. Moreover, a forest hath the pre-eminence of the other two, in laws, in officers, in courts and kinds of beasts. If any offend in a chase or park, he is punishable by the common law of the land; but a forest hath laws of her own to take cognisance of all trespasses. She hath also her peculiar officers as foresters, verderers, regards, agisters, etc., whereas a chase or park hath only keepers and woodwards. A forest hath her court of attachments, Swainmote Court, where matters are as pleadable and determinable as at Westminster Hall. Lastly, they differ something in the species of beasts; the hart, the hind, the boar, the wolf are forest beasts. The buck, the doe, the fox, the matron, the roe are beasts belonging to a chase and park.

The greatest forester, they say, that ever was in England was King Canute the Dane, and after him St Edward, at which time Liber Rufus, the red book for forest laws, was made, whereof one of

the laws was "Omnis homo astineat a venariis meis super paenam vitae" (Let every one refrain from my places of hunting upon pain of death).

Henry Fitz Empress (viz., the Second) did co-forest much land, which continued all his reign, though much complained of. But in King John's time most of the nobles and gentry met in the great meadow betwixt Windsor and Staines to petition the King that he would disaforest some, which he promised to do, but death prevented him. But in Henry the Third's time the Charter de Foresta (together with Magna Charta) were established, so that there was much land disaforested, which hath been called pourlieus ever since, whereof there were appointed rangers, etc.

Among other innocent animals which have suffered by these wars, the poor deer have felt the fury thereof as much as any. Nay, the very vegetables have endured the brunt of it. Insomuch that it is not improperly said that England of late is full of new lights, her woods being cut down, and so much destroyed in most places. So craving your Lordship's pardon for this rambling piece of paper, I rest my most highly honoured Lord, your obedient and ever obliged servant,

J. H.

London, 3 *August*.

XVII

To Mr E. Field, at Orleans

IN your last you write to me that you are settled for a while in Orleans, the loveliest city upon the Loire and the best school for gaining pure language, for as the Attic dialect in Greece, so the Aurelian in France doth bear the bell. But I must tell you, though you live now upon a brave river that divides France well near in two parts, yet she is held the drunkenest river in Christendom, for she swallows thirty-two other rivers, which she disgorgeth all into the sea at Nantes. She may be called a more drunken river than Ebro in Spain, which takes her name from Ebrio, according to the proverb there, "Me llamo Ebro porque de todas aguas bevo" (I call myself Ebro because I drink of all waters).

Moreover, though you sojourn now in one of the plentifullest continents upon earth, yet I believe you will find the people, I mean the peasants, nowhere poorer and more slavish, which convinceth two errors, one of Aristotle, who affirms that the country of Gallia, though bordering upon Spain, hath no asses. If he were living now he would avouch the greatest part of the inhabitants to be all asses, they lie under such an intolerable burden of taxes. The second error is, that France is held to be the freest country upon earth to all people,

for if a slave comes once to breathe French air, he is free *ipso facto*, if we may believe Bodin, it being a fundamental law of France, "Servi peregrini, ut primum Galliae fines penetraverint liberi sunt" (Let stranger slaves, as soon as they shall penetrate the borders of France, be free). I know not what privilege strangers may claim, but for the native French themselves, I hold them to be under the greatest servitude of any other nation. There is another law in France which inhibits women to rule, but what benefit doth accrue by this law all the while that women are regent and govern those who do rule? which hath been exemplified in three queen-mothers together. The Huguenots have long since voted the first two to hell to increase the number of the furies, and the Spaniard hath voted the third thither to make up the half-dozen, for continuing a more violent war against her now only brother, and with more eagerness than her husband did.

So I wish you all happiness in your peregrination, advising you to take heed of that turbid humour of melancholy, which they say you are too prone unto, for take this for a rule, that he who makes much of melancholy will never be rid of a troublesome companion. So I rest, gentle sir, your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

London, 3 *May*.

XVIII

To the Lady E., Countess Dowager of Sunderland

MADAM,

I AM bold to send your Ladyship to the country a new Venice looking-glass wherein you may behold that admired maiden city in her true complexion, together with her government and policy, for which she is famous all the world over. Therefore if at your hours of leisure you please to cast your eyes upon this glass, I doubt not but it will afford you some objects of entertainment and pleasure.

Moreover, your Ladyship may discern through this glass the motions, and the very heart of the author, how he continueth still, and resolves so to do in what condition soever he be, madam, your most constant and dutiful servant, J. H.

London, 15 Junii.

XIX

To the R. H., the Earl of Clare

MY LORD,

AMONG those high parts that go to make up a grandee, which I find concentrated in your Lordship, one is, the exact knowledge you have of many languages, not in a superficial, va-

pouring way, as some of our gallants have nowadays, but in a most exact manner, both in point of practice and theory. This induced me to give your Lordship an account of a task that was imposed lately upon me by an emergent occasion touching the origin, the growth, the changes, and present consistence of the French language, which I hope may afford your Lordship some entertainment.

There is nothing so incident to all sublunary things as corruptions and changes, nor is it to be wondered at, considering that the elements themselves, which are the principles or primitive ingredients whereof they be compounded, are naturally so qualified. It were as easy a thing for the spectator's eye to fasten a firm shape upon a running cloud, or to cut out a garment that but a few days together might fit the moon (who by privilege of her situation and neighbourhood predominates more over us than any other celestial body), as to find stability in anything here below.

Nor is this common frailty, or fatality rather, incident only to the grosser sort of elementary creatures, but mankind, upon whom it pleased the Almighty to imprint His own image, and make him as it were lord paramount of this lower world, is subject to the same lubricity of mutation, neither is his body and blood only liable thereunto, but the ideas of his mind, and interior operations of his soul. Religion herself with the notions of holiness, and the formality of saving faith not

excepted, nay, the very faculty of reason (as we find it too true by late experience), is subject to the same unstableness.

But to come to our present purpose, among other privileges which are peculiar to mankind, as emanations flowing from the intellect, language is none of the least. And languages are subject to the same fits of inconstancy and alteration as much as anything else, especially the French language. Nor can it seem strange to those who know the airy volatile humour of that nation, that their speech should partake somewhat of the disposition of their spirit, but will rather wonder it hath received no oftener change, especially considering what outward causes did also concur thereunto, as that their kings should make six several voyages to conquer or conserve what was got in the Holy Land, considering also how long the English, being a people of another speech, kept firm footing in the heart of France. Add hereunto the wars and weddings they had with their neighbours, which, by the long sojourn of their armies in other countries caused by the first, and the foreign courtiers that came in with the second, might introduce a frequent alteration. For languages are like laws or coins, which commonly receive some change at every shift of princes. Or as slow rivers by insensible alluvions take in and let out the waters that feed them, yet are they said to have the same beds, so languages, by a regardless adoption of some new words and manumission

of old, do often vary, yet the whole bulk of the speech keeps entire.

Touching the true ancient and genuine language of the Gauls, some would have it to be a dialect of the Dutch, others of the Greek, and some of the British or Welsh. Concerning this last opinion, there be many reasons to fortify it, which are not altogether to be slighted.

The first is, that the ancient Gauls used to come frequently to be instructed here by the British Druids, who were the divines and philosophers of those times, which they would not probably have done, unless by mutual communication they had understood one another in some vulgar language, for this was before the Greek or Latin came this side the Alps, or that any books were written, and there are no meaner men than Tacitus, and Cæsar himself, who record this.

The second reason is, that there want not good geographers who hold that this island was tied to Gallia at first (as some say Sicily was to Calabria and Denmark to Germany) by an isthmus or neck of land from Calais to Dover; for if one do well observe the quality of the cliffs on both shores, his eye will judge that they were but one homogeneous piece of earth at first, and that they were slented and shivered asunder by some act of violence, as the impetuous waves of the sea.

The third reason is, that before the Romans conquered the Gauls, the country was called Wal-

lia, which the Romans called Gallia, turning W into G, as they did elsewhere, yet the Walloon keeps his radical letter to this day.

The fourth reason is, that there be divers old Gaulic words yet remaining in the French which are pure British both for sense and pronunciation, as *havre*, a haven, which is the same in Welsh; *derechef*, again; *putaine*, a whore; *arrain*, brass money; *prou*, an interjection of stopping, or driving of a beast; but especially when one speaks any old word in French that cannot be understood, they say, “*Il parle baragouin*,” which is to this day in Welsh white bread.

Lastly, Pausanias saith, that “*mark*” in the Celtic Old French tongue signifieth a horse, and it signifieth the same in Welsh.

But though it be disputable whether the British, Greek, or Dutch was the original language of the Gauls, certain it is that it was the Walloon; but I confine myself to *Gallia Celtica*, which, when the Roman eagle had fastened his talons there, and planted twenty-three legions up and down the country, he did in tract of time utterly extinguish; it being the ordinary ambition of Rome wheresoever she prevailed, to bring in her language and laws also with the lance, which yet she could not do in Spain or this island, because they had posts and places of fastness to retire unto, as Biscay and Wales, where nature hath cast up those mountains as propugnacles of defence, therefore the very aboriginal languages of both countries re-

main there to this day. Now, France being a passable and plain pervious continent, the Romans quickly diffused and rooted themselves in every part thereof, and so co-planted their language, which in a short revolution of time came to be called Romance. But when the Franconians, a people of Germany, came afterwards to invade and possess Gallia, both speech and people were called French ever after, which is near 1300 years since.

Now, as all other things have their degrees of growing, so languages have before they attain a perfection. We find that the Latin herself in the times of the Sabines was but rude, afterwards under Ennius and Cato the Censor it was refined in twelve tables; but in Cæsar's, Cicero's, and Sallust's time it came to the highest pitch of purity, and so dainty were the Romans of their language then, that they would not suffer any exotic or strange word to be enfranchised among them, or enter into any of their *diplomatae* and public instruments of command or justice. The word *emblema* having got into one, it was thrust out by an express edict of the Senate, but *monopolium* had with much ado leave to stay in, yet not without a large preface and apology. A little after, the Latin tongue in the vulgarity thereof began to degenerate and decline very much, out of which degeneration sprang up the Italian, Spanish, and French.

Now, the French language being set thus upon

a Latin stock, hath received since sundry habitudes, yet retaining to this day some Latin words entire, as animal, cadaver, tribunal, non, plus, qui, os, with a number of others.

Childeric, one of the first race of French Kings, commanded by public edict that the four Greek letters Φ , χ , θ , ψ should be added to the French alphabet to make the language more masculine and strenuous, but afterwards it was not long observed.

Nor is it a worthless observation, that languages use to comply with the humour, and to display much the inclination of a people. The French nation is quick and spiritul, so is his pronunciation. The Spaniard is slow and grave, so is his pronunciation; for the Spanish and French languages being but branches of the Latin tree, the one may be called Latin shortened, and the other Latin drawn out at length, as corpus, tempus, caput, etc., are monosyllables in French, as corps, temps, caps, or chef; whereas the Spaniard doth add to them, as cuerpo, tiempo, cabeza; and indeed of any other the Spaniard affects long words, for he makes some thrice as long as they are in French, as of levement, a rising, he makes levantamiento; of pensée, a thought, he makes pensamiento; of compliment, he makes complimiento. Besides, the Spaniard doth use to pause so in his pronunciation, that his tongue seldom foreruns his wit, and his brain may very well raise and superfoete a second thought before the first be uttered. Yet is not

the French so hasty in his utterance as he seems to be, for his quickness or volubility proceeds partly from that concatenation he useth among his syllables, by linking the syllable of the precedent word with the last of the following, so that sometimes a whole sentence is made in a manner but one word, and he who will speak the French roundly and well, must observe this rule.

The French language began first to be polished, and arrive to that delicacy she is now come unto in the midst of the reign of Philip de Valois. Marot did something under Francis the First (which King was a restorer of learning in general, as well as of language), but Ronsard did more under Henry the Second. Since these kings there is little difference in the context of speech, but only in the choice of words and softness of pronunciation proceeding from such wanton spirits that did miniardise and make the language more dainty and feminine.

But to show what changes the French hath received from what it was, I will produce these few instances in verse and prose which I found in some ancient authors. The first shall be of a gentlewoman that translated “Æsop’s Fables” many hundred years since out of English into French, where she concludes :

Au finement de cest’ escrit
Qu’en Romans ay tourné et dit ;
Me nommaray par remembrance
Marie ay nom je suis de France ;

Per l'amour de Conte Guillaume
 Le plus vaillant de ce Royaume,
 M'entremis de ce livre faire
 Et de L'Anglois en Roman traire,
 Esope appelle l'on cil Livre,
 Qu'on translata et sit Escrivre ;
 De Griec en Latin le tourna,
 Et le Roy Alvert qui l'ama,
 Le translata puis en Angloiz,
 Et je l'ay tourné en François.

Out of the "Roman de la Rose" I will produce this example :

Quand ta bouche toucha la moye,
 Ce fut dont au Cœur j'eus joye ;
 Sire Juge, donnes sentence
 Par moy, Car la pucelle est moye.

Two of the most ancient and approvedest authors in French are Geoffrey de Villardouin, Marshal of Champagne, and Hugues de Bersy, a monk of Clugny in the reign of Philippe Auguste above 500 years since. From them I will borrow these two ensuing examples, the first from the Marshal, upon a crusade to the Holy Land.

"Scachiez que l'an 1188 ans après l'incarnation al temps Innocent III, apostoille de Rome, et Philippe Roy de France, et Richard Roy d'Engleterre eut un Saint homme en France, qui eut nom Folque de Nuilly, et il ere prestre, et tenoit le pariochre de la ville, et ce Folque commença a parler de Biex, et nostre sire fit manits miracles par luy," etc.

Hugues de Bersy who made the Guiot Bible so much spoken of in France, begins thus in verse :

D'oun siecle puant et horrible
M'estuet commencer une Bible,
Per poindre, et per aiguillonner
Et per bons exemples donner,
Ce n'est une Bible bisongere
Mais fine, et voire en droituriere
Mironer est a toutis gens.

If one would compare the English that was spoken in those times, which is about 560 years since, with the present, he should find a greater alteration.

But to know how much the modern French differs from the ancient, let him read our common law, which was held good French in William the Conqueror's time.

Furthermore, among other observations, I find that there are some single words antiquated in the French, which seem to be more significant than those that are come in their places, as *maratre*, *paratre*, *fillatre*, *serourge* (a stepmother, a stepfather, a son or daughter-in-law, a sister-in-law), which now they express in two words, *belle mère*, *beau père*, *belle sœur*. Moreover, I find there are some words now in French which are turned to a counter-sense, as we use the Dutch word *crank* in English to be "well-disposed," which in the original signifieth to be sick. So in French *cocu* is taken for one whose wife is light, and hath made him a passive cuckold ; whereas, clean contrary

cocu, which is the cuckoo, doth use to lay her eggs in another bird's nest. This word *pleiger* is also to drink after one is drunk unto, whereas the first true sense of the word was, that if the party drunk unto was not disposed to drink himself, he would put another for a pledge to do it for him, else the party who began would take it ill. Besides, this word *abry*, derived from the Latin *apricus*, is taken in French for a close place or shelter, whereas in the original it signifieth an open free sunshine. They now term in French a free boon companion *Roger bon temps*, whereas the original is *rouge bon temps* (reddish and fair weather). They use also in France, when one hath a good bargain, to say *il a joue à boule veue*, whereas the original is *à bonne veue*. A beacon or watch-tower is called *beffroy*, whereas the true word is *l'effroy*. A travelling warrant is called *passeport*, whereas the original is *passe par tout*. When one is grown hoarse, they use to say *il a veu le loup* (he hath seen the wolf), whereas that effect of hoarseness is wrought in whom the wolf hath seen first, according to Pliny, and the poet,

Lupi illum videre priores.

There is one saying or proverb which is observable, whereby France doth confess herself to be still indebted to England, which is, when one hath paid all his creditors, he useth to say, *j'ai payé tous mes Anglois*, so that in this and other phrases *Anglois* is taken for *créancier*, or creditor. And

I presume it had its foundation from this, that when the French were bound by treaty in Brittany to pay England so much for the ransom of King John, then prisoner, the contribution lay so heavy upon the people that for many years they could not make up the sum. The occasion might be seconded in Henry the Eighth's time at the surrender of Boulogne, and upon other treaties, as also in Queen Elizabeth's reign, besides the moneys which she had disbursed herself to put the crown on Henry the Fourth's head, which makes me think on a passage that is recorded in Pasquier, that happened when the Duke of Anjou, under pretence of wooing the Queen, came over into England, who being brought to her presence, she told him he was come in a good time to remain a pledge for the moneys that France owed her father and other of her progenitors ; whereunto the Duke answered that he was come not only to be a pledge, but her close prisoner.

There be two other sayings in French which, though they be obsolete, yet are they worthy the knowledge. The first is, *Il a perdu ses cheveux* (He hath lost his hair, meaning his honour). For in the first race of kings there was a law called *la loi de la Cheveleure*, whereby it was lawful for the *noblesse* only to wear long hair, and if any of them had committed some foul and ignoble act, they used to be condemned to have their long hair to be cut off as a mark of ignominy, and it was as

much as if he had been *fleur-de-lys'd*, viz., burnt on the back or hand, or branded in the face.

The other proverb was, *Il a quite sa ceinture* (He hath given up his girdle), which intimated as much as if he had become bankrupt, or had all his estate forfeited, it being the ancient law of France, that when any upon some offence had that penalty of confiscation inflicted upon him, he used before the tribunal of justice to give up his girdle, implying thereby that the girdle held everything that belonged to a man's estate, as his budget of money and writings, the keys of his house, with his sword, dagger and gloves, etc.

I will add hereunto another proverb which had been quite lost, had not our Order of the Garter preserved it, which is, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. This we English, "Ill to him who thinks ill," though the true sense be, "Let him be bewrayed who thinks any ill," being a metaphor taken from a child that hath bewrayed his clouts, and I daresay there is not one of a hundred in France who understands this word nowadays.

Furthermore, I find in the French language that the same fate hath attended some French words as usually attend men, among whom some rise to preferment, others fall to decay and an undervalue. I will instance in a few. The word *maistre* was a word of high esteem in former times among the French, and applicable to noblemen and others in high office only, but now it is fallen from the baron to the boor, from the count to the

cobbler, or any other mean artisan, as Maître Jean le Sauvetier, Mr John the Cobbler, Maître Jaquet le Cabaretier, Mr Jamie the Tapster.

Sire was also appropriate only to the King, but now adding a name after it, it is applicable to any mean man upon the endorsement of a letter or otherwise. But this word *sovereign* hath raised itself to that pitch of greatness that it is applied now only to the King, whereas in times past the president of any court, any bailiff or seneschal, was used to be called sovereign.

Marshal likewise was at first the name of a smith, farrier or one that dressed horses, but it has climbed by degrees to that height that the chiefest commanders of the gendarmerie and militia of France are come to be called marshals, which about one hundred years since were but two in all, whereas now they are twelve.

This title *Majesty* hath no great antiquity in France, for it began in Henry II's time. And indeed the style of France at first, as well as of other countries, was to *tutoyer*, that is, to "thou" any person that one spake unto, though never so high. But when the commonwealth of Rome turned to an empire, and so much power came into one man's hand, then, in regard he was able to confer honour and offices, the courtiers began to magnify him and treat him in the plural number by *You*, and by degrees to deify him by transcending titles, as we read in Symmachus in his Epistles to the Emperor Theodosius and to Val-

entinian, where his style to them is *Vestra aeternitas, vestrum numen, vestra perennitas, vestra clementia*; so that you in the plural number, with other compliments and titles, seem to have their first rise with the western monarchy, which afterwards by degrees descended upon particular persons.

The French tongue hath divers dialects, viz., the Picard, that of Jersey and Guernsey, appanages once of Normandy, the Provençal, the Gascon or the speech of Languedoc, which Scaliger would etymologise from *Langue d'oui*, whereas it comes truly from *Langue de Got*, in regard the Goths and Saracens, who by their incursions and long stay in Aquitaine first corrupted the speech of Gallia. The Walloon is another dialect which is under the King of Spain. They also of Liège have a dialect of the French, which among themselves they call Roman to this day.

Touching the modern French that is spoken now in the King's Court, the courts of parliament, and in the universities of France, there had been lately a great competition which was the best. But by the learnedest and most indifferent persons it was adjudged that the style of the King's Court was the purest and most elegant, because the other two did smell, the one of pedantry, the other of chicanery. And the late Prince of Condé, with the Duke of Orleans that now is, were used to have a censor in their houses that if any of their family spoke any word that savoured of the palace

or the schools he should incur the penalty of an amercement.

The late Cardinal Richelieu made it part of his glory to advance learning and the French language. Among other monuments he erected a university where the sciences should be read and disputed in French for the ease of his countrymen, wherèby they might presently fall to the matter, and not spend time to study words only.

Thus have I presumed to send your Lordship a rambling discourse of the French language past and present, humbly expecting to be corrected when you shall please to have perused it. So I subscribe myself your Lordship's thrice-obedient servant,

J. H.

London, 1 *October*.

XX

To Dr Weames

I RETURN you many thanks for the additionals you pleased to communicate unto me in continuance of Sir Philip Sidney's "*Arcadia*," and I admired it the more because it was the composition of so young a spirit, which makes mé tell you, without any compliment, that you are father to a daughter that Europe hath not many of her equals, therefore all those gentle souls that pretend to virtue should cherish her. I have here-

with sent you a few lines that relate to the work,
according to your desire.

TO MRS A. W.

If a male soul by transmigration can
Pass to a female, and her spirits man,
Then, sure, some sparks of Sidney's soul have flown
Into your breast, which may in time be blown
To flames, for it is the course of Enthean fire
To kindle by degrees, and brains inspire :
As buds to blossoms, blossoms turn to fruit,
So wits ask time to ripen and recruit ;
But yours gives time the start, as all may see
In this smooth piece of early poesie,
Which like sparks of one flame may well aspire,
If Phœbus please, to a Sidneyan fire.

So with my very affectionate respects to your-
self, and to your choice family, I rest your ready
and real servant, J. H.

London, 9 *November*.

XXI

To the incomparable Lady, the Lady M. Cary

MADAM,

I HAVE discovered so much of divinity in you,
that he who would find your equal must seek
one in the other world. I might play the oracle,
and more truly pronounce you the wisest of
women, than he did Pythagoras the wisest of
men; for questionless that he or she are the
wisest of all human creatures, who are careful of

preserving the noblest part of them, I mean the soul. They who prink and pamper the body, and neglect the soul, are like one who, having a nightingale in his house, is more fond of the wicker cage than of the bird; or rather like one who hath a pearl of an invaluable price and esteems the poor box that holds it more than the jewel. The rational soul is the breath of God Almighty, she is His very image, therefore who taints his soul may be said to throw dirt in God's face, and make His breath stink. The soul is a spark of immortality, she is a divine light, and the body is but a socket of clay that holds it. In some this light goes out with an ill-favoured stench; but others have a save-all to preserve it from making any snuff at all. Of this number, madam, you are one that shines clearest in this horizon, which makes me so much your Ladyship's truly devoted servant,

J. H.

London, 3 *November*.

XXII

To the Lord B. of Ro., at Knolls

MY LORD,

THE Christian philosopher tells us "that a good conscience is a perpetual feast." And the pagan philosopher hath a saying, "that a virtuous man is always drunk." Both, these

sayings aim at one sense, viz., that an upright, discreet man is always full of good notions and good motions, his soul is always in tune, and the faculties thereof never jarring. He values this world as it is, a vale of trouble, and a valley of tears, full of encumbrances and revolutions, and stands armed against all events: "Si fractus illabatur orbis."

While you read this you have your own character, for I know none more capable both for the practical part as well as the theory, to give precepts of patience, and prescribe rules of morality and prudence to all mankind. Your mind is like a stone bridge over a rapid river, which, though the waters beneath be perpetually working, roaring, and bubbling, yet the bridge never stirs, *pons manet immotus*; ———so among those monstrous mutations and traverses that have lately happened you are still the same,

Mens immota manet ———.

I received your last under the covert of Sir John Sackvil, to whom I present my affectionate service, with a thousand thanks for that seasonable present he pleased to send me, which will find me and my friends some employment; so desiring your benediction, I conclude and subscribe myself, my Lord, your truly devoted servant,

J. H.

London, 7 December.

XXIII

To Sir W. Mason, Knight

I PRESENT you with the second part of "the Vocal Forest," but before you make an entrance into the last walk thereof, be pleased to take this short caution along with you, which tends to rectify such who I hear are over-rash and critical in their censure of what is there contained, not penetrating the main design of the author in that allegorical discourse, nor into the quality of the times, or the prudential cautions and indifferences that an historical piece exposed to public view should require, which may make them perchance to shoot their bolts at random, and with wry looks at those trees; therefore let the discerning surveyor, as he crosseth this last walk, take a short advertisement beforehand: That whatsoever he meets therein glancing on the oak, consists of imperfect suggestions, foreign criticisms and presumptions, etc. Now, every petty Sciolist in the laws of reason can tell that presumptions were never taken yet for proofs, but for left-handed arguments, approaching rather the nature of cavillations than consequences.

Moreover, apologues, parables and metaphors, though pressed never so hard, have not the strength to demonstrate or positively assert any thesis; for, as in theology, the highest of sciences, it is a re-

ceived principle, "*Scriptura parabolica non est argumentativa*," so this maxim holds good in all other compositions and arts. It is granted that in the walks of this forest there be some free and home expressions drawing somewhat near to the nature of satires, for otherwise it had been a vain superfluous curiosity to have spent so much oil and labour in shrouding realities under disguises unless the author had promised himself beforehand a greater latitude and scope of liberty to pry into some miscarriages and solecisms of state, as also to question and perstring some sorts of actors, especially the cardenian and classican, who, as the whole world can witness, were the first raisers of those hideous tempests which poured down in so many showers of blood upon unfortunate Druina, and all her co-afforested territories.

Now, touching that which is spoken of the Oak in the last walk, if any intemperate Basilean take exceptions thereat, let him know that, as it was said before, most of them are but traducements and pretensions; yet it is a human principle (and will ever be so to the world's end) that there never was yet any prince (except one), nor will there ever be any hereafter, but had his frailties, and these frailties in kings are like stains in the purest scarlet, which are more visible. What are but moles in others are as beams in them, because that, being mounted so high, they are more exposed to the eye of the world. And if the historian points haply at some of those moles in the Royal Oak, he makes

good what he promised in the entrance of the forest, that he would endeavour to make a constant grain of evenness and impartiality to pass through the whole bulk of that arborical discourse.

We read that there being a high feud betwixt Cicero and Vatinius, who had crooked bow-legs, Vatinius, having the advantage of pleading first, took occasion to give a touch himself of his natural imperfection that way, that he might *tollere ansam*, that he might by way of prevention cut off the advantages and intention which Cicero might have had to asperse him in that particular; the application hereof is easy and obvious.

But if the sober-minded reader observe well what is spoken elsewhere of the "Oak" throughout the body and series of the story, he will easily conclude that it was far from the design of the author, out of any self or sinister ends, to let any sour droppings fall from these trees to hurt the Oak; and give me leave to tell you, that he who hath but as much wit as may suffice to preserve him from being begged for a fool will judge so.

Lastly, they who know anything of the laws of history, do well know that verity and indifference are two of the prime virtues that are requisite in a chronicler. The same answer may serve to stop their mouths who would say something, if they could tell what, against my "Survey of the Signory of Venice," and dedicated to the Parliament of England, as if the author had changed his principles, and were affected to republics; whereas

there is not a syllable therein but what makes for monarchy ; therefore I rather pity than repine at such poor critics with the shallowness of their judgments.

Thus much I thought good to intimate unto you, not that I mistrust your own censure, which I know to be candid and clear, but that if there be occasion you may vindicate your truly affectionate servant,

J. H.

London, 4 *April*.

XXIV

*To the Right Honourable the Lady E. Savage,
afterwards Countess Rivers*

EXCELLENT LADY,

AMONG those multitudes that claim a share in the loss of so precious a lord, mine is not the least. Oh, how willingly could I have measured with my feet and performed a pilgrimage over all those large continents wherein I have travelled to have reprieved him ! Truly, madam, I shall mourn for him while I have a heart beating in my breast ; and though time may mitigate the sense of grief, yet his memory shall be to me, like his worth and virtues, everlasting. But it is not so much to be lamented that he hath left us (it being so infinitely to his advantage) as that he hath left behind so few like him.

I confess, madam, this is the weightiest cross that possibly could come to exercise your patience, but I know your Ladyship to be both pious and prudent in the highest degree ; let the one preserve you from excess of sorrow, which may prove irreligious to heaven ; and the other keep you from being injurious to yourself, and to that goodly brave issue of his, which may serve as so many living copies of the original.

God Almighty comfort your Ladyship, so prayeth, madam, your most humble and sorrowful servant,

J. H.

London, 2 *February*.

XXV

To the Right Honourable John, Lo. Sa.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD be much wanting to myself if I did not congratulate your lately descended honours, but truly, my Lord, this congratulation is like a vapour exhaled from a soil overwhelmed with a sudden inundation, such is the state of my mind at this time, it being overcast with a thick fog of grief for the death of your incomparable father.

I pray from the centre of my heart that you may inherit his high worth and virtues as you do all things else, and I doubt it not, having discovered in your nature so many pregnancies and

sparkles of innated honour. — So I rest in quality
of your Lordship's most humble servant,

J. H.

London, 10 *December*.

XXVI

To Mr J. Wilson

I RECEIVED yours of the tenth current, and I have many thanks to give you, that you so quaintly acquaint me how variously the pulse of the pulpiteers beat in your town. Touching ours here (by way of correspondence with you) I will tell you of one whom I heard lately, for, dropping casually into a church in Thames Street, I fell upon a winter-preacher who spoke of nothing but of the fire and flames of hell, so that if a Scythian or Greenlander, who are habituated to such extreme cold, had heard and understood him, he would have thought he had preached of Paradise. His mouth methought did fume with the lake of brimstone, with the infernal torments, and the thunderings of the law, not a syllable of the Gospel; so I concluded him to be one of those who used to preach the Law in the church, and the Gospel in their chambers, where they make some female hearts melt into pieces. He repeated his text once, but God knows how far it was from the subject of his preachment. He had also hot and fiery incitements to war, and to swim in

blood for the cause. But after he had run away from his text so long, the Spirit led him into a wilderness of prayer, and there I left him.

God amend all, and begin with me, who am,
your assured friend to serve you, J. H.

London, 5 *July*.

XXVII

To Sir E. S.

IN the various courses of my wandering life, I have had occasion to spend some part of my time in literal correspondence with divers, but I never remember that I pleased myself more in paying these civilities to any than to yourself; for when I undertake this task I find that my head, my hand, and my heart go all so willingly about it. The invention of the one, the graphical office of the other, and the affections of the last are so ready to obey me in performing the work (work, do I call it?), it is rather a sport, my pen and paper are as a chessboard, or as your instruments of music are to you when you would re-create your harmonious soul. Whence this proceeds I know not, unless it be from a charming kind of virtue that your letters carry with them to work upon my spirits, which are so full of facete and familiar friendly strains, and so punctual in answering every part of mine, that you may give the law of epistolising to all mankind.

Touching your poet laureate, Skelton, I found him at last (as I told you before), skulking in Duck Lane, pitifully tattered and torn, and as the times are, I do not think it worth the labour and cost to put him in better clothes, for the genius of the age is quite another thing; yet there be some lines of his which I think will never be out of date for their quaint sense, and with these I will close this letter, and salute you as he did his friend with these options :

Salve plus decies quam sunt momenta dierum,
 Quot species generum, quot res, quot nomina rerum,
 Quot pratis flores, quot sunt et in orbe colores,
 Quot pisces, quot aves, quot sunt et in aequore naves,
 Quot volucrum pennae, quot sunt tormenta Gehennae,
 Quot coeli stellae, quot sunt et in orbe puellae,
 Quot Sancti Romae, quot sunt miracula Thomae,
 Quot sunt virtutes, tantas tibi mitto salutes.

These were the wishes in time of yore of Jo.
 Skelton, but now they are of your J. H.

London, 4 *August*.

XXVIII

To R. Davies, Esquire

DID your letters know how truly welcome they are to me they would make more haste and not loiter so long in the way, for I did not receive yours of the 2nd of June till the 1st of July, which was time enough to have travelled not only a hun-

dred English, but so many Helvetian miles, that are five times bigger, for in some places they contain forty furlongs, whereas ours have but eight, unless it be in Wales, where they are allowed better measure, or in the north parts, where there is a wee bit to every mile. But that yours should be a whole month in making scarce 100 English miles (for the distance between us is no more) is strange to me, unless you purposely sent it by John Long the carrier. I know, being so near Lemster's Ore, that you dwell in a gentle soil which is good for cheese as well as for cloth, therefore if you send me a good one, I shall return my cousin your wife something from hence that may be equivalent. If you neglect me, I shall think that Wales is relapsed into her first barbarousness, for Strabo makes it one of his arguments to prove the Britons barbarous, because they had not the art of making cheese till the Romans came; but I believe you will preserve them from this imputation again. I know you can want no good grass thereabouts, which, as they say here, grows so fast in some of your fields that if one should put his horse there over-night, he should not find him again the next morning. — So with my very respectful commends to yourself and to the partner of your couch and cares, I rest, my dear cousin, yours always to dispose of,

J. H.

London, 5 *July*.

XXIX

To W. Roberts, Esquire

THE Dominical Prayer and the Apostolical Creed (whereof there was such a hot dispute in our last conversation) are two acts tending to the same object of devotion, yet they differ in this, that we include all in the first and ourselves only in the second. One may beg for another, but he must believe for himself; there is no man can believe by a deputy. The articles of the Creed are as the twelve figures in the Zodiac of faith, which make way for the Sun of Righteousness to pass through the centre of our hearts, as a gentleman doth wittily compare them: But what offence the Lord's Prayer or the Creed have committed (together with the Ten Commandments) as to be, as it were, banished the church of late years, I know not, considering that the whole office of a Christian may be said to be comprehended in them, for the first prescribes us what we should do; the second, what we should believe; the third, how and what we should pray for. Of all the heretics that ever I heard of, I never read of any who bore analogy with these.

Touching other opinions, they are but old fancies newly furbished. There were Adamites in former times and rebaptisers; there were iconoclastae, destroyers of images, but I never read of stauro-

clastæ, destroyers of crosses. There were also Agoniclita, who held it a superstition to bow the knee; besides there were those who stumbled at the Resurrection, as too many do now. There were Æreans also, who maligned bishops and the hierarchy of the Church; but we read those Æreans turned Arians, and atheists at last. The greatest Greek and Latin fathers inveigh against those Æreans more bitterly than against any other. Chrysostom saith, "Heretics who have learned of the Devil not to give due honour to bishops;" and Epiphanius saith, "It is the voice of a devil rather than of a Christian, that there is no difference betwixt a bishop and a presbyter," etc.

Good Lord, what fiery clashings have we had lately for a cap and a surplice! What an ocean of human blood was spilt for ceremonies only and outward formalities, for the bare position of a table! But as we find the rufflingest winds to be commonly in cemeteries and about churches, so the eagerest and most sanguinary wars are about religion, and there is a great deal of weight in that distich of Prudentius —

*Sic mores produnt animum, et mihi credite semper
Junctus cum falso est dogmate caedis amor.*

Let the Turk spread his Alcoran by the sword, but let Christianity expand herself still by a passive fortitude wherein she always gloried.

We live in a strange age, when every one is in love with his own fancy, as Narcissus was with his

face, and this is true spiritual pride, the usherer in of all confusions. The Lord deliver us from it, and grant we may possess our souls with patience till the great wheel of Providence turn up another spoke that may point at peace and unanimity among poor mortals. In these hopes I rest, yours entirely,

J. H.

London, 5 *January*.

XXX

To Howel Gwyn, Esq.

MY MUCH ENDEARED COUSIN,

I SEND you herewith according to your desires the British or Welsh epitaph (for the Saxons gave us that new name, calling us Welshmen or strangers in our own country), which epitaph was found in the West Indies, upon Prince Madoc, near upon six hundred years since:

Madoc wif mw y die wedd
Jawn genan Owen Gwyneth,
Ni funnum dir fy enrid oedd,
Ni da mowr ondy moroedd.

Which is Englished thus in Mr Herbert's "Travels":

Madoc ap Owen was I called,
Strong, tall and comely, not enthralled
With home-bred pleasure, but for fame
Through land and sea I sought the same.

This British Prince Madoc (as many authors make mention) made two voyages thither, and in the last left his bones there, upon which this epitaph lay. There be other pregnant remarks that the British were there, for there is a promontory not far from Mexico called Cape Britain, there is a creek called Gwyndwor, which is in Welsh white water, with other words, as you shall find in Mr Herbert's and others; they had also the sign of the cross in reverence among them.

And now that I am upon British observations, I will tell you something of this name Howell, which is your first and my second name. Passing lately by the cloisters of the Abbey at Westminster, I stepped up to the library that Archbishop Williams erected there, and I lighted upon a French historian, Bertrane à Argentre, Lord of Forges, who was President of the Court of Parliament in Rennes, the chief town of Little Brittany in France, called Armorica, which is a pure Welsh word, and signifies a country bordering upon the sea, as that doth, and was first colonised by the Britons of this island in the reign of Theodosius the Emperor, *an.* 387, whose language they yet preserve in their radical words. In that historian I found that there were four kings of that country of the name Howel, viz. Howel the First, Howel the Second, Howel the Great (who bore up so stoutly against Aetius, the famous Roman general), and Howel the Fourth, that were all kings of Armorica, or the Lesser Brittany,

which continued a kingdom till the year 874, at which time the title was changed to a duchy, but sovereign of itself, till it was reduced to the French crown by Francis the First. There are many families of quality of that name to this day in France, and one of them desired to be acquainted with me by the mediation of Monsieur Augier, who was their agent for England. Touching the castle of good King Howel hard by you, and other ancient places of that name, you know them better than I, but the best title which England hath to Wales is by that castle, as a great antiquary told me. So in a true bond of friendship, as well as of blood, I rest, your most affectionate cousin to serve you,

J. H.

London, 8 *October*.

XXXI

To Mr W. Price, at Oxon

MY PRECIOUS NEPHEW,

THERE could hardly better news be brought to me, than to understand that you are so great a student, and that having passed through the briars of logic, you fall so close to philosophy. Yet I do not like your method in one thing, that you are so fond of new authors and neglect the old, as I hear you do. It is the ingrateful genius of this age, that if any Sciolist can find a hole in an old author's coat, he will endeavour to make it much

more wide, thinking to make himself somebody thereby. I am none of those, but touching the ancients, I hold this to be a good moral rule, *Laudandum quod bene, ignoscendum quod aliter dixerunt* (The older an author is, commonly the more solid he is, and the greater teller of truth). This makes me think on a Spanish captain, who being invited to a fish dinner, and coming late, he sat at the lower end of the table where the small fish lay, the great ones being at the upper end; thereupon he took one of the little fish and held it to his ear. His comrades asked him what he meant by that. He answered in a sad tone, "Some thirty years since my father, passing from Spain to Barbary, was cast away in a storm, and I am asking this little fish whether he could tell any tidings of his body; he answers me that he is too young to tell me anything, but those old fish at your end of the table may say something to it;" so by that trick of drollery he got his share of them. The application is easy, therefore I advise you not to neglect old authors, for though we be come as it were to the meridian of truth, yet there be many neoterical commentators and self-conceited writers that eclipse her in many things, and go from *obscurum* to *obscurius*.

Give me leave to tell you, cousin, that your kindred and friends with all the world besides, expect much from you in regard of the pregnancy of your spirit, and those advantages you have of others, being now at the source of all knowledge.

I was told of a countryman who, coming to Oxford, and being at the town's end, stood listening to a flock of geese and a few dogs that were hard by ; being asked the reason, he answered, that he thought the geese about Oxford did gaggle Greek, and the dogs barked in Latin. If some in the world think so much of those irrational poor creatures that take in university air, what will your friends in the country expect from you who have the instruments of reason in such a perfection, and so well strung with a tenacious memory, a quick understanding, and rich invention?—all which I have discovered in you, and doubt not but you will employ them to the comfort of your friends, your own credit, and the particular contentment of your truly affectionate uncle,

J. H.

London, 3 *February*.

XXXII

To Sir K. D., in Paris

I HAD been guilty of such an offence whereof I should never have absolved myself, if I had omitted so handsome an opportunity to quicken my old devotions to you. Among those multitudes here who resent your hard condition, and the protractions of your business, there is none who is more sensible that so gallant and sublime a soul (so much renowned throughout the world) should meet with such harsh traverses of fortune.

For myself, I am like an almanac out of date, I am grown an unprofitable thing, and good for nothing as the times run, yet in your business I shall play the whetstone, which, though it be a dull thing of itself, and cannot cut, yet it can make other bodies to cut; so shall I quicken those who have the managing of your business, and power to do you good, whensoever I meet them. — So I rest your thirty years' servant,

J. H.

London, 2 *September*.

XXXIII

To Mr R. Lee, in Antwerp

AN acre of performance is worth the whole Land of Promise; besides, as the Italian hath it, deeds are men and words women. You pleased to promise me, when you shook hands with England, to barter letters with me. But whereas I writ to you a good while since by Mr Simons, I have not received a syllable from you ever since.

The times here frown more and more upon the Cavaliers, yet their minds are buoyed up still with strong hopes; some of them being lately in company of such whom the times favour, and reporting some comfortable news on the Royalists' side, one of the other answered, "Thus you Cavaliers still fool yourselves, and build always castles in the air;" thereupon a sudden reply was made, "Where

will you have us to build them else, for you have taken all our lands from us?" I know what you will say when you read this: A pox on those true jests.

This tale puts me in mind of another. There was a gentleman lately who was offered by the Parliament a parcel of Church or Crown lands equivalent to his arrears, and asking counsel of a friend of his which he should take, he answered, "Crown lands by all means; for if you take them you run a hazard only to be hanged, but if you take Church land you are sure to be damned." Whereunto the other made him a shrewd reply: "Sir, I will tell you a tale: There was an old usurer not far from London who had trained up a dog of his to bring his meat after him in a hand-basket, so that in time the shag-dog was so well bred that his master used to send him by himself to Smithfield shambles with a basket in his mouth, and a note in the bottom thereof to his butcher, who accordingly would put in what joint of meat he wrote for, and the dog would carry it handsomely home. It happened one day that as the dog was carrying a good shoulder of mutton home to his master, he was set upon by a company of other huge dogs, who snatched away the basket and fell to the mutton. The other dog measuring his own single strength, and finding he was too weak to redeem his master's mutton, said within himself (as we read the like of Chrysippus's dog), 'Nay, since there is no remedy, you shall be hanged

before you have all. I will have also my share,' and so fell a-eating amongst them. I need not," said he, "make the application unto you, it is too obvious. Therefore I intend to have my share also of the Church lands."

In that large list of friends you have left behind you here, I am one who is very sensible that you have thus banished yourself. It is the high will of Heaven that matters should be thus, therefore, "Quod divinitus accidit humiliter, quod ab hominibus viriliter ferendum" (We must manfully bear what comes from men, and humbly what comes from above). The pagan philosopher tells us, "Quod divinitus contingit homo a se nulla arte dispellet" (There is no fence against that which comes from heaven, whose decrees are irreversible).

Your friends in Fleet Street are all well, both long coats and short coats, and so is your unalterable friend to love and serve you, J. H.

London, 9 *November*.

XXXIV

To Sir J. Tho., Knight

THERE is no request of yours but is equivalent to a command with me; and whereas you crave my thoughts touching a late history published by one Mr Wilson, which relates the life of King James, though I know for many years

your own judgment to be strong and clear enough of itself, yet to comply with your desires, and to oblige you that way another time to me, I will deliver you my opinion.

I cannot deny but the thing is a painful piece, and proceeds after a handsome method in drawing on the series and thread of the story, but it is easily discernible that a partial Presbyterian vein goes constantly throughout the whole work. And you know it is the genius of that people to pry more than they should into the courts and comportments of princes, and take any occasion to traduce and bespatter them. So doth this writer, who endeavours all along (among other things) to make the world believe that King James and his son after him were inclined to Popery and to bring it into England. Whereas I dare avouch that neither of them entertained the least thought that way; they had as much design to bring in Prester-John as the Pope, or Mahommed as soon as the mass. This conceit made the writer to be subject to many mistakes and misrepresentations, which so short a circuit as a letter cannot comprehend.

Yet I will instance in one gross mistake he hath in relating a passage which concerns Sir Elias Hicks, a worthy knight, and a fellow-servant of yours and mine. And he doth not only misrepresent the business, but he foully asperseth him with the terms of unworthiness and infamy. The truth of that passage is as followeth, and I had it from very good hands.

In the year 1621, the French King, making a general war against them of the religion, beleaguered Montauban in person, while the Duke of Espernon blocked up Rochelle. The King having lain a good while before the town, a cunning report was raised that Rochelle was surrendered; this report being blown into Montauban, must needs dishearten them of Rochelle, being the prime and tenablest propugnacle they had. Mr Hicks happened to be then in Rochelle, being commended by Sir George Goring to the Marquis de la Force, who was one of them that commanded in chief, and treated Mr Hicks with much civility, so far that he took him to be one of his domestic attendants. The Rochellers had sent two or three special envoys to Montauban to acquaint them with their good condition, but it seems they all miscarried, and the Marquis being troubled in his thoughts, one day Mr Hicks told him that by God's favour he would undertake and perform the service to Montauban. Hereupon he was put accordingly in equipage. So, after ten days' journey, he came to a place called Moysac, where my Lord of Doncaster, afterwards Earl of Carlisle, was in quality of ambassador from England to observe the French King's proceedings, and to mediate a peace betwixt him and the Protestants. At his first arrival thither it was his good hap to meet casually with Mr Peregrine Fairfax, one of the Lord Ambassador's retinue, who had been a former comrade of his. Among other

civilities he brought Mr Hicks to wait upon the ambassador, to whom he had credential letters from the Assembly of Rochelle, acquainting his Lordship with the good state they were in. Mr Hicks told him besides that he was engaged to go to Montauban as an envoy from Rochelle to give them true information how matters stood. The ambassador replied that it was too great a trust to put upon so young shoulders. So Mr Hicks, being upon going to the French army which lay before Montauban, Mr Fairfax would needs accompany him thither to see the trenches and works. Being come thither they met with one Mr Thomas Webb that belonged to the Marshal St Gerand, who lodged them both in his own hut that night, and having showed them the batteries and trenches the day after, Mr Hicks took notice of one place which lay most open for his design, resolving within himself to pass that way to the town. He had told Fairfax of his purpose before, who discovering it to Webb, Webb asked him whether he came thither to be hanged, for divers were used so a little before. The next day Hicks, taking his leave of Webb, desired Fairfax to stay behind, which he refusing, did ride along with him to the place which Hicks had pointed out the day before for his design, and there Fairfax left him. So having got betwixt the corps de guard and the town, he put spurs to his horse, and waving his pistol above his head, got in, being pursued almost to the walls of the town by the King's party.

Being entered, old Marshal de la Force, who was then in Montauban, having heard his relations of Rochelle, fell on his neck and wept, saying that he would give 1000 crowns he were as safely got back to Rochelle as he came thither. And having stayed there three weeks he, in a sally that the town made one evening, got clear through the leaguer before Montauban, as he had formerly done before that of the Duke of Espernon, and so recovered Rochelle again. But to return to Mr Fairfax, after he had parted with Mr Hicks, he was taken prisoner, and threatened the rack, but whether out of the apprehension thereof, or otherwise, he died a little after of a fever at Moysac, though it is true that the gazettes in Paris did publish that he died of the torture, with the French mercury since.

Mr Hicks, being returned to London, was questioned by Sir Ferdinand Fairfax for his brother's death. Thereupon Mr Webb, being also come back to London, who was upon the very place where these things happened in France, Mr Hicks brought him along with him to Sir Ferdinand's lodgings, who did positively affirm that Mr Hicks had communicated his design to Mr Peregrine Fairfax (and that he revealed it first to him), so he did fairly vindicate Mr Hicks, wherewith Sir Ferdinand remained fully satisfied and all his kindred.

Whosoever will observe the carriage and circumstance of this action must needs confess that Mr

Hicks (now Sir Elias Hicks) did comport himself like a worthy gentleman from the beginning to the end thereof. The design was generous, the conduct of it discreet, and the conclusion very prosperous in regard it preserved both Montauban and Rochelle for that time from the fury of the enemy, for the King raised his siege a little after from before the one and Espernon from before the other. Therefore it cannot be denied that the said writer (who so largely entitles his book "The History of Great Britain," though it be but the particular reign of King James only) was very much to blame for branding so well a deserving gentleman with infamy and unworthiness, which are the words he pleaseth to bestow upon him. And I think he would willingly recant and retract his rash censure were he now living, but death pressed him away before the press had done with his book, whereof he may be said to have died in childbed.

So presenting herewith unto you my hearty respects and love, endeared and strengthened by so long a tract of time, I rest your faithful true servant,

J. H.

London, 9 *November*.

XXXV

To Mr R. Lewis, in Amsterdam

COUSIN,

I FOUND yours of the 1st of February in the posthouse as I casually had other business there, else it had miscarried. I pray be more careful of your directions hereafter. I much thank you for the avisos you sent me how matters pass thereabouts. Methinks that Amsterdam begins to smell rank of a Hanse town, as if she would be independent, and paramount over the rest of the confederate provinces ; she hath some reason in one respect, because Holland contributes three parts of five, and Amsterdam herself near upon the one moiety of those three parts, to maintain the land and naval forces of the States General. That town likewise, as I hear, begins to compare with Venice, but let her stay there awhile, yet she may in some kind do it, for their situation and beginning have been alike, being both indented with waters, and both fisher towns at first.

But I wonder at one news you write me, that Amsterdam should fall on repairing and beautifying of churches, whereas the news here is clean contrary, for while you adorn your churches there, we destroy them here. Among other, poor Paul's looks like a great skeleton, so pitifully handled that you may tell her ribs through her skin ; her

body looks like the hulk of a huge Portugal carrack, that having crossed the Line twelve times, and made three voyages into the East Indies, lies rotting upon the strand. Truly I think not Turk or Tartar, nor any creature except the Devil himself, would have used Paul's in that manner; you know that once a stable was made a temple, but now a temple is become a stable among us. *Prob superi! quantum mortalia pectora Caecae Noctis habent* —

There are strange heteroclitcs in religion nowadays, among whom some of them may be said to endeavour the exalting of the kingdom of Christ, in lifting it upon Beelzebub's back, by bringing in so much profaneness to avoid superstition. God deliver us from atheism, for we are within one step of it; and touching Judaism, some corners of our city smell as rank of it as yours doth there.

I pray be punctual in your returns hereafter, for as you say well and wittily, letters may be said to be the chiefest organs (though they have but paper-pipes) through which friendship doth use to breathe and operate. For my part I shall not be wanting to set those organs a-working for the often conveyance of my best affections unto you. Sir T. Williams, with his choice Lady, blow over through the same pipe their kind respects unto you, and so do divers of your friends besides; but especially, my dear cousin, yours,
J. H.

London, 3 *January*.

XXXVI

To J. Anderson, Esq.

YOU have been often at me (though I know you to be a Protestant so in grain that all the waters of the Tiber are not able to make you change colour) that I should impart unto you in writing what I observed commendable and discommendable in the Roman Church, because I had eaten my bread often in those countries where that religion is professed and practised in the greatest height. Touching the second part of your request, I need not say anything to it, for there be authors enough of our Church to inform you about the positions and tenets wherein we differ, and for which we blame them. Concerning the first part, I will give you a short intimation of what I noted to be praiseworthy and imitable in point of practice.

The government of the Roman Church is admirable, being moulded with as much policy as the wit of man can reach unto, and there must be civil policy as well as ecclesiastic used to keep such a world of people of several nations and humours in one religion, though at first, when the Church extended but to one chamber, then to one house, after to one parish, then to one province, such policy was not so requisite. For the Church of Christ may be compared to His Person in point

of degrees of growing, and as that coat which served Him in His childhood could not fit Him in His youth, nor that of His youth when He was come to His manhood, no more would the same government (which compared to the fundamentals of faith, that are still the same, are but as outward garments) fit all ages of the Church, in regard of those millions of accidents that use to attend time, and the mutable humours of men, insomuch that it was a wholesome caution of an ancient father, *Distinguas inter tempora, et concordabis cum Scriptura*. This government is like a great fabric reared up with such exact rules of art and architecture that the foundation, the roof, sides and angles, with all the other parts, have such a dependence of mutual support by a rare contignation, concinnity, and indentings one in the other, that if you take out but one stone it hazards the downfall of the whole edifice. This makes me think that the Church of Rome would be content to part with, and rectify some things, if it might not endanger the ruin of the whole, which puts the world in despair of an œcumenical council again.

The uniformity of this fabric is also to be admired, which is such as if it were but one entire continued homogeneous piece; for put case a Spaniard should go to Poland and a Pole should travel to the farthest part of Spain, whereas all other objects may seem ne'er so strange to them in point of lodging, language, and diet, though the complexion and faces, the behaviour, garb, and gar-

ments of men, women, and children be differing, together with the very air and clime of the place, though all things seem strange unto them, and so somewhat uncouth and comfortless, yet when they go to God's house in either country, they may say they are there at home, for nothing differs there either in language, worship, service, or ceremony, which must needs be an unspeakable comfort to either of them.

Thirdly, it must needs be a commendable thing that they keep their churches so cleanly and amiable, for the dwellings of the Lord of Hosts should be so; to which end your greatest ladies will rise before day sometimes in their night clothes to fall a-sweeping some part of the church and decking it with flowers, as I heard Count Gondomar's wife used to do here at Ely House Chapel; besides they keep them in constant repair, so that if but a quarry of glass chanced to be broken or the least stone be out of square it is presently mended. Moreover, their churches stand wide open early and late, inviting as it were all comers, so that a poor troubled soul may have access thither at all hours to breathe out the pantings of his heart, and the ejaculations of his soul either in prayer or praise; nor is there any exception of persons in their churches, for the cobbler will kneel with the count, and the laundress cheek-by-jowl with her lady, there being no pews there to cause pride and envy, contentions and quarrels, which are so rife in our churches.

The comely prostrations of the body, with genu-

flexion, and other acts of humility in time of divine service are very exemplary. Add hereunto that the reverence they show to the holy function of the Church is wonderful ; princes and queens will not disdain to kiss a capuchin's sleeve, or the surplice of a priest. Besides, I have seen the greatest and beatifulest young ladies go to hospitals, where they not only dress but lick the sores of the sick.

Furthermore, the conformity of seculars, and resignation of their judgments to the governors of the Church are remarkable. There are not such sceptics and cavillers there as in other places. They humbly believe that Lazarus was three days in the grave, without questioning where his soul was all the while, nor will they expostulate how a man who was born blind from his nativity should presently know the shapes of trees, whereunto he thought the first men he ever saw were like, after he received sight ; add hereunto that they esteem for Church preferments most commonly a man of a pious good disposition, of a meek spirit and godly life, more than a learned man, that is either a great linguist, antiquary, or philosopher, and the first is advanced sooner than the latter.

Lastly, they think nothing too good or too much for God's house or for His ministers, no place too sweet, no buildings too stately for them, being of the best profession. The most curious artists will employ the best of their skill to compose hymns and anthems for God's house, etc.

But, methinks I hear you say that you acknow-

ledge all this to be commendable, were it not that it is accompanied with an odd opinion that they think to merit thereby, accounting them works of supererogation.

Truly, sir, I have discoursed with the greatest magnifiers of meritorious works, and the chiefest of them made me this comparison, that the blood of Christ is like a great vessel of wine, and all the merits of men, whether active or passive, were it possible to gather them all in one lump, are but as a drop of water thrown into that great vessel, and so must needs be made wine, not that the water hath any inherent virtue of itself to make itself so, but as it receives it from the wine.

It is reported of Cosmo de' Medici, that having built a goodly church with a monastery thereunto annexed, and two hospitals with other monuments of piety, and endowed them with large revenues, as one did much magnify him for these extraordinary works, for which doubtless he merited a high reward in heaven, he answered: "It is true I employed much treasure that way, yet when I look over my ledger book of accounts, I do not find that God Almighty is indebted to me one penny, but I am still in the arrear to Him."

Add hereunto the sundry ways of mortification they have by frequent long fastings and macerations of the flesh, by their retiredness, their abandoning the world and sequestration from all mundane affairs, their notable humility in the distribution of their alms, which they do not use to hurl away

in a kind of scorn as others do, but by putting it gently into the beggar's hand.

Some shallow-pated Puritan in reading this will shoot his bolt and presently cry me up to have a pope in my belly, but you know me otherwise, and there's none knows my intrinsics better than you. We are come to such times, that if any would maintain those decencies and humble postures, those solemnities and rites which should be practised in the holy house of God (and holiness becomes His house for ever), nay, if one passing through a church should put off his hat, there is a giddy and malignant race of people (for indeed they are the true malignants), who will give out that he is running post to Rome. Notwithstanding that the religion established by the laws of England did ever allow of them ever since the Reformation began, yet you know how few have run thither. Nay, the Lutherans, who use far more ceremonies symbolising with those of Rome than the English Protestants ever did, keep still their distance, and are as far from her now as they were at first.

England had lately (though to me it seems a great while since) the face and form, the government and gravity, the constitutions and comeliness of a Church; for she had something to keep herself handsome; she had wherewith to be hospitable, and do deeds of charity, to build alms-houses, free schools, and colleges, which had been very few in this island had there been no Church benefactors. She had brave degrees of promotion to

incite industry, and certainly the conceit of honour is a great encouragement to virtue. Now, if all professions have steps of rising, why should divinity, the best of all professions, be without them? The apprentice doth not think it much to wipe his master's shoes and sweep the gutters, because he hopes one day to be an alderman. The common soldier carrieth hopes in his knapsack to be one day a captain or colonel. The student in the Inns of Courts turns over "Ployden" with more alacrity, and tugs with that crabbed study of the law, because he hopes one day to be a judge. So the scholar thought his labour sweet, because he was buoyed up with hopes that he might be one day a bishop, dean, or canon. This comely subordination of degrees we once had, and we had a visible conspicuous Church, to whom all other Reformists gave the upper hand; but now she may be said to have crept into corners, and fallen to such a contempt that she dares scarce show her face. Add hereunto in what various kinds of confusion she is involved, so that it may be not improperly said, while she thought to run away so eagerly from Babylon, she is fallen into a babel of all opinions: insomuch that they who come lately from Italy say how Rome gives out that when religion is lost in England, she will be glad to come to Rome again to find one out, and that she danceth all this while in a circle.

Thus have I endeavoured to satisfy your importunity as far as a sheet of paper could reach, to

give you a touch that may be not only allowable but laudable, and consequently imitable in the Roman Church, for —

Fas est et ab hoste doceri,

but I desire you would expound all with a sane sense, wherewith I know you abound, otherwise I would not be so free with you upon this ticklish subject; yet I have cause to question your judgment in one thing, because you magnify so much my talent in your last. Alas, sir, a small handkerchief is enough to hold mine, whereas a large tablecloth can hardly contain that rich talent which I find God and nature hath intrusted you withal. In which opinion I rest always your ready and real servant,

J. H.

London, 3 *July*.

XXXVII

To Doctor Harvey, at St Laurence Poultney

I REMEMBER well you pleased not only to pass a favourable censure, but give a high character of the first part of Dodona's "Grove," which makes this second to come and wait on you, which, I dare say, for variety of fancy is nothing inferior to the first. It continueth an historical account of the occurrences of these times in an allegorical way under the shadow of trees, and I believe

it omits not any material passage which happened as far as it goes. If you please to spend some of the parings of your time, and fetch a walk in this grove, you may haply find therein some recreation. And if it be true what the ancients write of some trees, that they are fatidical, these come to foretell, at leastwise to wish you, as the season invites me, a good new year, according to the Italian compliment, *buon principio, miglior mezzo, ed ottimo fine*. With these wishes of happiness in all the three degrees of comparison, I rest your devoted servant.

J. H.

London, 2 *January*.

XXXVIII

To R. Bowyer, Esq.

I RECEIVED yours of the tenth current, where I made a new discovery, finding therein one argument of your friendship which you never urged before, for you gave me a touch of my failings in point of literal correspondence with you. To this give me leave to answer that he who hath glass windows of his own should take heed how he throws stones at those of his neighbours. We have both of us our failings that way: witness else yours of the last of May to mine of the first of March before; but it is never over-late to mend, therefore I begin, and do penance in this white

sheet for what is past. I hope you will do the like, and so we may associate one another without a ghostly fear.

The French and Spaniards are still at it like two cocks of the game, both of them terribly bloodied, and it is thought they will never leave till they peck out one another's eyes. They are daily seeking new alliances to fortify themselves, and the quarrel is still so hot that they would make a league with Lucifer to destroy one another.

For home news, the funniest is that whereas in former times there were complaints that Churchmen were justices of peace, now the clean contrary way, justices of peace are become Churchmen, for by a new Act of that thing in Westminster called now a Parliament, the power of giving in marriage is passed over to them, which is an ecclesiastic rite everywhere else throughout the world.

A Cavalier coming lately to a bookseller's shop, desired to buy this Matrimonial Act, with the rest of that holy Parliament, but he would have them all bound in calf's leather bought out of Mr Barebone's shop in Fleet Street.

The soldiers have a great spleen to the lawyers, insomuch that they threaten to hang up their gowns among the Scots colours in Westminster Hall; but their chiefest aim is at the regulation of the Chancery, for they would have the same tribunal to have the power of justice and equity, as the same apothecary's shop can afford us purges and cordials.

So with my kind and cordial respects unto you,
I rest your entire and truly affectionate servant,
J. H.

London, 9 *November*.

XXXIX

To Mr J. B., at his House in St Nicholas Lane

WHEN I exchanged speeches with you last, I found (yet more by your discourse than countenance) that your spirits were towards a kind of ebb by reason of the interruption and stop which these confused times have put to all mercantile negotiations both at home and abroad. Truly, sir, when after a serious recollection I had ruminated upon what had dropped from you then, I extremely wondered, which I should not have done at another, in regard, since the first time I had the advantage of your friendship, I discovered that you were naturally of generous and freeborn thoughts. I have found, also, that by a rarer industry you have stored up a rich stock of philosophy and other parts of prudence, which induced me to think that no worldly revolution or any cross winds, though never so violent, no, not a hurricane, could trouble the calm of your mind. Therefore, to deal freely with you, you are not the same man I took you for.

I confess it is a passive age, and the stoutness of the prudentest and most philosophical men were

never put to such a trial. I thank God the school of affliction hath brought me to such a habit of patience; it hath caused in me such symptoms of mortification that I can value this world as it is. It is but a vale of troubles, and we who are in it are like so many ants trudging up and down about a mole-hill. Nay, at best we are but as so many pilgrims or passengers travelling on still towards another country. It is true that some do find the way thither more smooth and fair; they find it flowery, and tread upon camomile all along. Such may be said to have their paradise here, or to sail still in fortune's sleeve, and to have the wind in the poop all the while, not knowing what a storm means. Yet both the divine and philosopher do rank these among the most unfortunate of men. Others there are who in their journey to their last home do meet with rocks and crags, with ill-favoured sloughs and bogs, and divers deep and dirty passages. For my part I have already passed through many such, and must expect to meet with more. Therefore you also, by your various adventures and negotiations in the world, must not think to escape them. You must make account to meet with encumbrances and disasters, with mischances and crosses. Now, it was a brave, generous saying of a great Armenian merchant, who, having understood how a vessel of his was cast away, wherein there was laden a rich cargazon upon his sole account, he struck his hand on his breast and said, "My heart, I thank God, is still

afloat; my spirit shall not sink with the ship, nor go an inch lower."

But why do I write to you of patience and courage? In doing this, I do no otherwise than Phormio did when he discoursed of war before Hannibal. I know you have prudence enough to cheer up and instruct yourself. Only let me tell you that you superabound with fancy, you have more of mind than of body, and that sometimes you overcharge the imagination by musing too much upon the odd traverses of the world. Therefore I pray rouse up your spirits, and reserve yourself for better times, that I may long enjoy the sweetness of your friendship, for the elements are the more pleasing unto me, because you live with me amongst them. So God send you such tranquillity of thoughts as I wish. Your true friend,

J. H.

5 April.

XL

To Major J. Walker, in Coventry

I HEARTILY congratulate your return to England, and that you so safely crossed the Scythian Vale, for so old Gildas calls the Irish Seas, in regard they are so boisterous and rough. I understand you have been in sundry hot and hazardous encounters, because of those many scars and cuts you wear about you, and as Tom Daw-

son told me, it was no less than a miracle that none of them were mortal, being eleven in all. It makes me think on a witty compliment that Captain Miller put upon the Persian ambassador when he was here, who showing him many wounds that he had received in the wars against the Turk, the captain said, "That his Lordship's skin after his death would yield little money, because it had so many holes in it."

I find the same fate hangs over the Irish as befell the old Britons here, for as they were hemmed in among the Welsh mountains, so the Irish are like now to be all kennelled in Connaught. We see daily strange revolutions, and God knows what the issue will be at last. Howsoever, let us live and love one another, in which resolution I rest entirely yours,

J. H.

2 May.

XLI

To Mr T. C., at his House upon Tower Hill

TO inaugurate a good and jovial New Year unto you; I send you a morning's draught, viz., a bottle of metheglin. Neither Sir John Barleycorn nor Bacchus had anything to do with it, but it is the pure juice of the bee, the laborious bee, and the king of insects. The Druids and old British bards were wont to take a carouse hereof before they entered into their speculations,

and if you do so when your fancy labours with anything it will do you no hurt, and I know your fancy to be very good.

But this drink always carries a kind of state with it, for it must be attended with a brown toast, nor will it admit but of one good draught, and that in the morning; if more it will keep a humming in the head, and so speak too much of the house it comes from, I mean the hive, as I gave a caution elsewhere; and because the bottle might make more haste, I have made it go upon these (poetic) feet:

J. H. T. C. Salutem, et annum platonicum.

Non Vitis, sed apis succum tibi mitto bibendum,
Quem legimus bardos olim potasse Britannos.
Qualibet in bacca Vitis Megera latescit,
Qualibet in gutta Mellis Aglaia nitet.

The juice of bees not Bacchus here behold,
Which British bards were wont to quaff of old.
The berries of the grape with furies swell,
But in the honeycomb the Graces dwell.

This alludes to a saying which the Turks have that there lurks a devil in every berry of the vine. So I wish you as cordially as to myself an auspicious and joyful New Year, because you know I am your truly affectionate servitor,

J. H.

XLII

To Sir E. S.

AT my return to London I found two of yours that lay in bank for me, which were as welcome to me as the New Year, and as pleasing as if two pendants of orient pearl had been sent to a French lady. But your lines, methought, did cast a greater lustre than any such mussel beads, for they displayed the whiteness of a comely and knowing soul, which, reflecting upon my faculties, did much enlighten them with the choice notions I found therein.

I thank you for the absolution you send me for what is past, and for your other invitation. But I have observed a civility they use in Italy and Spain, not to visit a sick person too often, for fear of putting him to waste his spirits by talk, which they say spends much of the inward man; but when you have recovered yourself, as I hope you will do with the season, I shall return to kiss your hands and your feet also, could I ease you of that podagrical pain which afflicts you.

I send you a thousand thanks for your kind acceptance of that small New Year's gift I sent, and that you concur with divers others in a good opinion of it. — So I rest your own true servant,

J. H.

London, 18 *February*.

XLIII

*To the truly Honoured the Lady Sybilla Brown,
at her House near Sberburn*

WHEN I had the happiness to wait upon you at your being in London, there was a dispute raised about the ten Sibyls, by one who, your Ladyship knows, is no great friend to antiquity, and I was glad to apprehend this opportunity to perform the promise you drew from me then to vent something upon this subject for your Ladyship's satisfaction.

Madam, in these peevish times, which may be called the rust of the iron age, there is a race of crossgrained people which are malevolent to all antiquity. If they read an old author it is to quarrel with him, and find some hole in his coat; they slight the fathers of the primitive times, and prefer John Calvin or a Casaubon before them all. Among other tenets of the first times they hold the ten Sibyls to be fictitious and fabulous, and no better than Urganda or the Lady of the Lake, or such doting beldams. They stick not to term their predictions of Christ to be mere mock-oracles, and odd arreptitious frantic extravagances. They cry out that they were forged and obtruded on the world by some officious Christians to procure credit and countenance to their religion among the pagans.

For my part, madam, I am none of this incredulous, perverse race of men, but what the current and concurrent testimonies of the primitive times do hold forth, I give credit thereunto without any scruple.

Now, touching the works of the Sibyls, they were in high request among the fathers of the first four centuries, insomuch that they used to urge their prophecies for the conversion of pagans, who therefore called the Christians Sibyllianists; nor did they hold it a word of reproach. They were all virgins, and for reward of their chastity, it was thought they had the gift of prophecy — not by any endowment of nature or inherent human quality, or ordinary ideas in the soul, but by pure divine inspirations not depending on second causes in sight. They speak not like the ambiguous pagan oracles in riddles, but so clearly that they sometimes go beyond the Jewish prophets. They were called *Siobulae*, that is, of the counsels of God, *Sios* in the Æolic dialect being *Deus*. They were preferred before all the Chaldean wizards, before the Bacides, Branchydae and others, as also before Tyresias, Manto, Matis or Cassandra, etc.

Nor did the Christians only value them at that height, but the most learned among the ethnicks did so, as Varro, Livy, and Cicero, the first being the greatest antiquary, the second the greatest historian, and the third the greatest orator, that ever Rome had, who speak so much of that famous acrostic that one of them made of the name of

our Saviour, which sure could not be the work of a Christian, as some would maliciously obtrude, it being so long before the Incarnation.

But for the better discharge of my engagement to your Ladyship, I will rank all the ten before you, with some of their most signal predictions.

The Sibyls were ten in number, whereof there were five born in Europe; to wit, Sibyla Delphica, Cumaea, Samia, Cumana, and Tyburtina; the rest were born in Asia and Africa.

The first was a Persian called Samberthe, who plainly foretold many hundred years before in these words, "The womb of the Virgin shall be the salvation of the Gentiles," etc.

The second was Sibyla Lybica, who among other prophecies hath this, "The day shall come that men shall see the King of all living things, and a Virgin Lady of the world shall hold Him in her lap."

The third was Delphica, who saith, "A Prophet shall be born of a Virgin."

The fourth was Sibyla Cumaea, born in Campania in Italy, who hath these words, that "God shall be born of a Virgin, and converse with sinners."

The fifth was the famous Erythraea, born at Babylon, who composed that famous acrostic which St Augustin took so much pains to translate into Latin, which begins, "The earth shall sweat signs of judgment; from heaven shall come a King who shall reign for ever, viz., in human flesh, to the end that by His presence He may judge the world.

A river of fire and brimstone shall fall from heaven, the sun and stars shall lose their light, the firmament shall be dissolved, and the moon shall be darkened, a trumpet shall sound from heaven in woeful and terrible manner, and the opening of the earth shall discover confused and dark hell, and before the Judge shall come every king," etc.

The sixth was Sibyla Samia, who saith, "He being rich shall be born of a poor Maid, the creatures of the earth shall adore Him, and praise Him for ever."

The seventh was Cumana, who saith, "That He should come from heaven, and reign here in poverty; He should rule in silence, and be born of a Virgin."

The eighth was Sibyla Hellespontica, who foretells plainly that, "A Woman shall descend of the Jews called Mary, and of her shall be born the Son of God, and that without carnal copulation," etc.

The ninth was Phrygia, who saith, "The Highest shall come from heaven, and shall confirm the counsel in heaven, and a Virgin shall be showed in the valleys of the deserts," etc.

The tenth was Tyburtina, born near Tibur, who saith, "The invisible Word shall be born of a Virgin; He shall converse with sinners, and shall of them be despised," etc.

Moreover, St Austin reciteth these prophecies following of the Sibyls: "Then He shall be taken

by the wicked hands of infidels, and they shall give Him buffets on His face ; they shall spit upon Him with their foul and accursed mouths ; He shall turn unto them His shoulders, suffering them to be whipped. He also shall be crowned with thorns ; they shall give Him gall to eat, and vinegar to drink ; then the veil of the temple shall rend, and at midday it shall be dark night," etc.

Lactantius relateth these prophecies of theirs : " He shall raise the dead, the impotent and lame shall go, the deaf shall hear, the blind shall see, and the dumb speak," etc.

In fine, out of the works of the Sibyls may be deduced a good part of the miracles and sufferings of Christ, therefore for my part I will not cavil with antiquity, or traduce the Primitive Church, but I think I may believe without danger that those Sibyls might be select instruments to announce the dispensations of Heaven to mankind. Nor do I see how they do the Church of God any good service or advantage at all, who question the truth of their writings (as also Trismegistus' "Pymandra," and Aristaeus, etc.), which have been handed over to posterity as incontrovertible truths for so many ages.

Thus, madam, have I done something of that task you imposed upon me touching the ten Sibyls, whereunto I may well add your Ladyship for the eleventh, for among other things I remember you foretold confidently that the Scottish Kirk would destroy the English Church, and that if the

hierarchy went down, monarchy would not be of long continuance.

Your Ladyship, I remember, foretold also, how those unhappy separatists the Puritans would bring all things at last into a confusion, who since are called Presbyterians, or Jews of the New Testament; and they not improperly may be called so, for they sympathise much with that nation in a revengeful, sanguinary humour, and thirsting after blood. I could produce a cloud of examples, but let two suffice.

There lived a few years before the Long Parliament, near Clun Castle in Wales, a good old widow that had two sons grown to man's estate, who having taken the holy Sacrament on a first Sunday in the month, at their return home they entered into a dispute touching the manner of receiving it. The eldest brother, who was an orthodox Protestant (with the mother), held it was very fitting, it being the highest act of devotion, that it should be taken in the humblest posture that could be — upon the knees; the other, being a Puritan, opposed it, and the dispute grew high, but it ended without much heat. The next day, being both come home to dinner from their business abroad, the eldest brother, as it was his custom, took a nap upon a cushion at the end of the table that he might be more fresh for labour; the Puritan brother, called Enoch Evans, spying his opportunity, fetched an axe, which he had provided, it seems, on purpose, and stealing softly to

the table, he chopped off his brother's head. The old mother, hearing a noise, came suddenly from the next room, and there found the body and head of her eldest son both asunder, and reeking in hot blood. "Oh, villain," cried she, "hast thou murdered thy eldest brother?" "Yes," quoth he, "and you shall after him." And so striking her down, he dragged her body to the threshold of the door, and there chopped off her head also, and put them both in a bag; but, thinking to flee, he was apprehended and brought before the next Justice of Peace, who chanced to be Sir Robert Howard; so the murderer at the Assizes after was condemned, and the law could but only hang him, though he had committed matricide and fratricide.

I will fetch another example of their cruelty from Scotland. The late Marquis of Montrose, being betrayed by a lord in whose house he lay, was brought prisoner of war to Edinburgh. There the common hangman met him at the town's end, and first pulled off his hat, then he forced him up to a cart, and hurried him like a condemned person, though he had not yet been arraigned, much less convicted, through the great street, and brought him before the Parliament, where being presently condemned, he was posted away to the gallows, which was above thirty feet high. There his hand was cut off first, then he was lifted up by pulleys to the top, and then hanged in the most ignominious manner that could be. Being taken

down, his head was chopped off and nailed to the high cross ; his arms, thighs, and legs were sent to be set up in several places, and the rest of his body was thrown away and deprived of Christian burial. Thus was this nobleman used, though one of the ancientest peers of Scotland, and esteemed the greatest honour of that country both at home and abroad. Add hereunto the mortal cruelty they used to their young king, with whom they would not treat unless he first acknowledged his father to be a tyrant, and his mother an idolatress, etc.

So I most humbly kiss your hands, and rest always, madam, your Ladyship's most faithfully devoted servant,

J. H.

London, *this 30 of August.*

XLIV

To Sir L. D., in Paris

NOBLE KNIGHT,

YOURS of the 22nd current came to safe hand, but what you please to attribute therein to my letters may be more properly applied to yours in point of intrinsic value ; for by this correspondence with you, I do as our East India merchants used to do — I venture beads and other bagatelles, out of the proceed whereof I have pearl and other Oriental jewels returned me in yours.

Concerning the posture of things here, we are still involved in a cloud of confusion, especially touching Church matters. A race of odd crack-brained schismatics do croak in every corner, but, poor things, they rather want a physician to cure them of their madness, than a divine to confute them of their errors. Such is the height of their spiritual pride that they make it nothing to interpret every tittle of the Apocalypse ; they make a shallow rivulet of it that one may pass over and scarce wet his ankles, whereas the greatest doctors of the Church compared it to a deep ford wherein an elephant might swim. They think they are of the Cabinet Council of God, and not only know His attributes, but His Essence, which made me lately break out upon my pillow into these metrical speculations :

If of the smallest stars in sky
We know not the dimensity,
If those bright sparks which them compose
The highest mortal wits do pose :
How then, poor shallow man, canst thou
The Maker of these glories know ?

If we know not the air we draw,
Nor what keeps winds and waves in awe,
If our small skulls cannot contain
The flux and saltness of the main,
If scarce a cause we ken below,
How can we the supernal know ?

If it be a mysterious thing
Why steel should to the loadstone cling,

If we know not why jet should draw,
And with such kisses hug a straw,
If none can truly yet reveal
How sympathetic powders heal:

If we scarce know the earth we tread,
Or half the simples there are bred,
With minerals and thousand things,
Which for man's health and food she brings,
If Nature's so obscure, then how
Can we the God of Nature know?

What the bat's eye is to the sun,
Or of a glowworm to the moon,
The same is human intellect,
If on our Maker we reflect,
Whose magnitude is so immense,
That it transcends both soul and sense.

Poor purblind man, then sit thee still,
Let wonderment thy temples fill,
Keep a due distance, do not pry
Too near, lest like the silly fly,
While she the wanton with the flames doth play,
First fries her wings, then fools her life away.

There are many things under serious debate in Parliament, whereof the results may be called yet but the imperfect productions of a grand committee: they may in time come to the maturity of votes and so of Acts.

You write that you have the German Diet which goes forth in my name, and you say that you never had more matter for your money. I have valued it the more ever since, in regard that you please to set such a rate upon it, for I know your

opinion is current and sterling. I shall shortly by T. B. send you a new "History of Naples," which also did cost me a great deal of oil and labour.

Sir, if there be anything imaginable wherein I may stead or serve you here, you well know what interest and power you may claim both in the affections of my heart and the faculties of my soul. I pray be pleased to present the humblest of my service to the noble Earl your brother, and preserve still in your good opinion your truly obliged servant,

J. H.

XLV

To Sir E. S., Knight

NOW that the sun and the spring advance daily towards us more and more, I hope your health will keep pace with them, and that the all-searching beams of the first will dissipate that fretful humour which hath confined you so long to your chamber, and barred you of the use of your true supporters. But though your toes be slugs, yet your temples are nimble enough, as I find by your last of the 12th current, which makes me think on a speech of Severus the Emperor, who having lain sick a long time of the gout at York, and one of his nobles telling him that he wondered much how he could rule so vast an empire being so lame and unwieldy, the Emperor answered that he ruled the empire with his brain,

not with his feet. So it may be said of you that you rule the same way the whole state of that microcosm of yours, for every man is a little world of himself.

Moreover, I find that the same kind of spirit doth govern your body as governs the great world, I mean the celestial bodies, for as the motions whereby they are regulated are musical, if we may believe Pythagoras whom the Tripod pronounced the wisest man, so a true harmonious spirit seems to govern you in regard you are so naturally inclined to the ravishing art of music.

Your friends here are well, and wish you were so too. For my part I do not only wish it, but pray it may be so, for my life is the sweeter in yours, and I please myself much in being your truly faithful servant,

J. H.

I *Martii.*

XLVI

To Mr Sam Bon., at his House in the Old Jury

I RECEIVED that choice parcel of tobacco your servant brought me, for which I send you as many returns of gratitude as there were grains therein, which were many (and cut all methinks with a diamond cut), but too few to express my acknowledgment. I had also therewith your most ingenious letter, which I valued far more. The other was but a potential fire only reducible

to smoke; but your letter did sparkle with actual fire, for methought there were pure flames of love and gentleness waving in every line. The poets do frequently compare affection to fire, therefore whensoever I take any of this varina I will imagine that I light my pipe always at the flames of your love.

I also highly thank you for the Italian manuscripts you sent me of the late revolutions in Naples, which will infinitely advantage me in exposing to the world that stupendous piece of story. I am in the arrear to you for sundry courtesies more, which shall make me ever entitle myself your truly thankful friend and servant, J. H.

Holborn, 3 *June*.

XLVII

To W. Sands, Esq.

THE calamities and confusions which the late wars did bring upon us were many and manifold, yet England may be said to have gained one advantage by it, for whereas before she was like an animal that knew not his own strength, she is now better acquainted with herself, for her power and wealth did never appear more both by land and sea. This makes France to cringe unto her so much; this makes Spain to purchase peace of her with his Italian patacoons; this makes the Hollander to dash his colours and veil his bonnet

so low unto her ; this makes the Italian princes, and all other states that have anything to do with the sea, to court her so much ; indeed, touching the Emperor and the Mediterranean princes of Germany, whom she cannot reach with her canons, they care not much for her.

Nor indeed was the true art of governing England known till now. The sword is the surest sway over all people, who ought to be cudgelled rather than cajoled to obedience, if upon a glut of plenty and peace they should forget it. There is not such a windy, wavering thing in the world as the common people. They are got by an apple and lost for a pear ; the elements themselves are not more inconstant. So that it is the worst solecism in government for a prince to depend merely upon their affections. Riches and long rest make them insolent and wanton. It was not Tarquin's wantonness so much as the people's that ejected kings in Rome. It was the people's concupiscence as much as Don Rodrigo's lust that brought the Moors into Spain, etc.

Touching the wealth of England, it never also appeared so much by public erogations and taxes, which the Long Parliament raised, insomuch that it may be said the last king was beaten by his own image more than anything else. Add hereunto that the world stands in admiration of the capacity and docibleness of the English, that persons of ordinary breeding, extraction and callings should become statesmen and soldiers, commanders and

councillors both in the art of war and mysteries of state, and know the use of the compass in so short a tract of time.

I have many thanks to give you for the Spanish discourse you pleased to send me. At our next conjuncture I shall give you an account of it. In the interim I pray let me have still a small corner in your thoughts, while you possess a large room in mine, and ever shall while

JAM. HOWELL.

XLVIII

To the R. H. the E. of S.

MY LORD,

SINCE my last, that which is the greatest subject of our discourses and hopes here is the issue of our treaty with the Dutch. It is a piece that hath been a good while on the anvil, but it is not hammered yet to any shape. The Parliament likewise hath many things in debate, which may be called yet but embryos; in time they may be hatched into Acts.

The Pope, they write, hath been of late dangerously sick, but hath been cured in a strange way by a young Padua doctor, who, having killed a lusty young mule, clapped the patient's body naked in the paunch thereof, by which gentle fomentation he recovered him of the tumours he had in his knees and elsewhere.

Donna Olympia sways most, and hath the highest ascendant over him, so that a gentleman writes to me from Rome that among other pasquils this was one, *Papa magis amat Olympiam quam Olym-pum*. He writes of another, that the bread being not long since grown scant, and made coarser than ordinary by reason of the tax His Holiness laid upon corn, there was a pasquil fixed upon a corner-stone of his palace, "Beatissime Pater fac ut hi lapides fiant panes" (O blessed Father, grant that these stones be made bread). But it was an odd character that our countryman Doctor B. gave lately of him, who being turned Roman Catholic, and expecting a pension, and having one day attended His Holiness a long time about it, he at last broke away suddenly. A friend of his asking why, he replied, "It is to no purpose for me to stay longer, for I know he will give me nothing, because I find by his physiognomy that he hath a negative face." It is true he is one of the hardest-favoured Popes that sat in the Chair a great while, so that some call him, "L'huomo de tre pele" (The man with three hairs), for he hath no more beard upon his chin.

St Mark is still tugging with the Great Turk, and hath banged him ill-favouredly this summer in Dalmatia by land, and before the Dardanelles by sea.

Whereas your Lordship writes for my "Lustra Ludovici," or the history of the last French King and his Cardinal, I shall ere long serve your Lord-

ship with one of a new edition, and with some enlargements. I humbly thank your Lordship for the favourable, and indeed too high a character you please to give of my "Survey of Venice;" yet there are some who would detract from it, and (which I believe your Lordship will something wonder at) they are Cavaliers, but the shallowest and silliest sort of them; and such may well deserve the epithet of malignants. — So I humbly kiss your hands in quality of your Lordship's most obedient and ever obliged servant,

J. H.

XLIX

*To the Right Honourable the Earl Rivers, at his
House in Queen Street*

MY LORD,

THE least command of yours is enough to set all my intellectuals on work, therefore I have done something, as your Lordship shall find herewith, relating to that gallant piece called the "Gallery of Ladies," which my Lord Marquis of Winchester (your brother) hath set forth.

UPON THE GLORIOUS WORK OF THE LORD MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER

1. The world of ladies must be honoured much,
That so sublime a personage, that such
A noble peer and pen should thus display
Their virtues, and expose them to the day.

2. His praises are like those coruscant beams
Which Phœbus on high rocks of crystal streams;
The matter and the agent grace each other,
So Danaë did when Jove made her a mother.
3. Queens, countesses, and ladies go unlock
Your cabinets, draw forth your richest stock
Of jewels, and his coronet adorn
With rubies, pearl, and sapphires yet unworn.
4. Rise early, gather flowers now in the spring,
Twist wreaths of laurel, and fresh garlands bring,
To crown the temples of this high-born peer,
And make him your Apollo all the year :
And when his soul shall leave this earthly mine,
Then offer sacrifice unto his shrine.

I send also the elegy upon the late Earl of Dorset, which your Lordship spake of so much when I waited on you last, and I believe your Lordship will find therein every inch of that noble peer characterised inwardly and outwardly.

AN ELEGY UPON THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED AND HEROIC LORD,
EDWARD, EARL OF DORSET, LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO HIS
LATE MAJESTY OF GREAT BRITAIN, AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST
NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, ETC.

Alluding to	{	<p>The quality of the times. His admired perfections. His goodly person. His ancient pedigree. His coat of arms crested with a star. The condition of mortality. The passion of the author, closing with an epitaph.</p>
----------------	---	--

Lords have been long declining (we well know)
And making their last testaments, but now
They are defunct, they are extinguished all,
And never like to rise by this lord's fall ;

A lord, whose intellectuals alone
Might make a house of peers, and prop a throne,
Had not so dire a fate hung o'er the crown,
That privilege prerogative should drown ;

Where'er he sat he swayed, and courts did awe,
Gave bishops gospel and the judges law
With such exalted reasons, which did flow
So clear and strong, that made Astrea bow
To his opinion, for where he did side
Advantaged more than half the bench beside.

But is great Sackville dead ? Do we him lack,
And will not all the elements wear black ?
Whereof he was composed a perfect man
As ever nature in one frame did span,
Such high-born thoughts, a soul so large and free,
So clear a judgment and vast memory,
So princely, hospitable, and brave a mind,
We must not think in haste on earth to find,
Unless the times would turn to gold again,
And nature get new strength in forming men.

His person with it such a state did bring,
That made a court as if he had been King,
No wonder, since he was so near akin
To Norfolk's Duke, and the great maiden Queen.

He courage had enough by conquering one,
To have confounded that whole nation ;
Those parts which single do in some appear
Were all centred here in one bright sphere ;

For brain, tongue, spirit, heart and personage,
To mould up such a lord will ask an age ;
But how durst pale white-livered death seize on
So dauntless and heroic a champion ?

Yes, to die once is that uncanceled debt
 Which nature claims, and raiseth by escheat
 On all mankind by an old statute passed
 Primo Adami, which will always last
 Without repeal, nor can a second lease
 Be had of life, when the first term doth cease.
 Mount, noble soul, among the stars take place,
 And make a new one of so bright a race;
 May Jove outshine, that Venus still may be
 In a benign conjunction with thee,
 To check that planet which on lords hath lowered.
 And such malign influxes lately powered;
 Be now a star thyself for those which here
 Did on thy crest and upper robes appear,
 For thy director take that star we read
 Which to thy Saviour's birth three kings did lead.

A COROLLARY

Thus have I blubbered out some tears and verse
 On this renowned heroe and his herse,
 And could my eyes have dropped down pearls upon it,
 In lieu of tears, God knows, I would have done it;
 But tears are real, pearls for their emblems go,
 The first are fitter to express my woe :
 Let this small mite suffice until I may
 A larger tribute to his ashes pay ;
 In the meantime this epitaph shall shut,
 And to my elegy a period put.

Here lies a grandee by birth, parts, and mind,
 Who hardly left his parallel behind ;
 Here lies the man of men, who should have been
 An emperor, had fate or fortune seen.

Totus in lachrymas solutus, sic singultivit,
J. H.

So I most humbly kiss your Lordship's hands,
and rest in the highest degree of service and affection
ever most ready at your Lordship's command,
J. H.

London, 20 *December*.

L

To T. Herris, Esquire

YOURS of December the tenth I had the second of this January, and I account it a good augury that it came so seasonably to usher in the New Year and to cheer up my thoughts, which your letters have a virtue to do always whensoever they come, they are so full of quaint and copious quick expressions. When the Spaniards, at their first coalition in the West Indies, did begin to mingle with the Americans, that silly people thought that those little white papers and letters which the Spaniards used to send one to another were certain kinds of conjurers or spirits that used to go up and down to tell tales and make discoveries. Among other examples, I remember to have read one of an Indian boy sent from a Mexico merchant to a captain with a basket of figs and a letter. The boy in the way did eat some of them, and the captain, after he had read the letter, asked him what became of the rest, whereat the boy stood all astonished; and being sent with another basket a little after to the same party, his maw

began to yearn again after some of the figs, but he first took the letter and clapped it under a great stone hard by, upon which he sat while he was eating, thinking thereby that the spirit in the letter could not discover him, etc. Whether your letters be spirits or no, I will not dispute; but I am sure they beget new spirits in me, and *quod efficit tale illud ipsum est magis tale*. If I am possessed with melancholy, they raise a spirit of mirth in me. If my thoughts are contracted with sadness, they presently dilute them into joy, etc., as if they had some subtle invisible atoms whereby they operate, which is now an old philosophy newly furbished and much cried up, that all natural actions and motions are performed by emission of certain atoms, whereof there is a constant effluvium from all elementary bodies, and are of divers shapes, some angular, others cylindrical, some spherical, which atoms are still hovering up and down and never rest till they meet with some pores proportionable and cognate unto their figures, where they acquiesce. By the expiration of such atoms, the dog finds the scent as he hunts, the pestilence infects, the loadstone attracts iron, the sympathetic powder or Zaphyrian salt calcined by Apollinian heat; operating in July and August till it come to a lunar complexion, — I say, by the virtue and intervention of such atoms, it is found that this said powder heals at a distance without topical applications to the place affected. They who are of this opinion hold that all sublu-

nary bodies operate thus by atoms as the heavenly bodies do by their influences. Now, it is more visible in the loadstone than any other body, for by help of artificial glasses a kind of mist hath been discerned to expire out of it, as Dr Highmore doth acutely, and so much like a philosopher observe. For my part I think it more congruous to reason and to the course of nature that all actions and motions should be thus performed by such little atomical bodies than by accidents and qualities, which are but notional things, having only an imaginary subsistence and no essence of themselves at all but as they inhere in some other. If this philosophy be true, it were no great absurdity to think that your letters have a kind of atomical energy which operates upon my spirits, as I formerly told you.

The times continue still untoward and troublesome; therefore, now that you and I carry above a hundred years upon our backs, and that those few grains of sand which remain in the brittle glasses of our lives are still running out, it is time, my dear Tom, for us to think on that which of all future things is the most certain, I mean our last removal and emigration hence to another world. It is time to think on that little hole of earth which shall hold us at last. The time was that you and I had all the fair continent of Europe before us to range in. We have been since confined to an island, and now Lincoln holds you and London me. We must expect the day that sick-

ness will confine us to our chambers, then to our beds, and so to our graves, the dark, silent grave which will put a period to our pilgrimage in this world. And observable it is what method nature doth use in contracting our liberty thus by degrees, as a worthy gentleman observes.

But though this small bagfull of bones be so confined, yet the noblest part of us may be said to be then set at liberty, when, having shaken off this slough of flesh, she mounts up to her true country, the country of eternity, where one moment of joy is more than if we enjoyed all the pleasures of this world a million of years here among the elements.

But till our threads are spun up let us continue to enjoy ourselves as well as we can. Let those grains I spoke of before run gently by their own motion without jogging the glass by any perturbation of mind or musing too much upon the times.

Man's life is nimble and swift enough of itself without the help of a spur or any violent motion; therefore he spoke like a true philosopher, who excepted against the title of a book called "*De Statu Vitae*," for he should rather have entitled it "*De cursu Vitae*," for this life is still upon the speed.

You and I have luckily met abroad under many meridians; when our course is run here, I hope we shall meet in a region that is above the wheel of time, and it may be in the concave of some star (if those glorious lamps are habitable).

Howsoever my genius prompts me, that when I part hence I shall not downwards, for I had always soaring thoughts, being but a boy, at which time I had a mighty desire to be a bird, that I might fly towards the sky.

So my long-endear'd friend and fellow-traveller,
I rest yours verily and invariably,

J. H.

Holborn, 10 *January*.



To the Sagacious Reader

Ut clavis portam, sic pandit epistola pectus ;
Clauditur haec cera, clauditur illa sera.

As keys do open chests,
So letters open breasts.

ΤΕΛΟΣ

Gloria Lausq ; Deo Saeculorum in saecula sunt

A Doxological Chronogram including this present
year, MDCLV., and hath numeral letters
enough to extend to the year nine-
teen hundred twenty-seven, if
it please God this world
shall last so long.

AD LIBRUM

Sine me, liber, ibis in Aulam,
Hei mihi, quod domino non licet ire tuo.

TO HIS BOOK

Thou mayest to Court, and progress to and fro,
Oh, that thy captived master could do so.

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE , MASSACHUSETTS
U . S . A

TO

202 Main Library

HOME USE

1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405

1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405
6-month loans may be recharged by bringing books to Circulation Desk
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

REC CIR JUN 14 '83

JUN 5 1984

50 RECEIVED

SEP 5 1963

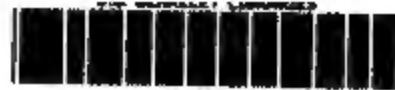
CIRCULATION DEPT.

FORM NO. DD6, 60m, 12/80

BERKELEY, CA 94720

FEB 2 1962

LD 21-100m-7,'33



C031825029

